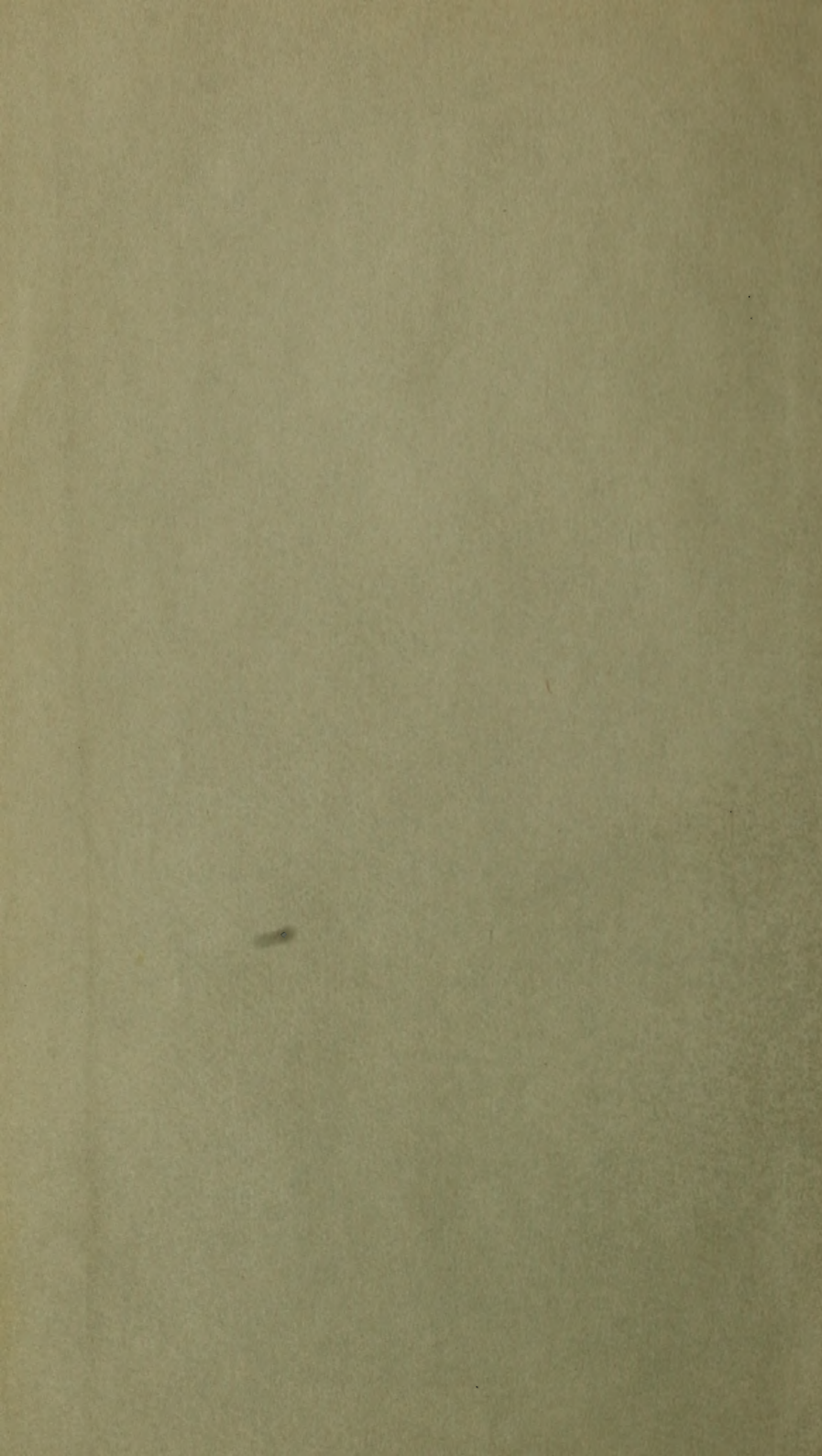
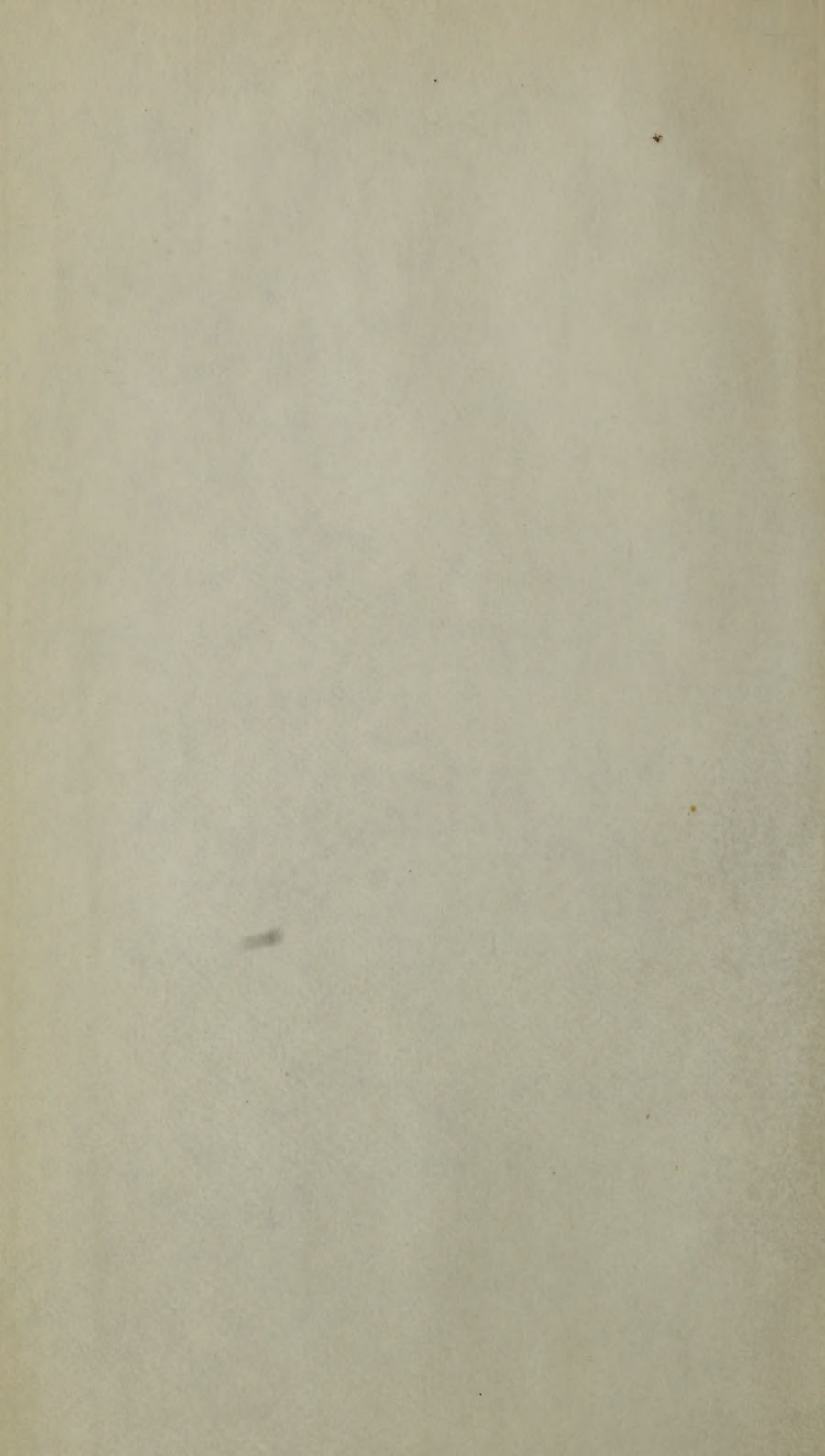


LIBRARY
—OF—
ABBOT ACADEMY

No.



Report Mills 1938 Oct 1. 41



*Read
Buckston*

012

05

THE ABBOTT COURANT.

Edited by

Clara H. Hamlin, '73.

M. Louie Karr, '75.

Alice W. Merriam, '74.

Clara L. Lindley, '76.

VOL. I.

JUNE 1873.

NO. 1.

CHANGES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

If the ghost of jovial old Chaucer should arise from his peaceful resting-place, how thunderstruck (if it is possible for a ghost to so forget himself!) the amiable wraith would be to hear the degeneracy of modern English. Perhaps you remember how pitiably he lamented, in the close of "Troilus and Cressida," the possibility of his works becoming obsolete; yet it hardly seems as if he could have believed this would come to pass, or even that his poems would require the aid of glossary and numerous rules for pronunciation. In reading the "Canterbury Tales," it is curious to note the abundance of final e's, now dropped by the helter-skelter people of modern times.

The simple old Saxons were content with simple things. They knew the sky was blue, the grass green; they did n't stop to consider whether this was solferino or magenta, lavender or "ashes of roses." They felt love for father and mother, child, and friend, whether it would have been more proper to say esteem or affection.

Revolutions give rise not alone to new governments and endless bloodshed. There is a vast change that is not recorded under startling headings in the newspapers, but none the less surely enters the papers. New weapons, new customs, new modes of warfare, new leagues of people are arising, and all these must be named. The French revolutions gave rise to the words "canaille," "guillotine," and others. Religious revolutions also have an effect on the language.

For every new discovery and invention names must be found. Consider what a number of words must thus come into the language. Not a moment passes but some plodding soul has found his reward in some invention. Every now and then additions are being made to scientific knowledge, and these must be distinguished.

The study of foreign tongues is on the increase. Where there used to be one, there are now ten men who study German, This study, of course, influences the ideas, and through them the language.

Commerce, carried on with foreign nations, does its part towards the building up of the English tongue. Something is brought in the ships beside the wares: they come freighted with new ideas. Thus came across the water "sultan," "ottoman," different names of teas. From the Indians we get "wigwam," "tobacco," "potato," etc.

In the common use of language men grow careless, and drop out here a letter and there a syllable, then a word. Even little children assist in this work of change by their prattle. They seem to have a strong liking for the weak conjugations. Each little one is a philologist (though he is not called by such a long name), doing his best to make regular the inflections of words. Whoever saw a child, who did not in some period of his existence, insist it was "badder," not worse.

In languages that have a written literature, there is no great multiplicity of dialects. Otherwise we are bewildered by quantities of dialects. This is especially the case in South Africa and in Asia. For this reason, missionaries going there are much troubled by inability to understand, or be understood. As soon as anything is translated into one, the other dialects are looked upon as barbarous. The Fresian language is spoken by all the people on the islands south of Jutland, near the mainland; but the number of dialects is fabulous. The people of one small island are not able to understand their brothers living on islands only a few miles distant.

It is very curious to note how many words have dropped out of the dictionary. In a very old book of the fifteenth century by Juliana Berners, this is remarked; that among a people of a nomadic life, relying on their flocks, every little item had a different name when used in respect to different bodies of men, or animals; thus a "bevy of ladies," a "hoost of men," an "abomynable syght of monkes," a "superfluity of nonnes." In speaking of carving fowls or animals, it was proper to say "a dere is broken," "a peacock dysfigured," etc.

It is the supposition that language is advancing to perfection; and so it probably is. Perhaps, about the year 1900, "Young America," who takes a pleasure trip through the northwest passage every summer, and knows all about perpetual motion, will declare, as the result of scientific research, that the "old fogies" of 1870 are entirely behind the times and passè.

H. B. '74.

Helen Bartlett ?

A DAY IN ROME.

THE first important event of the day of which I write, was the arrival of a letter from a friend at home, and with this in my pocket, I started out, with the other members of our party, for a day's sight-seeing in the "eternal city." Very ancient it seemed to me then. Now, as I look back upon it after wanderings among the stupendous temples of Egypt, built by the contemporaries of the patriarchs, I must confess my reverence for its antiquity is a little diminished.

We drove down the narrow, crowded corso, and wound about through less frequented streets and squares to the "Baths of Caracalla." These baths were begun by Caracalla in the third century B.C., and completed by Alexander Severus. The building covered an extent of one hundred and forty square yards, and was the most magnificent edifice of Rome. Sixteen hundred bathers could be accommodated at once in the hot, warm, and cold baths which it contained.

During the siege of Rome by the Goths, A.D. 537, the aqueducts which brought water to the city from a great distance, were destroyed, and, of course, the baths became useless. Many of the rich marble pillars and ornaments were removed to adorn other buildings, and the costly structure gradually became a ruin. In later years, among the heaps of debris which now cover the site, were found many fine works of art, — the Farnese Hercules, a colossal Flora, the Farnese Bull, and others, — which are now to be seen in various European museums. The poet Shelley often came here; and we have his own testimony to the fact that many of his poems were composed as he wandered about among these remains of former grandeur.

Although we were dogged and closely watched by a man stationed there for the purpose, we succeeded in bringing away with us

several pieces of mosaic, and bits of beautiful marble, which we wished to have cut and polished to bring home with us as mementoes of the place. Broken pieces of marble are very common in Rome, and one finds many rare and beautiful bits among the various ruins.

A short drive from the "baths" brought us to the tomb of the Scipios, a sort of "private catacomb" as one of our party called it. Scipio Africanus was not buried here; but we saw tablets to several other members of that illustrious family. We were quite amused at a little boy belonging to another party who went in with us. Seeing some ashes on the ground, he said, "See, these are some of the ashes of the Scipios."

In many cases, among the ancient Romans, the bodies of the dead were burned, and their ashes carefully preserved in urns. We saw examples of this in the "Columbaria" which we visited next. Externally, they are little stone buildings, half or three quarters underground. We entered by a door close to the roof and went down a flight of steps. The walls are full of little *pigeon-holes* (whence the name), into which the cinerary urns are set. More often however, the ashes are put into earthenware ollae, or urns sunk into the brickwork of the recesses. The name of the deceased is either engraved on the urn, or on a marble tablet set into the wall over the recess. Most of the persons buried here were freedmen, and persons in the service of great families, and the Columbaria were often placed near the tombs of their patrons. The three buildings we visited were brought to light only from eight to twelve years ago, and everything about them has been left just as it was found. We lifted the covers of one or two ollae, and looked at the ashes deposited there so many years ago. During the excavations a number of large urns and other antiquities were found near there. One large jar containing a number of precious stones, cut and polished ready for setting, some of which we bought to bring home with us. They had probably been buried at some time of danger by the owner, who fled or died, and never returned to claim them.

Very near the Columbaria are the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, into which we descended, each carrying a candle. They were originally designed as burial places for the popes, several of whom lie there, but in times of persecution were much used by the Christians who worshipped and were buried in their gloomy recesses. We saw many rude paintings on the walls, executed by them, which are very interesting; some are supposed to date back as far as the third century. Among those we noticed, were a fresco of the Saviour,

one of the very oldest representations of him; the paralytic man healed by Christ; the resurrection of Lazarus; Adam, Eve, and the serpent, etc. Favorite subjects are scenes from the Old Testament, which are symbolic of something in the New — as, Jonah and the whale as a type of the resurrection. The “chapel of St. Caecilia” was hung with wreaths and flowers, which had been put there on the day which bears her name, Nov. 22. The body of the saint does not lie here now, but has been removed to a church in Trastevere.

From the Catacombs we drove out a short distance on the Via Appia, that street of tombs, which long was confounded with the surrounding campagnas but was excavated in 1853. All along, on each side of the road for miles, are ruined sepulchres. One of the best preserved of these, is the tomb of Caecilia Metella, the wife of Crassus, or, as others say, one of the vestal virgins. It was, and indeed still is, very beautiful; for its solid walls have well resisted the destroying hand of time, which has wrought such ravages on so many of Rome’s antiquities.

The scenery, as we drove along, was very picturesque; we could see the ruined tombs and aqueducts, the city on her seven hills, and the mountains rising beyond; a beautiful but mournful sight, to view this once powerful and magnificent city surrounded by the ruins of her former grandeur.

Our next visit was to the church of “St. Paul without the Walls,” which was planned and begun by Valentinian, and completed by succeeding emperors. It was the most magnificent church in Rome, until destroyed by fire in 1823. It was soon rebuilt, and was finished and dedicated by Pius IX. about twenty years ago. It is now very handsome; it has a beautiful mosaic floor, stained-glass windows with life-size figures of apostles and saints on them, fine columns of oriental alabaster, porphyry, and other beautiful marbles, and the walls are adorned with a series of frescoes — scenes from the life of St. Paul. It is said that his body reposes beneath the high altar.

On our way home we passed the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and Monte Testaccio, which we had planned to visit; but it was growing late and cold, so we merely stopped a moment at the pretty little Protestant cemetery, to visit Shelley’s grave, and then hastened home to get warm. In the evening we spent some time writing journals and letters, and went to rest early, to prepare for another day of sight-seeing.

C. C. A. '74.

Charles ...

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

A DULL, drizzling, March day was just drawing to a close; and Paul Revere sat down to try to come to a final decision. This was not the original Paul who remarked,

“One, if by land, and two, if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be.”

Indeed, I doubt whether any tie of relationship existed between the two; but, at all events, this Paul sat down in the twilight to meditate, and his reflections were as follows: “Sister Nancy is dead; I can’t get any one to keep the house for less than three dollars a week; I may as well take Miss Susan Brown; I don’t see anything to the contrary, and something must be done, for my stockings are all out at the toes. If I had found a parish, as I expected, I should have married long ago, of course: ministers always do; but I didn’t, and there was Nancy; but she’s gone now — it is an afflictive providence; but Miss Brown is very economical, and perhaps I can’t do better.”

Presently an old-fashioned chaise, drawn by a rusty black horse with a very white face, rattled along the muddy road, bearing Paul on his errand of love. On the way he made up his mind how he would begin: he imagined Miss Brown sitting sad and alone, and wondered whether she would weep when he revealed his love, like the heroine of the one novel he remembered reading years ago.

For an hour or more Paul jolted on, thinking only of Miss Susan. Suddenly a turn in the road brought the little brown cottage in sight, and dispelled his blissful dreams. His heart beat violently, and he fancied that curious eyes were peering at him from behind every window-shade and shutter; for the first time in his life he was aware that the chaise creaked and rattled.

He alighted and tied old White-face with trembling hands, then crept along the narrow path, and “up the wooden stair, with stealthy tread.” Whether the little brass knocker or the thumping of his own heart called Miss Susan to the door he did not know; but there she stood, peering out into the darkness by the aid of a tallow candle.

“Good evening, Miss Brown,” said Paul tremblingly.

“Good evening,” returned Miss Brown, without moving or quitting her hold of the door.

A long pause followed. Paul could not bring himself to state his errand on the doorstep; he meditated running away; but Miss

Susan's little black eyes held him spell-bound. At last he began hesitatingly: —

"I came down this evening ——"

"So I see," said Miss Susan.

"To see," continued Paul, "if we could settle a little compact." The muscles of Miss Susan's face relaxed.

"You need n't have been in such a hurry," she said; "I would have waited."

"But I did not want you to wait," cried Paul.

"Well, well, come in," said Miss Susan; so Paul followed her into a neat little room — a dressmaker's shop during the day, and a snug sitting-room in the evening. Miss Susan set the candle down on the table, and Paul sat himself down in Miss Susan's low sewing-chair before the fire, and cleared his throat to begin, when he observed that Miss Susan had retreated to the farther corner of the room. Judging by his own feelings, he concluded that it would be wise to give her a few moments to compose herself, so he waited until she came back to the fire, drew forward a chair, seated herself, and looked down with maidenly reserve, as Paul thought, at the pages of a little book she had brought from the desk opposite.

"It is very cheerful here," he observed at length, with a glance around.

"Why should'nt it be?" returned Miss Susan.

"Sister Nancy is dead," continued Paul, rather irrelevantly.

"I believe her death was in the paper two weeks ago." Paul did not venture to gainsay this assertion; and a long silence followed, broken at last by Miss Susan: —

"I don't know but I am willing to call it settled, Mr. Revere, seeing your sister is dead."

"Oh thank you, Miss Brown," cried Paul, with a sigh of relief; "but I assure you that if my lamented sister were present at this moment, she, too, would rejoice to hear you say that."

"I don't doubt it," replied Miss Susan.

"Now I think of it," pursued Paul solemnly, "she mentioned your name several times, just before she closed her eyes to all earthly scenes."

"Hope she didn't worry about me," said Susan; "we nearly settled it between us the last time she was here, and, as I said before, we will call it all right."

Paul looked into the fire, mystified, but happy, and answered:

"I am surprised to learn that my sister had thought of this, though to be sure, she was most always thinking of something."

"Such a good match," said Susan, — "pity she didn't live to enjoy it; but it is a comfort to know that it suited her; perfectly satisfied — told me so herself."

"I am very glad such was the case, though, as I have already remarked, I am surprised to hear it. I really did not know it had occurred to her at all." Then came a long pause.

"Want a bill?" queried Susan at last.

"Never, never!" cried Paul earnestly. Miss Susan began to look at him suspiciously.

"She carried the pieces home, if that's what you want; only got enough to piece out the old one anyway, and such a match as it was."

"What?" faltered Paul.

"Making over black silk for Miss Revere," read Susan from the little book, "and it is all paid for except the button-holes, and, as I said, we'll let it go."

"Oh! yes, yes," said Paul in a horror-stricken whisper, and then sat gazing straight into the eyes of the old gray cat on the rug before the fire. What a terrible mistake! What was to be done? Should he explain? He practised to himself the words he had decided upon during his ride. He almost heard himself saying: "Miss Brown, my hearth and home are desolate." He raised his eyes to speak, but courage failed him; he said "Good-night" in a stifled voice, seized his hat, slipped quietly out of the room and down the path, not even knowing that Miss Susan was standing in the door with the candle.

The chaise groaned, the March wind wailed, and even the mud was softened in sympathy, and "so through the night rode Paul Revere."

K. L. T. '74.

Kate L. Tappan

THE BELLS.

Hear the ringing of the bell, —
The *rising* bell!

What a swift return from dreamland does its clang foretell!
As the brazen echoes rise
Through the hall,
How they rub their sleepy eyes!
How they groan out their surprise
At the call!

Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the footfall of the maid with the bell;
 With the bell, bell, bell, bell,
 Bell, bell, bell;

With the ringing and the dinging rising bell.

Hear the ringing of the bell, —
 The *breakfast* bell!

What a tale of hasty toilets does its tone foretell!
 At the awful dreaded sound,
 Many a heart with fear doth bound;
 When all complete
 Their hurrying feet
 Reach the landing of the stairs,
 How they fly,
 As they sigh,
 At the sound of moving chairs.
 Oh, the bell, bell, bell, bell,
 Bell, bell, bell!

Oh, the ringing and the dinging of the bell!

Hear the ringing of the bell, —
 The "*Butler*" bell!

What a prophecy of "flunks" is in its knell.
 How the "Bishop's" victims go
 To "number one," with footsteps slow;
 Anxious face and troubled looks
 Still intent upon their books;
 Oh! for a moment more
 To con "Probation" o'er.
 Oh, the bell, bell, bell, bell,
 Bell, bell, bell!

Oh, the ringing and the dinging of the bell!

Hear the sharp stroke of the bell, —
 The "*tardy*" bell!

What a hurrying of footsteps does its sound foretell!
 What a scamper o'er the floors;
 What a banging of the doors;
 What a sighing o'er their fate,
 By those who are too late!
 Oh sudden tardy bell!
 Oh cruel tardy bell!
 Oh, bell, bell, bell, bell,
 Bell, bell, bell!

Why so quick, with your click, tardy bell?

Hear the ringing of the bell,—
Retiring bell!

What a general commotion does its voice compel!

All is hurry, hurry, hurry,
Oh, this never-ending flurry!

It is ten,
Silence then!

When at last their sleepy heads
Gently rest upon their beds,
Glad they hail the night's relief,
(Sweet, but then, alas! how brief,
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells;

From the ringing and the dinging of the bells. M. D. T. '73.

Mon. Selmo's Tenth Bell

ST. SELMO.

A CONDENSED NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

"Beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

IN a princely room in the palatial mansion of St. Selmo's maternal relative, were the elegant St. Selmo himself, and the willowy, yet stately form of Ethelinda Earle, his mother's protégée. His tall and majestic figure showed to the utmost advantage as he reclined in a chair of green Lyon's velvet richly embossed with gold. Attired simply in a morning suit of purple moire antique, his person was without ornament except the emerald buttons on his boots. His firm white hand, on four fingers of which gleamed solitaire diamonds, were toying carelessly with the raven locks of his moustache which swept the velvet of the chair, while *one* of his peculiar and tender eyes, of midnight blackness, rested upon the picture on an easel near him, and the other, of a delicate sea-green, gazed absently out upon the velvety lawn.

Before the easel, on a Persian ottoman of exquisite workmanship, half sat, half reclined, the lovely Ethelinda. One hand, scarcely visible to the naked eye, so minute were its proportions, held a feather duster, and the other was half buried in the masses of her golden hair, which might have held the moon-beams captive, so bright were its meshes. A brow like alabaster, violet eyes, ruby-tinted nose, and mouth exquisitely chiselled, made her the loveliest creature in existence.

Her robe was firm red calico, a relic of her prouder life, for "fondest affections still cling to home." Her sole ornaments were a diamond belt-pin of stupendous proportions, a Dolly Varden tie, and a spray of milk-weed which adorned her tresses. The picture on the easel before her was one of which a Raphael might have been proud; and as St. Selmo turned both kindling eyes upon it, his face lost its gloomy look, and he murmured to himself:

"Source immaterial of material thought,
Focus of light infinitesimal,
Art thou not so? and if thou art not thus,
What art thou then? or any other man?"

As the fair Ethelinda listened to this tribute to her genius, she emitted a silvery laugh, which sounded as sweetly as the bursting of a work-box, and the fall of the scissors and buttons on the ivory floor, but as she would have made some playful observation, the current of her thought was changed!

CHAPTER II.

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 't is their nature too."

The door of the sumptuous studio slowly opened, and an infant of Abyssinian birth appeared, bearing a massive salver of gold, on which was engraved the Selmo arms in a device of hearts and rubies and the lofty motto: "Tempus fugit."

As he reverently presented it, he grazed the tip of St. Selmo's little finger with its edge, when the enraged lion rose, and seizing Ethelinda's palette, he hurled it with such force at the unfortunate victim as to fell him prostrate on the opposite side of the room; where, with the faintly uttered words "Why is this thusly?" life became extinct. The smile had scarcely vanished from the face of Ethelinda; but with the elegant adaptibility common to such natures, a look of scorn and wrath took its place, and remarking: "Viper! Villain! Brute! Monster!" she sailed gracefully from the room.

CHAPTER III.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

In about five minutes St. Selmo rose and proceeded to the garden. What was the sight that froze him with horror? What but the form of Ethelinda wrapped in slumber at the foot of a poplar tree, while an immense boa-constrictor encircled her snowy neck, gradually enveloping her in his voluminous folds.

Drawing a massive gold tooth-pick from his pocket, he sheathed it in the monster's body. The shriek of Ethelinda rose wildly upon the ambient air, and as the servants bore away her almost lifeless body, St. Selmo saw the funeral procession of the murdered Ethiopian wind slowly down the avenue, and murmured: "Why did I waste Ethelinda's palette on that worthless wretch? Oh, thrice miserable me!"

CHAPTER IV.

"Fare thee well, and if forever,
Then forever, fare thee well."

The next morning, calling Ethelinda into his sumptuous apartments (furnished in sandalwood and white corded silk), St. Selmo gave her a massive iron key with the German motto, "Die ist die key auf mein glove boxer," engraven upon it; and, pointing to the recess where the heavy golden receptacle stood, said, in impressive accents, "Ethelinda, therein are entertained papers of solemn significance, certificates of former marriages, papers of divorce, warrants of arrest, and others, of which do not seek to know the import. Farewell!" and clasping her to his wildly throbbing heart, he swung himself gracefully from the fifth-story window, while she sank back fainting!!!

CHAPTER V.

"None knew thee but to love thee,
None saw thee but to praise."

On the evening succeeding, Ethelinda went to a ball, attired in a simple costume of white brilliant, trimmed with ermine and blue velvet ribbon. Soon after entering the room she was requested to sing, and as she poured forth her magnificent voice in the wild strains of "Come, ye disconsolate," not a dry eye was left in the room (not to mention handkerchiefs), and a German count (with one hundred thousand million), drawing her hastily into the back entry, made a violent declaration of love, which was followed at intervals of fifteen minutes, by nineteen others.

With the refusal of all these, ended this evening of but slight success.

CHAPTER VI.

"If he be not fair for me,
What care I how fair he be?"

As Ethelinda reached her room, and reflected on the past evening, her agitated voice broke the silence in these words: "Oh, wretched me!" Though ten noble youths have cut the thread of life with

the cruel sword for love of me, and ten more have buried their stalwart forms beneath the slimy waters of a mighty horse-pond this night, yet St. Selmo, my only love, remains cold as a patent freezer! Let me go to his empty domicile, and press my burning brow to the dear article he has left me!" and hastily seizing a tallow-candle of gigantic proportions, she rushed from the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it!"

As she entered the portal of St. Selmo's sleeping-room, he whom the love unknown to her had compelled to return from the realm of Independent Tartary, hastily secreted himself behind a boot-jack. Approaching the mystic glove-box, she laid her head upon it, and murmured: "Oh, my heart's own, come back!" and pressed the lock with trembling fingers.

Then St. Selmo, fearing she was to prove faithless, and attempt to pry into his secrets, in his agitation crushed an adjacent student lamp to atoms, and this in turn igniting a bomb-shell (which was concealed in his trowsers' pocket), shattered into fragments the mysterious glove-box, and bore with it toward the ceiling the light form of Ethelinda!!!

As she descended to the floor again, by the force of gravitation, he caught her in his arms, bore her to her apartment, and applying soothing syrup (Mrs. Winslow's) to her wounds, returned to the scene of the calamity.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh where, and oh where has my little dog gone?"

St. Selmo soliloquized wildly, "Why am I always to be the ruin of those I love? Why do the ghosts of my sixteen murdered wives haunt me thus? I will know if Ethelinda, my last and deepest love, reciprocates my passion. Till then, rest, my fevered soul."

CHAPTER IX.

"She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

At the early hour of four the next morning, servants brought the news to St. Selmo that the child whom he had murdered, was slowly recovering, and his presence was requested in the cemetery immediately.

He set out at once, accompanied by resuscitated Ethelinda, and as the sprightly form of the once martyred negro gambolled gaily toward the house, they turned their steps towards the church.

As he placed the weary Ethelinda on a seat, he folded his arms and spoke thus: "Ethelinda, thou art my last and fondest love; I will acknowledge to thee that I have slain sixteen wives, but never did any hold thy place in my affections. In the words of the poet,

"Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own,
Wouldst send me to dwell there unloved and alone?"

In the same musical rhyme she replied:

"St. Selmo, though I love thee more than life,
I cannot be a murderer's wife;
Till thou dost seek a purer aim to know,
I must be firm, and answer, Go!"

CHAPTER X.

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart;
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it thou, and take the rest."

Two years have rolled their swiftly revolving circles over the heads of our hero and heroine, and within the classic shades of India wharf appears a once familiar figure. Ha! can it be? It is! St. Selmo!! But oh, how changed!!! The former gloomy frown is gone, and in its place appears an expression of cheerful hilarity. His elegant form is clad in sombre black, with navy blue facings. In one hand he bears a package of tracts, and in the other a volume of Swedenborg, at which he occasionally glances.

He heaves a sigh, and casting a glance at the further end of the wharf, stands as if transfixed. Coming towards him with fleet step he descries a woman, whose fairy form is attired in a bloomer costume, from beneath which peep a stout pair of rubber boots.

Is not the determined, yet gentle clutch with which she holds and drags two filthy urchins along the wharf, strangely familiar?

She stood before him, and while pushing the boys gently yet firmly into the dock to free their faces from defilement, after one wild glance of recognition, she precipitated herself into his arms. He whispered in her ear the sweet words: "Have I found thee again, my sixteenth love? Since I left thee, my aim in life is changed. Awaking to noble purposes, I have founded in Halifax a factory for the manufacture of flannel petticoats for the South Sea

Islanders. The work goes bravely on; but alas! there is no one to replace the buttons upon my neglected shirts. Wilt thou not come and share in my noble work?"

She cast one wild look around, and exclaimed: "I care not for custom. I give to the winds all hints of a trousseau. St. Selmo, I am thine!!" Like the lightning of the tropic heaven, they sped to the noble bark which awaited them. The ceremony was performed, and as they were borne away, on the breeze came floating the words:

"From Greenland's sunny mountains,
From Afric's snowy isle,
The heathen gaily frolic,
Upon the frozen sile."

"REQUIESCAT IN PACE!"

A. W. M. '74. & K. D. S. '75.

A DEFENCE OF LAZINESS.

AFTER listening to the wailing of a certain class of people over the "follies of the present age," until one feels as if we had been singing fifteen doleful verses to the tune of China, it might be a pleasant rest and respite to look at the other side of some of these questions for a little.

One of the first doctrines instilled into the youthful mind is inculcated through the nursery rhyme,

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

Through childhood it is constantly impressed upon him by his fond parents with the appended moral, "Go thou, and do likewise"; and often as a punishment is learned that passage in Proverbs, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

But notwithstanding this careful training the youth often grows up feeling in his heart that

"All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy."

And his side of the question may deserve more attention than is commonly given it.

There is one class of persons who are severely misjudged in being called lazy. Would that I had the pen of a mighty poet, that in epic verse I might refute the charge and give them their due.

The business of their profession must almost necessarily be per-

formed in the dark, so that they hardly ever have a sound night's rest. They bear all kinds of hardships, face every sort of weather, and their safety and their lives are in continual danger. Call the thief anything else you like, but do not call him lazy! No day laborer works harder than the night laborer. He has to be constantly on the watch, must always have his wits about him, first to steal, and then to avoid detection; and worst of all is the burden of guilt and fear he always carries with him. When he sleeps the cry of "Stop thief!" rings constantly in his ears, and his dreams are filled with visions of courts and imprisonments. Hard work is his lot and portion.

As there are drones in every hive, so it must be admitted that there are many people in the world who are really what is called lazy. They believe thoroughly in taking their own time, and will not be scared, coaxed, or threatened out of their common pace.

But perhaps something may be said in their favor even. They are very good-natured; too lazy to get angry, they don't get worried or vexed; that is too much trouble. If happiness be the acknowledged object in life, they seem to accomplish their mission pretty well, for they certainly enjoy themselves much better than many that go driving through the world; and there may be in "the constitution of things," a need for this moderate element in society to balance the opposite extreme, and establish an equilibrium.

"Mr. Skimpole" looked at the bright side of this subject; as in speaking of the two classes in the hive as representative characters in the world, he said he had no objection to honey, but he protested against the overwhelming assumption of the bees. He could n't see at all why the busy bee should be proposed as a model; he supposed the bee liked to make honey, or he would n't do it; nobody asked him. He must say he thought the drone an embodiment of a pleasanter and wiser idea.

The drone said, unexpectedly, "You will excuse me; I really cannot attend the shop. I find myself in a world in which there is so much to see, and so short a time to see it in, that I must take the liberty of looking about me, and begging to be provided for by somebody who doesn't want to look about him." Mr. Skimpole thought the drone philosophy very good.

A. G. B. '73.

— the Queen —

PSYCHE.

You all know well the quaint old story,
Told by the myth of ages long ago ;
When so revered was old Olympus' glory ;
So filled with awful wonder seemed his crest of snow.

And 'mong the tales of fabled gods and heroes
That flowed so smoothly from the Muses tongue,
The sweetest, strangest of the ancient legends
Is that of gentle Psyche, fair and young.

So wondrous was the beauty of the maiden,
That envious Venus planned a cruel fate,
And sent her son, the wicked, laughing Cupid,
To work her woe ; but saw her fault too late.

For Cupid, who so oft had others wounded,
Now felt himself the power of his own dart,
And learned too late, and yet with strangest gladness,
That only Psyche's love could heal the smart.

And Psyche ? When Love wooes who can resist him ?
And Psyche gladly learned the lessons Love can teach ;
But though so blest her restless mind grew weary,
And came to long for knowledge out of reach.

O foolish Psyche ! why this restless longing ?
Do you not know that Love must be complete,
And fairer than your fancy e'er could picture
Or dream ! and e'en this Love is at your feet.

We all must learn the bitter by the tasting,
And so poor Psyche found through bitter pain ;
And though Love guarded all her weary journey,
Only in heaven did they meet again.

And so, methinks, we all are foolish Psyches,
Too eager to divine the future years ;
And heeding not the happy present by us,
Or knowing half its worth till sought with tears.

O restless souls ! take what of joy God gives you,
Nor grasp for what lies far beyond your sight ;
But know that he who holds your future story,
Will show it to you as he thinketh right.

Learn to taste slowly of its lingering sweetness,
And take the glad or shadowed years as one by one they come,
Until you find your heaven's full completeness,
And know all things in the Eternal Home.

'73.

THE time is drawing near when the class of '73 will bid farewell to the scenes among which it has passed four happy years. Before that sad day come, we are glad to insert a few words of gratitude to our kind friends in the pages of the Abbott Courant. We want to thank our faithful teachers, who have toiled so patiently for our good, and hope that they may see the fruit of their labors in the lives that we shall lead. We also seize this opportunity to thank the class of '74 for the very kind interest which they have always, and especially of late, taken in our affairs. From time to time they have given us valuable information on various subjects, such as that, presidents should not vote in the meetings over which they preside. We were so glad to know it. But kindest of all, they have suggested to us a class hymn: "Little drops of water." True, they pretend that rumor of our choice had reached them; but that is only a modest way of giving an original suggestion. Such kindness deserves the gratitude we feel; and, though in this case it was in vain, we would encourage the unselfish spirit they have shown in offering us their favorite hymn, which ordinary people would keep for their own use. They can do so now, as we are well provided, and from an abundance can add another verse to the aforementioned hymn:

"Little drops of wisdom,
Little grains of lore,
Fill some heads so full
That they can hold no more."

This self-denying class is just now in that half-grown state through which all have to pass, and its members have very suitably chosen the crescent for their class symbol, as emblematic of their present condition. There is no telling what wonders the inhabitants of Andover shall behold next year, when the crescent shall have become a full moon. The only danger is that all spectators may be hopelessly moonstruck. The assurance that we shall not be here to suffer such a calamity, cheers us when our hearts are filled with sadness for our coming departure.

As we look back upon this last year, so nearly gone, we feel that it has been the happiest of the four. And as the day approaches when we shall receive our sheepskins from our honored President, we turn and say to all our schoolmates: "Come up hither." We

have been a harmonious class, and have enjoyed the studies that we have mastered together. We were the first to wear class-pins, the first to indulge in a class sleigh-ride, and the first to form a baseball nine.

Abbott Academy is prospering generally. One hall has been enlarged, the grounds are improved; our osseous man, hanging in his narrow quarters, has for some time been allowed to rest in peace, and we still look forward with unfailing faith to the day when we shall possess a wonderful telescope and observatory.

We have already mentioned the two higher classes, and now the others deserve a notice, sweet but short. Our Alma Mater looks with proud fondness on the class of '75, yielding such bright promise for the future. May they continue as they have begun, strong both in talents and number. May their example be followed by their youthful successors, who, looking at us from still tender years, address us as "poor old things."

Lastly, we have many good wishes for the Abbott Courant. Long may she live and prosper, blessed with talented writers, and appreciative readers.

C. H. H.

'74.

THE truth of the trite saying, that anticipation is sweeter than reality, has been proved unconditionally to us of late. When, a month ago, curled luxuriously in the corner of a friendly lounge, we dreamed of a possible paper, magnificent in dimensions, boundless in general information, brilliant in wit, and covering our names with glory, we little recked that, squeezed in the middle of a very hard editorial sofa, with calm superiority on one side, and pushing presumption on the other, we should sadly discover that though "in medio tutissimus," there were other considerations as well.

The function of editors, as we interpret it, is to insert their finger into every possible pie, and favor the world in general with their opinions thereon, so, with unbounded charity, we begin at home. Among various events regarding '73, we chronicle the fact that according to rumor, their class hymn is to be that sweet effusion, so well known to all other infant minds,

" Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,"

etc., with variations.

Fears, however, are entertained by the Faculty, lest in their furor to indulge in the manly sport of base-ball playing, they should unfit themselves to leave these classic halls at the proposed time — a consummation devoutly to be dreaded. Still, we wait patiently the moment of deliverance; and, by-the-way, would here congratulate the President of the before-mentioned class, for the graceful way in which she brings into harmony the various elements therein entertained. In that one respect, if no other, the class is indeed happy.

But alas! alas! oh '75! "The class, it does but murmur, snarling at another's heels!" Correction seems useless; for the sour and querulous disposition natural to her unfortunate members displays itself even now. We remember them of old, in the earlier schools, and, by-the-way, have been given to understand that the badges adopted by them when graduating from the second primary division in 18— (we forbear the date), are to be used still, on account of pecuniary embarrassments. The child-like and poetic effect of the aforesaid institution may still be noticed as having survived the touch of years in the following pages. Still there is a leaven of grace about her, and when time has softened her angularities, we predict that the Alma Mater will have no cause to be ashamed of '75.

Our very good friend '76 conducts herself in the most becoming manner. Thus early do we see the fruits of our labors in training them in the way they should go!

For matters outside, we would mention that the class caps of our contemporaries at Phillips, are all that could be wished in the way of simplicity and good taste.

And, by-the-way, what a pity that the necessary maintenance of dignity by the Theologues, forbids them wearing any insignia of rank common among those of fewer years—if we except the shawl, which is supposed to be worn from its resemblance to the classic Roman toga.

Modesty forbids us to speak at length of our own affairs; so we merely mention that the class-pins have been much admired by all, except a few individuals, whose most prominent characteristic is bad taste; and, altogether, the class is in a most flourishing condition, as we glean from the Secretary's Report, which promises well for next year.

Though some who started with us are missing from our numbers now, and those of our best and brightest; and though we fear that some who are with us now will have slipped from the ranks ere another term, we still, with a sigh and a loving regret for them, press on bravely, knowing that their hearts are with us, and that their devotion to the Alma Mater and '74 is still as strong as ours.

"Loving and serving"; it is our work to leave a fair record on the annals of the school, and on the hearts of those we shall leave behind us—to so bear the burden of every day, and gain the good of every hour, not to grasp at, but to gain the highest, that we may help to make the "Coming Woman" a synonyme for all that is pure, noble, lovely, and of good report.

A. W. M.

Here ...

'75.

As we sit in the Editorial Chair, with our hand upon our head, and calmly reflect upon the year so nearly gone, it seems to us that among other subjects for consideration, the one entitled to the first mention is our class.

The class of '75 has but lately risen to eminence. In one short meeting she elected a President and a Vice-President, a Secretary and a Treasurer.

At present she stands at the front of boarding-school advancement. Her members are sought after on the ball-ground, admired and feared by croquet-players, unanimously elected for Public Readings, and their literary productions eagerly demanded by the papers (or paper) of the day.

We ask, with pride, if she is all this now, what will she not be when two more years shall have glided swiftly by, bringing that added unity, maturity, and strength which years must bring.

We know that we should mention serenades. But every sweet has its bitter; and we do not like to talk about them very much.

Speaking of serenades makes us think that a slight improvement is visible in the head-coverings of our neighbors half-way up Zion's Hill. We should say, from our limited observation, that there was a growing tendency among them to adopt, instead of the out-grown cap, the simple and grandly-swelling dome. The latter seems to be preferable, as giving to them a more dignified and Theological aspect.

We have noticed with delight an ever-increasing inclination on the part of our fellow-seekers after knowledge to out-door sports. Several croquet clubs have been formed, and a number of young ladies are very much devoted to base ball; indeed, we believe that the Senior class has had the prowess to form a "Nine." We love to see the Seniors play base ball; we love to see any people play base ball; it always sends a thrill of gratitude through us to feel that we are not among them.

We have been informed that the Class of '74 has decided to follow her superior's example. We cannot commend her decision; it seems to us that such a step had better be left till some future day; just now there is danger, if we may be allowed to use the expression, of her having too many kettles in the fire. However, we would not interfere with the affairs of a class so elevated in her own eyes.

We are glad to congratulate our young friend '76 upon her

recent organization. We are not (like '74) afraid or unwilling to speak well of any other class, so with many kind wishes we hope she may long continue to brighten the umbrageous town of Andover with her beneficent presence (as in all probability she will have to). If she wishes for a class hymn or a motto, we (of '75) will be very happy to help her in a selection; and we presume that there will be several we shall not choose for ourselves, any one of which she is at perfect liberty to take.

Apropos of class hymns, we would suggest to the class immediately before us, anxiously trying to provide for that other class, so full of honor, and, alas! so soon to leave us, that instead of troubling herself for others she search for a hymn adapted to herself. In the mean time, we might propose (as suitable to her present aspirations) another little Sabbath-school poem, with a few minute alterations; beginning,

"I want to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand;
A ring upon my finger,
A Butler in my hand."

Will she not think of it?

In closing we would add one word of encouragement and advice to our own Class. As we have before hinted, you have great gifts and opportunities. Use them rightly now; so that in future years, when you think over the past, you will not feel them to have been wasted, in the very time of all others they should have been improved.

M. L. K.

'76.

"Oh the Class of '76,
They're up to lots of tricks!"

As we take our pen, for the first time in an editorial capacity, it strikes us how very fast this, our first year of boarding-school life, has flown. We smile as we look back and see ourselves, shy, trembling creatures, with nameless horrors of frowning teachers hovering round in black alpacca dresses; the great dread we had of examinations (which, after all, proved so easy).

Oh, those innocent days, when we knew not the rules and regulations! Would they were back! Soon we felt at home; and now we feel qualified to criticise the Senior examinations in Mental Philosophy, etc., and even to discuss the merits of Butler.

As we are now speaking of the Class of '73, we might as well say that we, the Class of '76, do not approve of the condescending and patronizing manner with which they treat us. They call us "cunning little things." Cunning, indeed! our Revolutionary blood and name rise at the sound; and they had no right to giggle and look so wise when the notice of our first class-meeting was read. Well, we trust we forgive them; they are so soon to leave us, poor old things! When we say farewell, we shall certainly give them our blessing and kind wishes that they may enjoy all the pleasures that they shall find in the rest of their life.

Our heart swells with love and pride when we think of the Class of '74. Who so worthy of our love and honor? for are they not the bright and shining lights of the school? Their good sense and scholarship is only equalled by the brightness and amiability which they display. Long may they live to enlighten the world with their wit! Long may the friendship last which we have formed!

We can only thank the Class of '75 for its interest in our affairs. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit," etc. Not that we would intimate that they were cross or proud; but we all know that it is a good plan to have constantly before us reminders of things which we wish to avoid.

As for the Class of '76, we will let others praise it. We have had several class-meetings, and are highly delighted with each other; besides having reason to congratulate ourselves on having five officers.

Our teachers are kind and considerate; and we shall never forget how soon, in our first days here, their loving words made our heavy hearts light and gay.

C. L. L.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

CLASS feeling is virtuous and praiseworthy; but stronger and higher than that is our affection for the old Alma Mater, which dispels all petty differences, and unites us in a common bond, never to be severed.

Therefore we unite our voices to speak of the modesty which suddenly overcomes us in our unaccustomed position. We are venturing upon a hitherto untrodden road, but trust that when we have reached the end of our journey we shall not have dishonored the name of the Abbott Academy.

It has been said that girls can write only nonsense. Still we venture to offer our readers the fruits of our labors, trusting they will meet with charity and approbation.

EDITORS OF ABBOTT ACADEMY.

WE notice in the last number of the Philo Mirror an article by "W. N. F." on the subject "Tickling," which, in our estimation, he handles well, and also a comprehensive Report of the Senatorial Proceedings, but should judge that the Editors of that able periodical, as well as ourselves, had experienced the truth of the motto: "Poeta nascitur, non fit."

The new novel, "Theo Lawrence," has just been completed. The scene is partly laid in the Abbott Accademy at the present time, and Harvard College will also figure largely in its pages. We regret to say that the time of publication is uncertain.

FASHIONS.

As sardines without lemons, so is a paper without its fashions, which we here proceed to notice to the best of our ability.

Hair is more rampant than ever; but the "two-story Mansard" is somewhat lowered. Curls are prevalent, also shell combs.

The graceful tournure, in which the feminine soul erewhile delighted, is somewhat despised just now, but we trust will soon resume its deserved popularity.

We learn from a contemporary (Harper's Bazaar), that the cane parasols,

so much used last Summer, will be superseded by those to be carried on the chatelaine.

Hats bid fair to exceed those of the Winter in height, and flowers are to be worn in them, to the exclusion of feathers.

In gentlemen's fashions we notice the basket coat, which is both stylish and becoming. Sleeves are to be worn quite short. Canes still continue *en règle* with college Sophs, and other unfortunate youths who are afflicted with uncertainty as to the disposal of their hands.

GOSSIP.

Serenades of late are like angel's visits, "few and far between."

The uniform excellence of the speaking at the Draper Prizes was unusually noticeable this year.

Engagements are numerous. "There are good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

The ladies of A. A. tender their thanks to P. A. '73, for their obliging use of their motto.

The most enjoyable concert on the evening of May the 6th reflected great credit on the managers of the Scientific '73, P. A.

The biblical knowledge of the Whately class is startling.

Class feeling is rampant.

It is rumored that we are to give a concert shortly.

When we think of the "slow and laggard step" with which the protectors of Andover took their way to the fire in Love Lane on the evening of the 6th, we can but sadly reflect that our own ashes might grow cold before one would arrive to tell the tale. "O tempora, O mores!" The old story of "Wolf, wolf!" comes forcibly to mind.

The number of unprotected females who return home "lone and lorn" after every levee, lead us to inquire if the days of chivalry are not indeed wholly and forever gone.

PERSONALS.

'68. Miss Henrietta Learoyd is now teaching in Beverly, but we hope to welcome her back before long.

'70. Miss Minnie Merriam sails for Europe the first of June.

'71. Mrs. Charles Collins, formerly Abby Wood, is residing in New York City.

'72. The family school of Fanny Fletcher, at Winchendon, is in a most flourishing condition.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'73.

President, M. DELIGHT TWICHELL.
Vice-President, CLARA H. HAMLIN.
Secretary and Treasurer, SARAH A. ROOD.

'74.

President, EMMA S. WILDER.
Secretary and Treasurer, FANNY C. FIELD.
Hist. and Poet. ALICE W. MERRIAM.

'75.

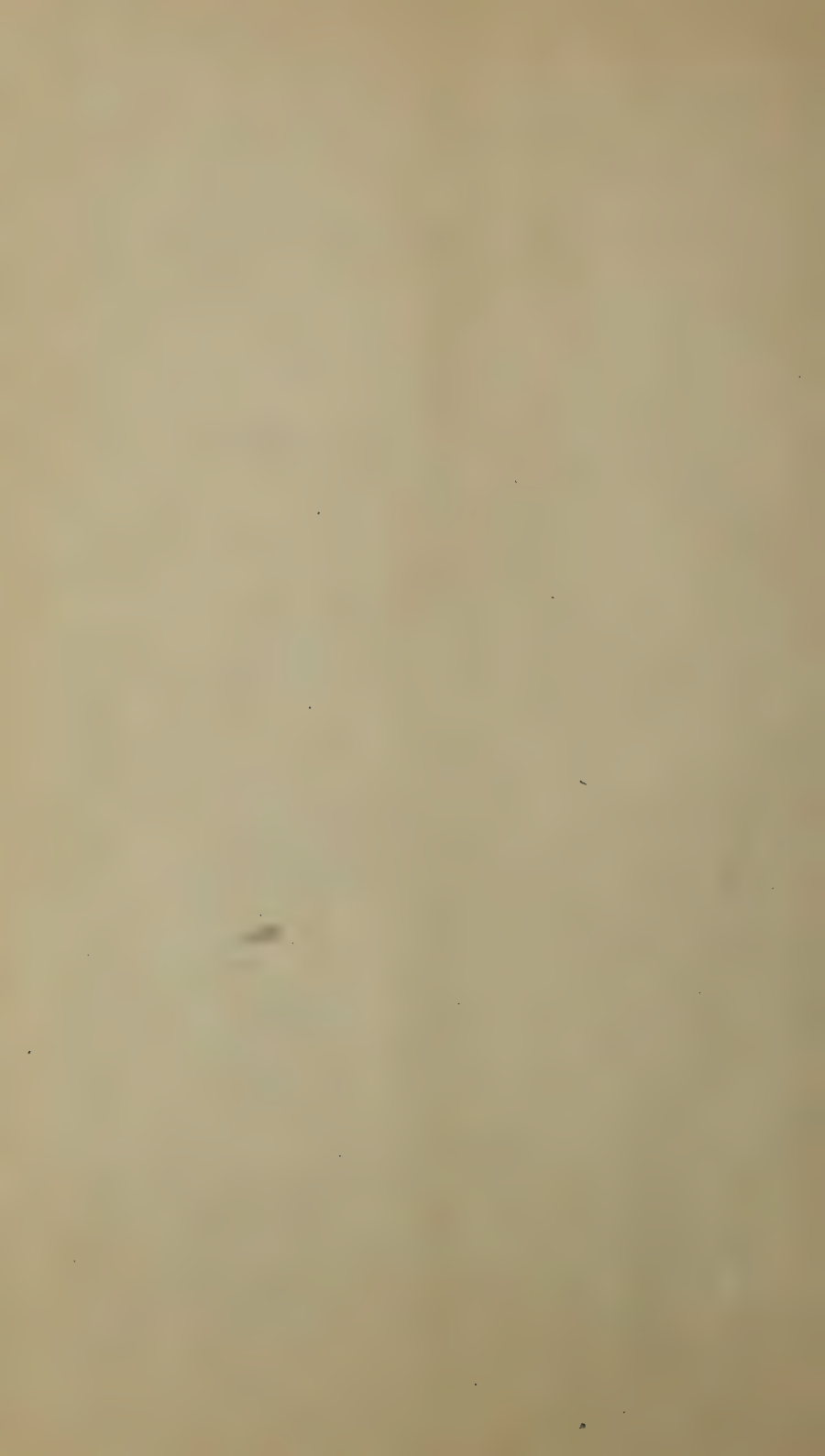
President, MARION DWIGHT,
Vice-President, OLLIE C. KENDALL.
Secretary and Treasurer, MAMIE L. HALE.

'76.

President, OLIVE N. TWICHELL.
Vice-President, LEILA TAYLOR.
Secretary and Treasurer, JENNY ROBINSON.

THE QUARTETTE.

Soprano, MINNIE C. BIDWELL.
Mezzo-Soprano, ALICE W. MERRIAM.
First Contralto, CARRIE S. HOPKINS.
Second Contralto, ELLA H. WHITCOMB.
Pianist, CLARA H. HAMLIN.



THE ABBOTT COURANT.

Edited by

Kate L. Tilden, '74.

Dora N. Spalding, '75.

Olive N. Twichell, '76.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

NO. 2.

Editorial.

To commence with General Butler's favorite preliminary, "Why are we here; what for did we come to this place; why do we stay here?" Suffice it to say that so the Fates have decreed, and their decree, descending on our defenceless heads like an avalanche, has borne us along to the Editorial Chair.

A summer has gone by since the first and last number of our extensive periodical was presented to the public; and, as we venture a second, we are not forgetful of the kindly reception of our readers in general; and, especially, we tender our humblest and most sincere acknowledgements to the experienced editors of the *Philomathean Mirror*, for the condescension and gentle courtesy with which they "welcomed to editorial life their sisters of the pen."

Our term thus far has been a most delightful one, from the first moment of our return, when we were welcomed by old friends, when our ears caught the first chime of the new electric bells, and our astonished eyes beheld the wonderful transformation which the Academy Hall had undergone,—the walls so fresh with their tasteful fresco paper, the handsome chandeliers, and the plain, but elegant black walnut desk. Nor did wonders cease here. The inhabitants of Davis Hall rejoice in an enlarged and improved *salle à manger*. But we must go to Smith Hall for the crowning improvement of all,—the trunk-room. No one who has not gone through with it can have an adequate idea of our former sufferings. It did seem rather

hopeless, when one sallied forth in quest of her good clothes on a Sunday morning, to peer into the murky darkness, where, tier on tier, our trunks arose; to squeeze into a place smaller than herself; to clamber over a pile of toppling trunks, with barely room for herself between them and the ceiling, and at last to halt, and, with a vague idea that at any moment her foothold might give way, open her trunk, and, with the lid resting on her head, proceed to delve into the hidden treasures within. But on our last arrival, our trunks were borne away in triumph by our grim Hibernian despot, to a new and commodious baggage-room, where they stood with a little clear space about them, and with plenty of light from the windows. Certainly this arrangement is not without its advantages for the porters; but if they only are to be considered, why not leave the trunks in the Boston and Maine depot, while the young ladies proceed to bear thence their earthly possessions, in the wicker baskets provided by the institution. Then, at least, one flight of stairs would be dispensed with, and the stairs are by far the worst part of the journey. A racy little description of our toils might be entertaining to those who took no active part in the matter, but to the laborers, the process of unpacking was, itself, quite racy enough. Let us leave the subject, only remarking, that for the first week or two we went about, like St. Peter, with the keys.

As we said, the term has been a very pleasant one. True, we missed from our number many dear and familiar faces; but new scholars rapidly filled up the ranks,

Presently school life settled into the "even tenor of its way,"—one day very like another, save that in our half-hour strolls on Monday mornings, we encounter bands of our venerable and respected friends, with their little satchels and big umbrellas, returning from their missionary labors in the surrounding heathen wilds.

Our afternoon walks are enlivened by the playful gambols of the younger and more sprightly sojourners in the classic shades of Andover. Oh Phillipians, how long will you abuse our patience? How much longer will this your fury elude us? To what limit will your unbridled audacity hurl itself? Are you nothing daunted by our nightly guards—the shades and shutters; nothing by the fear of the people; nothing by this concourse of all the good; nothing by the frowning dignity of us all? Which of us do you think are ignorant of what you were doing last night; what the night before; where you were, who came, and what for? O tempora! O mores! The trustees know these things, the teachers see them, and yet

these remain. Remain? Nay, they even freely walk our streets, they mark each one of us with their eyes in passing, they hang over our gates, they beset our houses. Oh foolish Phillipians, what hath bewitched you?

There has been but one change in our board of instructors since last year. Miss Montague, a former pupil, has taken the place of Miss Kimball, who so faithfully filled the position for two previous terms? We regret that illness has deprived us, for this term, of the presence of Miss Strickland, our French teacher.

The sad duty of recording the death of one of our number falls to our lot. Julia Downs died Monday, October 6th, at South Hall. Although she had been with us but so short a time — this was her first term at Andover — her beautiful disposition, and her bright ways, had made her very dear, and her loss is deeply felt. As a school, we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and friends.

NIGHTS AT SEA.

FAR away from the land, with nothing between you and eternity but the frail barque tossing on the billows, there comes over you, when the sun sinks into the west, and *ruit oceano nox*, a feeling of grandeur and loneliness which one can hardly appreciate who has not been to sea. Around the memory of those nights on the ocean, there lingers a calmness, a strangeness, and a beauty no words of mine can give to you. Evening after evening

“The welkin above was all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,”

and below, on the quiet water, their glory was reflected; looking down from the vessel's side, the light from each star was seen like a line of gold on the shining water near by, growing broader and broader toward the horizon, till it reached the indistinguishable line where the ocean and the heavens met; there it became a perfect

flood of glory, and it seemed as if the golden gates of Paradise could not lie far beyond. Whenever I watched this wonderful beauty, the words would come unbidden into my mind: "The path of the just shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

Of course, there were some dull, gloomy evenings, when we could hardly see anything, and sailed on through the darkness, leaving a track of gold behind us, caused by no celestial reflection, but by the sea-stars, millions of which gave out their strange light from the dark waves as they struck against the sides of the ship.

But two evenings, different from all the rest, are indelibly stamped on my mind. It was near the close of a quiet Sunday afternoon; all our sails were furled, when, quicker almost than thought, we were struck on the prow by a white squall, and at once the air was filled with darkness. The Captain cried, "all hands on deck," and the ladies were locked in the cabin. We sat there, feeling the vessel tremble in the frantic grasp of the storm-wind. Eternity seemed very near. There was danger of going down stern first and foremost. But at last the Captain came down and told us we were safe. The gale did our sails some rather serious injury, and we might have gone down, yet I would not lose from memory that night's experience for a great deal.

Then there was another evening never to be forgotten. We were in the Tropics—all the sunsets had been beautiful, but this was one of ten thousand. The sea was as smooth as glass, and we lying

"Like a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean."

When the sun went down it left the sky, from horizon to horizon, perfectly exquisite in its coloring. While we were gazing in wonder on the heavens, every tint was suddenly reflected in the calm waters all around us; the very air seemed bright with golden and roseate shades. It was glory above us, glory below us, and glory round about us. We were taken out of ourselves. It seemed as if we were lifted into heaven. But my poor words can give you no just description of the scene; even a poet could not sing its wondrous beauty into your soul; no artist could paint its loveliness for your eyes; the only way you could know what this sunset was like, would be to see it just as we did, fresh from God's hands, out on the wide ocean, miles away from the land.

RESEARCHES OF AN ANTIQUARIAN.

BOSTON, May 2325.

I have just returned from the winter vacation, and am comfortably settled at home for the summer. This past season has been valuable to me as one of great scientific research; particularly as near its close I made a valuable and ancient acquisition, which will furnish me with food for investigation for quite a period of time to come. Stopping in the once noteworthy city of New York, now comparatively unpopulous, on my way home, and finding that an hour must elapse before the next balloon would leave for Boston, I took the opportunity to roam for a while among its quiet and antiquated streets. And, going on at last to that formerly known as Nassau, I saw workmen busily engaged in taking down a building. On inquiry I found that it was once a Post Office, or one of those buildings used for the reception and transmission of letters before all communication came to be made by telegraph.

I watched while they were removing the flooring, and as the boards were wrenched one from another a piece of yellowed paper fluttered from a chink and fell at my feet. I stooped and picked it up. It was of a square shape, and pale pink in color. One side was inscribed in characters somewhat hard to decipher: "Miss Belle Conant, Boston, Mass." Below that, the name and number of a long-forgotten street, and in the lower left-hand corner, the figures 9 — 20 — '73, the meaning of which I was at a loss to understand.

This was all that side contained, with the exception of a small, nearly square, piece of green paper, bearing the image of a head, and in each corner the figure 3, which was affixed by some adhesive matter to the right-hand upper corner. The reverse side was plain and also sealed, appearing to enclose something. I took it home, and, opening it, discovered the following document, which has been an object of the closest study to me for the past week, on account of the archaic expressions and evident references to long-perished customs and habits. I copy it here, though with some difficulty, as, though the hand-writing was exceedingly large, many of the letters were peculiarly and indistinctly shaped:

"MY DARLING BELLE:

"Since we trotted home from the Summer's general good time, I have been in such a terrific rush that I've quite shut down on writing any letters. As the first exception to this rule, however,

comes your cherubic self. I heard of your smash with Harry G., and thought I should give up. It was the best thing out; but such a sell! Isn't he a fraud? I may as well give you a short account of how I spent the summer. First, I went to aunties to stay a while, — and you know what a stupid little hamlet she lives in — so I expected a thorough rustication; but as my lucky stars would have it, a young cousin of her husband's — a Harvard collegian, my dear — was staying there, and a perfect nob he was too — suspended from college by-the-by, but we wont mention that — so it was n't quite stagnation. He had his horse there, the nattiest little turn-out possible, and used to take me driving; but one day while we were out a shower came up, and I completely ruined that pearl-gray redingote of mine. Shame, was n't it?

"Well, after that, we all went to Saratoga, stopping at Congress Hall, as we always do, and though it was n't as gay as usual, there were a good many hops, and I had just a "full up" time.

"We're in the depths of dressmaking at present, and I've some awfully stylish new dresses. What a rage there is for single skirts with demi-train and panier.

"I meant to tell you about a lovely oxydized silver and French gilt chatelaine I saw yesterday, but guess I've run on about long enough.

"Write soon, and believe me

Ever your devoted

NELL."

Mr. Robinson, having laboriously concluded this entry in his diary, took off his spectacles with a sigh of relief, and wiped away the perspiration standing on his forehead, drew a long breath, and leaned back in his chair to meditate. Rising, after a while, he brought several ponderous folios, and placing them on the table, he spread out the letter before him, and resumed his investigations, amid much rubbing of his forehead.

"Trotted — hum — remarkable expression; singular example of the manner in which the signification of words changes; possibly used to denote speedy motion. Yes, yes; but "shut down on writing." I see: to shut down, to cover, to close — probably an obsolete form of speech for closing one's desk. "Cherubic": expression of endearment or compliment. "Smash": to wreck, to shatter into fragments. "I can scarcely imagine," said Mr. Robinson, with a perplexed sigh, "unless — I have it, by some means or other, may have received some broken bones, and the writer, by the expression

"give it up," probably intended that the injury was irreparable. Really very touching. "Such a sell," and "Is n't it a fraud." I must confess, I never was at such a loss — possibly the History of New York may inform me.

Let us see; oh yes: "In the years 1872 and '73 very fraudulent dealing with regard to bank and railroad stock was practised in this city — prominent firms very much shaken thereby." Undoubtedly the young man referred to had engaged in something of the kind, and therefore was designated a fraud. Exactly; but why "smash *with* him"? "And now occurs," proceeded Mr. Robinson, rubbing his chin wrathfully, "a sentence which I am at a loss to explain, running thus: 'A Harvard collegian; a perfect nob he was too — suspended from college by-the-by — but we won't mention it.'" On examination of old records, we find that suspension was a barbarous mode of death, common in those days of hanging or suspending the criminal by the cervical vertebrae, from an instrument called the gallows; and in deadly effect much resembling the guillotine of former ages. What must have been the depravity of the youth of this period, when one so young was so deeply plunged in vice as to have merited this horrible punishment?

I can but notice, too, this exhibition of a delicate womanly pity, which makes the writer request that there should be no mention of it in their further intercourse.

The word "nob," however, appears to be of peculiar etymology. I do not recollect having seen it except in the Scriptures, where we are informed that David fled to Nob; but in all probability there may have been some characteristic of this place and people of which this young man partook, and therefore this name. "Nattiest turnout" and "redingote." Here Mr. Robinson rose, and paced the floor in a state of deep perplexity. "I must find this out! How can I present it before the Antiquarian Society undeciphered?" Reding — gote — incomprehensible! unless it is possible that the method of phonetic spelling may have changed the last syllable of the word from g-o-a-t to g-o-t-e. And there may be some part of a carriage equipment made from goat's hair, probably dyed red, or possibly some article of wearing apparel. "Hops," an aromatic plant, probably a favorite from its fragrance, and less abundant some years than others.

And now we come to a very classical expression. Poets have sung of "the cup of pleasure foaming to the brim;" and this young creature, with feminine brevity, merely speaks of a "full up" time.

Charming conciseness! The word stylish seems to have been, from all that I can gather, a synonyme for everything pleasing and delightful in dress and appearance, as well as manners and disposition.

Further on I notice the word "panier," also "chatelaine." The first, spelt with two n's instead of one, used formerly to mean a basket carried by a donkey; but I can see no other connection, unless the industrial occupations of young females, at that time, were such as to necessitate the working materials to be carried about in a manner resembling the baskets suspended from the sides of a beast of burden.

The word chatelaine is derived from the French, and signifies the keeper of a castle; and as used here is probably an ornamental statue, representing such a person, and made of the metal mentioned, as the feudal system was nearly obsolete in America at that time, with one or two exceptions, as of one Morissey, who was the holder of the fief or vassalage of Saratoga, and Vanderbilt, the possessor of the barony of Erie.

Here Mr. Robinson gave over his researches, and submitted the letter to his beloved Antiquarian Society for further developments.

We copy also a part of his article on the "Language of the last fifty years of the Nineteenth Century," published shortly after, which concluded in these words: "For force and vigor of expression, as well as brevity, the language of that time has no parallel. Owing to the progress of speech some phrases are necessarily obscure to us at present; but as a whole, the language at that time more nearly resembles the Anglo-Saxon of ancient times, than any other before or since.

AN ACCOUNT BOOK.

I AM not in favor of diaries and autobiographies, for, in the first place, I think writing them is unprofitable work; and in the next place, the temptation to set down such records as they admire, and not such as show forth their real selves, is too great for most mortals to endure. I have heard of a man—you may remember his name, but I have forgotten it—who was accustomed to write out carefully his different frames of mind. Subsequently, he entered into very absorbing work in some society for doing good. After some months he wrote in his diary, in substance, this:

“My time has been so much occupied of late that I have been unable to write out my frames of mind, as has been my custom; and, in fact, thank the Lord, I do not know as I have had any frames.”

I have a little book before me which tells its tale simply and fairly, because unconsciously. It is an old account-book. It seems to fulfil all the requisites of a Journal. It brings back old times, and it shows me myself—my tastes and habits—better than I should ever have described them purposely. Moreover, it is an interesting book; while I am sure no book I could write with myself for a subject would be very enjoyable. I could not ask for more amusing reading. Here is a page for instance :

• “Pins, raisins, tape, soap, ribbon, kerosene, washing, starch, nutmeg, silk, eggs, silk, paper, meat, yeast, apples, thread, yeast, ink, cinnamon, salt, stamps, molasses, lamp-wicks, sugar, butter, pens, flour, stove-polish, calico, vanilla, needles, brush, potatoes, hair-pins, pepper, buttons, meal, car-fare, milk, coffee, tacks, oranges, tea, envelopes, cord, lemons, gloves.”

That was after I commenced housekeeping, evidently. Yes, it was during my first year, I see by the date. What times I had! I tried my best to be economical, and Rob thought I was sparing of my raisins. “Yeast”; that brings back forcibly one of my most painful experiences. I could generally make bread that I was not one bit ashamed of; but for the space of two weeks then, I could not. The first time it would not rise at all. The next time it rose too much, and I tried to obviate the difficulty with saleratus. The result was, it was golden, and Rob insisted upon calling it *pain doré*. The next was so sour that we had to resort to baker’s bread.

During this trying season, who should come unexpectedly one day, but Rob’s aunt, renowned far and near for her cookery. To make matters worse, Rob had boasted a little before her of what I could do in that line; and she announced, as she entered the door, that she had come to see if what Rob said about his wife was true. I never shall forget my mortification; and poor Rob didn’t know what to say.

The item “stove-polish” brings up rather peculiar reminiscences. In the first place, everything I had was new, and I had to go to a neighbor’s and ask for a broken dish to keep the blacking in. I never disliked any work quite as much as I used to dislike blacking a stove; because I never could do it without blacking my face, my hands, my dress, and my apron. Moreover, some one invariably knocked when I was in the midst of it, and then I blacked the door,

besides presenting a most ludicrous appearance to whoever came. It does not seem now as if I ever could have been so bothered by it; but there is nothing like experience. Here is another page:

“Ribbons, flowers, silk, buttons, candy, stamps, earrings, sundries, peanuts, paper, grapes, velvet, sundries, hat, beads, lace, peaches, candy, ribbon.”

I was — let me see — sixteen then, and it is evident that my chief care was, “What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?” I would not attempt to say what may be hidden under the cloak of “sundries.” I remember perfectly well how much Polly, my intimate friend, and I, enjoyed the little head-dresses, and neck-ties, and chains we used to make. We thought they were “so elegant.” We had just begun to be young ladies that winter. We wore our dresses longer than before, and went out evenings with the young people. Then, after every party, how we used to talk it over! How I wonder if Polly knows anything about Jack Sawyer now. I believe I will ask her.

This page is rather different: “Sunday-school collection, aprons for Kate, missionaries, stockings and shoes for Nora Kane, thread, organ-grinder, buttons, testaments.”

I was younger then. My ideas of right and wrong were very strict; and how I suffered from it! I was in a constant worry, and did a great many foolish things. I remember that when mother brought me a pretty hat from the city, I told her I did n’t think it was right to wear flowers, and took them all off. I remember, too, that mother’s birthday passed without any present from me, and I explained to her, that I did n’t think it was right for me to give her anything because she was not a needy person, and I ought to spend my money where it would do the most good. I am glad she had a mother’s charity for me.

“Silk — \$9.00.” Why, that was to wear to Polly’s wedding. Silk dresses did n’t cost as much then as they do now, did they? I was bridesmaid. How I did feel to have Polly leave me; and yet we did have fun getting her ready. And how secret we kept it! What a joke we thought it was that people supposed I was the one that was to be married. Let me see; it is three months since I heard from Polly. How sure we were that not one week would pass without each receiving a letter from the other. I must write to the old girl.

THE LEVEE.

ONCE upon a morning lately,
We were sitting quite sedately,
 In the great and spacious hall, in
 Which we meet on week days four.
Suddenly there came a ringing
As of some one gently dinging,
Dinging at the little bell, that
 Stood upon the desk of lore,
 “’Tis our teacher’s hand,” we muttered
 (But the thought was softly uttered),
 Dinging, dinging ; nothing more.

Oh, distinctly we remember,
It was in the mild September,
How to every single member
 With her feet upon the floor,
There did come an invitation,
Like a little proclamation
 For the reverend English Seniors,
 For the same in French and Latin,
 Also for the Upper Middlers,
 To a levee ; nothing more.

Then each maiden, very doubtful
Whether she had best go out, full
 Of remembering what she wore
At the last one, still repeating,
 Still repeating o’er and o’er,
That there was no chance of meeting,
Not the smallest chance of meeting
 Now, the ones she’d met before.

By and by one soul grew stronger,
Hesitating then no longer,
 “Girls,” she said, “and schoolmates, truly
 Your attention I implore,
We had best go to the levee ;
None will notice in a bevy
 Of young ladies, that a dress has
 Once been worn, not long before,
 Let us wear it, then, once more.

So when we had had our supper
Quite a number on the upper
 Story of the ancient Smith Hall
 Were preparing for to soar

To the top of Zion's hill, on
 Wondrous, wondrous Zion's hill, on
 Which much learning stands quite still, on
 To the levee ; nothing more.

Soon from out the house we started,
 Walking, gay and happy-hearted,
 Fast and faster through the darkness
 Until we should reach the door,
 Marched we stately up the Hill O,
 Passing Phillip's, then so still O,
 Till at last we went no more,
 For the house stood right before,
 Stood before, with closed door.

Deep into the darkness peeking,
 Long we stood there, wondering, speaking
 Softly, saying things all Fem. Sems.
 Probably had said before,
 But the darkness was unbroken,
 And those inside gave no token,
 And the sentence loudest spoken
 Was, " Some one must go in before,
 Some one first must ring the door-
 Bell, ring the bell beside the door.

Open some one flung the portals,
 When before all staring mortals,
 In there stepped some ten young ladies,
 Perhaps ten, and perhaps more.
 Not a moment stopped or stayed we,
 Not a bow or grimace made we,
 But each one with air of lady,
 Marched up o'er the covered stair,
 To a room, to fix her hair ;
 Then went down, as oft before.

Straight into the parlor filing,
 Every one with meekness smiling,
 And eyes fixed upon the floor ;
 " Let me introduce unto you,"
 Says our hostess in our ear,
 " A young student, who does pore
 Night and day o'er books and lectures ;
 Books and lectures full of lore :
 Taking notes, and nothing more.

Then this solemn man beguiling
 All our young soul into smiling,
 By the look of resignation
 Which his manly features wore.

"Though the chin be shorn and shaven,
Thou," thought we, "art sure no craven,
So a question ask we may then":

"We did not quite catch your name, sir,
Tell it, please, to us once more."

Quoth the student, "What a roar."

Much we wondered this ungainly
Youth, to hear discourse inanely;
For his answer, as we thought then,
Very little meaning bore.

So we did repeat the query
To our student, looking weary.
In return he begged our pardon;
Said the hubbub was quite hard on
Hearing; hearing, nothing more.

After this the ice was broken,
Many words were aptly spoken.
"Doubtless," thought we, "what he utters
Is but part of his great store,
Caught from some much learned master,
Who, instead of being pastor,
Models in the youthful plaster
Of men's minds, forevermore."

Late, too late, the levee broke up;
Then, alas, alone we started,
Walking, sad and tim'rous-hearted,
Slow and slower through the darkness.
Until we should reach our door.

Walked we sadly down the hill O,
Passing Phillips, then so still O,
Till at last we walked no more,
For Smith Hall stood right before;
Stood before, with open door.

Then we in confabulation,
Told first one her tribulation;
Then, one full of animation
Out a joyful tale did pour,—
Mourned that after dissolution
With this charming institution,
She could go to levee, nevermore.

A SCHOOL-GIRL'S VIEW OF WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH, like everyone else who has created instead of derived a theory, made a great mistake. We venture the assertion, although well aware of our youthful inability to pass judgment on his poems. We remember very well how a certain elderly friend remarked, on learning we were to study Wordsworth's poems, that "undoubtedly, many of them would mean far less to us now than they did to her"; "we remember also the exceedingly meek way in which we answered, "Yes'm"; and now we feel more than ever disposed to be cautious in expression, but with a more intelligent modesty.

We catch glimpses, alluring glimpses, of deep, pure thoughts — too deep to be fully fathomed; too pure for utterance; thought that can only be hinted at, and which a school-girl, with her brief experience of life, and her brain full of the duties of to-day, cannot grasp at once. In saying this, it may be that we have unconsciously given the highest praise to Wordsworth as a poet; at all events, his writings will no longer be an unopened book to us, for we really long to like his poetry, feeling sure that there is much in it to enjoy, and that the fault is in ourselves, if it does not attract us, not in the poet.

But, on the other hand, when we read "Peter Bell" and "The Idiot Boy," it is impossible to realize that their author and that of "The Rainbow" and "Ode on Immortality" is the same. It is as though there were two men in one — a poet and a manufacturer. Of the latter we may speak quite freely, for his works are avowedly adapted to infant minds. He goes about dilligently laying up material for future business in every common-place occurrence; he draws out his stories with an economical desire to make the most of them, and cuts off his lines with the precision of machinery. We find ourselves unconsciously counting the pages to the end, whenever we have the temerity to commence one of these tales. We are quite ready to admit that Mr. Wordsworth had a most amiable end in view when he invented and followed this theory of making poetry about idiot boys and poor Susans; viz. the amusement of common people; but it strikes us that it would require very uncommon people indeed to be entertained by such effusions. If these articles had appeared in the *Philomathean Mirror* we should have regarded them in the light of a joke; but finding them in Wordsworth's *Poetical Works* we feel a kind of disgust which we dislike to own, lest we thereby proclaim our own lack of delicate perception of the aesthetic

in nature and art. We recall all we have ever heard of severe simplicity in art and literature, and try to believe that there is real beauty in the severe simplicity of Alice Fell's lament for her tattered cloak.

If "Nature never does betray the heart that loves her," how could so ardent a lover of Nature be allowed to delude himself in the belief that such language could be the natural outspeaking of a poetic soul? How could he, himself, have turned from those exquisite lines written on revisiting the Wye to "The Idiot Boy," without feeling that in the one, his own soul breathed forth, and that the other was a story which, told in prose, would have no beauty, and in poetry, purposely bereft of all the glory of poetry, became tedious and absurd. If only he could have been content to look into the nature he loved, and reveal to his fellow-men "the things hidden from the foundation of the world," how many a soul he might have led "from nature up to nature's God"! There was such wonderful meaning to him in wood and stream and all beautiful things, that he seems a God-sent interpreter to mankind. He says:

"I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell:
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for, murmuring from within,
Were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith."

When he listens to the wondrous voices of the universe and repeats them to us, quite forgetful of his theory, we hear with reverence, feeling that he, from some lofty height we cannot reach, is looking into the promised land.

A BIT OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

WE were on the top of "White Face," a grand old mountain, 5467 feet high. Below, and all around us, rose mountain after mountain. Those nearest us were dark green; those in the distance, soft shades of blue.

Nestled in among the mountains were many little lakes, bright and shining in the sunlight; and long, narrow rivers glided in and out among the dark hills, glistening like silvery threads of light. Right below us lay Lake Placid; beautiful, smooth as glass, and dotted all over with pretty green islands.

The sky seemed to shut down on the mountains away off in the distance like a bell-shaped cover of tender blue. And as we watched the sun sinking to rest behind the darker blue hills, and the amethyst and golden colors in the sky, our hearts grew quiet, and full of thanksgiving to the Maker of all this wondrous beauty. And as

“The long, bright day died slowly over the hills,”

they grew darker and darker, and finally were all tinted with a soft purplish hue. We watched the sky, as

“Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars — the forget-me-nots of the angels.”

Then we went into the tent, and tried to sleep.

The next morning we were up early, watching the sunrise. I cannot describe to you the exquisite colors and the soft shadings of the clouds. I never watched the earliest dawn before, and it seemed strangely beautiful to me. I know the sun must have waked up good-natured that morning, for he looked so bright and happy that all the hills grew bright and rosy out of sympathy. The fleecy mist rose slowly from the lakes and rivers; and as the sunbeams peered over White Face, this mist, which half covered Lake Placid, blushed softly at first, then grew rosier and rosier, and you felt sure that there was a sweet understanding between the beautiful mist and some bright sunbeam.

In the clear, still waters of the lake, the mist, with its brilliant colorings, was reflected, and, altogether, it was the prettiest little view I saw among the wild Adirondacks.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL.

WE were coming back to school after a Thanksgiving vacation; it had been a long dreary day, and we felt as though life was a burden, and we had lived to know it. Even the very wildest and merriest of our party were subdued; and as the clouds grew thicker without, and the cars gloomy and dark within, even the remarks of the irascible, elderly gentleman, and his querulous wife, who occupied the seat directly in front, ceased to produce the faintest dawn of a smile.

"There's going to be a big storm," some one said, with an air of the utmost assurance; and at this he was beset by anxious inquiries on every side. For a "big storm" with us meant a broad waste of pure, white snow, blocking up everything — a snow-bound train, with a little company of hungry, cold passengers; a scanty supply of wood and provisions, with the nearest farmhouse miles away — no wonder that we drew our shawls closer round us, and looked with dismay at the hurrying flakes, which were already flying fast through the air, building little soft banks against the window, and lying in white drifts along the fences.

Some of our fellow-travellers were so indifferent to the surrounding atmosphere as to be even merry at the prospect. One jolly, broad-faced man went through the cars, telling jokes and stories, finding ready listeners to anything which would relieve the monotony of the slow ploughing through the snow, which was becoming deeper every minute.

A faint attempt was made to brighten the aspect of things a little by lighting the lamps, but it only made the shadows deeper, and the darkness more plainly felt. We began to feel as though there really was something to look doleful about, and visions of an open fire at home, that crackled and glowed as ideal fires should, and certain lunch-baskets, packed with goodies, which we had refused to be bothered with, danced through our heads. At last the slow motion ceased, and a feeling of utter despondency settled down upon our hearts as we pressed our faces against the window pane, and peered anxiously into the darkness outside, but there was neither sight nor sound there, where the light of our car-lamps showed faintly great banks of snowflakes that seemed to mock us, as they nestled so quietly after their hurried dancing through the air. Within, the prospect was not much more cheerful. A little, dried-up, old woman, with a quaint, scoop bonnet covering her thin hair, had taken a screaming piece of humanity from its tired mother's arms, and was quieting its cries, humming some low cradle-song, while, in strange contrast to her tenderness, stood our "elderly gentleman," frantically shaking his umbrella at "that baby," and wishing its mother had had the sense to leave it at home. Some, heroically resolved to make the best of it, curled up in one corner, with a dreamy look that suggested comfort to my sleepy eyes. And, before long, every thing faded from sight, and I was lost to cold, hunger, and every other ill.

The first sound that reached my ears was the whispered words :

"Girls, I'm ravenously hungry," from my nearest neighbor. "So am I," chimed in a chorus of three; "what shall we do about it?" Is n't there some knight of the nineteenth century anxious to prove his devotion to a noble cause by getting us something to eat? They say there's a farmhouse only a mile off."

Here was a comforting suggestion; but alas! the only gentlemen who looked in the least "knightly" were enveloped in huge great coats, apparently oblivious to every body, and every thing. Still we looked at them with newly-awakened interest, and they became invested with the most noble and disinterested qualities. "I am sure that chrysalis in the corner looks as if he was concocting a brilliant plan for getting provisions" said the hopefulest of our number; and, sure enough, we soon noticed a whispered consultation going on between him and his companion, not without speaking glances directed, as we fancied, toward us. Presently two great-coats were buttoned tightly round them, two fur caps donned, and the door opened — letting in a cold blast that made us gaze on them with still more admiring eyes — and they were gone. "Let's go to sleep till they come back," some one said; "how long do you suppose it will take?" "Oh not more than two or three hours. I do wish those children would stop crying." The rest of us were too sleepy to make any reply, and the whole party subsided into quiet. In the midst of a short, but blissful, dream of Thanksgiving, I was awaked by the words: "Chickens, as sure as you live!" "What under the sun are you talking about, Fan," said I, looking at her in blank amazement. "Why, nothing of any particular consequence; only our knights have returned loaded with the good things of the land."

No more sleep for us; but, with longing, envious, hungry eyes, we watched our generous heroes feast themselves upon roast turkey and chicken, generous slices of bread and butter, brown crisp doughnuts, and other most tempting dainties, until our looks of joyous anticipation gave way to hopeless despair, as we realized that the four charming young ladies on the opposite side of the car were far distant from their thoughts, and everything was for their own private delectation. We were sadder, if not wiser, girls; convinced that the days of chivalry were over; no valiant knight could be found in this enlightened age, to break a lance for unfortunate females, or wade through the snow-drift for the relief of damsels all forlorn.

SHORT HOMILIES FOR SCHOOL-GIRLS FROM TEXTS IN
POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

"Be thou the first true merit to befriend.
His praise is lost who stays till all commend."

When you see anything in a girl to respect, show yourself friendly at once, and not wait because some of "your set" do not like her. That they admitted *you* to their favor does not prove that they always have the same foresight, and choose the best. This reminds me of a conversation I overheard in the corridor the other day, between two school-mates, evidently discussing some "new girl."

"I wonder if she really has things, or if she only has them for the occasion."

"So do I; we don't know, but time will tell," was the reply.

I presume they referred to nothing more than dress, and worldly goods; but it seemed to me that we might take it in a broader sense. Do you not remember noticing some girl who came here at the beginning of this year, a stranger to all? Your first impulse was to go and offer her your friendship; but you were kept back by some unfavorable criticism made about her by one of your associates. It seemed to you that there was a great deal of good in that girl, yet she was not popular, and you did not wish to be thought odd in your tastes, so you kept waiting until some one else should find her out, who dared be her friend; meantime you followed the crowd, and bestowed your attention on another; but, by and by, the tide of favor turns; it has taken time; but this poor, friendless girl has proved herself a true and noble character. Others are finding it out, and, however much you regret it, you find she does not now need your friendship, which would have made her so happy when she first came.

"Those best can bear reproof who merit praise."

If you have done well, you naturally want your just praise; but when you have studied hard over a lesson, and nevertheless failed on a simple question, and have been rebuked by your teacher, and seen a 0 put down for you on her book, have you not had a kind of righteous feeling away down in your heart, which helped you to endure? You have done your best, and "What could angels more?"

"Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."

Are you then to sit in solemn silence when you feel that you

have nothing very sensible to say? No, emphatically. Sometimes nonsense is essential to our happiness; for instance, at a levee, if nonsense and a *stupid* silence are the only alternatives, choose the first.

Pope had probably had experience with some of those disagreeable people, whom we have all seen, who cling persistently to their own opinions, and will never own themselves in the wrong, and those who talk incessantly, for fear they shall not hold the most prominent place in the conversation.

Among a group of girls you cannot fail to admire one who can maintain a cheerful silence, while all the rest are chattering like magpies, for fear they shall not be thought the liveliest and funniest of their companions. They often do a great deal of mischief by saying silly, unreasonable things, which on second thought would never be uttered.

Let us know what we mean, and then say it simply and modestly, not in a bold, self-satisfied manner, *à la* Sir Oracle.

DREAMING.

When childish dreams had faded in the sun-rise,
With all the vanished dream-land still in view,
How we looked up into our mother's faces,
Asking, "Will my dreams come true?"

And there we learned, however fair the vision,
That we might look for its return in vain,
That dreams are happy only in the dreaming,
And never come again.

So every day we see on faces round us,
The shadow of a wistful longing fall,—
The shadow of a dream of rare, sweet beauty,
That nothing can recall.

Dreams of the night and visions of the daytime
Are all alike beyond our eager grasp,
But somewhere, sometime, we shall find them with us,
Secure within our clasp.

Ne'er shall the fairest vision be but dreaming,—
The heavenly fade not as the earthly do;
We shall not wake to any lonely morrow,
"When the long dream comes true."

SUNRISE FROM OLIVET.

IN the chilly air of an early April morning (1872), I stood on the Mount of Olives. Behind, and on each side of me, rose other hills, and in front, at my feet, lay the sacred city of Jerusalem. The sun was just rising—in the distance it shone on the tower of David, the most prominent object in that part of the landscape; gradually it made its way over the city, lighting up the lofty minarets, illuminating the gilded dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and creeping over the tiled-roof of the “Dome of the Rock,” which occupies the site of the ancient temple. As I stood there, and watched its progress, I felt that my anticipations were *fully realized*. For several days I had been in Jerusalem—our tents were pitched just without the enclosure, between the Damascus and Jaffa gates, and we could see nothing of the city,—only the dark, high walls, standing out in bold relief against the sky.

When we went into the city it was still more difficult for me to realize where I was. The low, comfortless houses; the dirty streets; the filthy people—beggars, lepers, lame, blind, infirm; it seemed like all other Oriental cities, only, if possible, more foul and degraded; there was nothing to remind me of the “Holy City” of my imagination. We were guided through the Via Dolorosa, and various “holy” sites were pointed out to us—a hole made in the stone wall by the cross falling against it; the shop of the “Wandering Jew”; the column on which the cock stood when he crowed; the houses of Dives and Lazarus, and other places of interest.

And when we left the filthy streets, and entered the churches, resplendent with pictures, statues, and gilding, and fragrant with incense, our guide showed us various spots to which the monks and priests assign the scenes of our Lord’s last hours; the pillar of flagellation, the “Ecce Homo” chapel, the stone of unction on which he was anointed, the slab on which he was laid out, and the holy sepulchre itself. All this disgusted me intensely; though I could not help being amused when I was showed the tomb of Adam, which was in a wonderful state of preservation, considering the flood, and the number of years which had passed over it.

But when I stood on the Mount of Olives, above and removed from the dirt and filth and beggary of the city, then, and not till then, did I feel that it was *Jerusalem*, the place where Christ walked and taught and worked and died. Little did I care for the

exact spot, hallowed (?) by the worship of priest-ridden Greeks and Jews and Romans, but I could look about me, and think "Here our Saviour stood, and his eyes rested on those 'everlasting hills'; down here is the Golden Gate, and that is the road over which he rode in triumph; there is Mount Zion, 'beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth'; there is Bethany — within my sight must be Calvary and Gethsemane.

This I have seen for myself; and no priest shall say to me, *here*, or *there*, is the spot, — it is around me, beneath me, everywhere about me."

WHO ARE THE HUMBUGS?

"SOMETIMES I think 'there is none good, no not one!' and then, before long, I'm apt to find that I have quite a kindly feeling toward some of them; but that state of indecision is all over now, and I have come to agree with the most long-faced old fogey, that the rising generation is all a humbug and a fraud. Specially the young men! You can tell no more what they really are, by seeing them in society, than if you had never met them, and I am disgusted with the whole crowd!"

It was Amy Morse who said this. She had drawn a hassock close to Aunt Jane, as she sat there before the cheerful wood fire, which, by way of contrast, made the drizzling rain and dull November twilight very enjoyable, and seemed to invite to a confidential talk. This was just what Amy wanted; and, now that she had in some degree given vent to her indignation, she was about to explain, when her most worthy brother, Jack — a college sophomore — came over from the opposite end of the room, where he had been trying to read.

"Oh, Sis is getting indignant, is she? Very becoming my dear, very becoming. I suppose our small sister of seventeen summers has her plan all arranged for revolutionizing society — an admirable plan, doubtless founded on such long experience and extensive observation. I declare she is getting more agitated still. What have I said! But really, Sis, now what do you know of society?"

"I know more than I wish I did; but I won't talk to you. Go away, I want to see Aunt Jane."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I did n't mean anything bad, of course not, and I feel it my duty to stay and correct some of your erroneous

ideas," poking the fire, and then seating himself gracefully on the piano-stool.

"You see the facts of the case are simply these : Society — or to narrow our term down to the comprehension of our audience — the rising generation, is, taken as a whole, what you might call a sell."

"You're right, so far, quite right ; but the biggest sells of all are those who are commonly called young ladies."

"Oh I've heard that before ; but you must wait till I am through, and then I'll correct a few of your erroneous ideas. "The girls are victims of a base fraud. They think you boys — excuse me — young men, are so much better than you are : for instance, there are plenty of really fine girls who are under the delusion that Tom Black and Dick Smith are about right, and wouldn't think of their doing anything beneath a gentleman ; and yet, to-day I happened to overhear them chuckling over the 'conviviality' of their class-supper last summer, and how they took out an 'innocent,' as they called him, fresh from military school, to show him the city ; and when they took him home in the small hours, his uncle (where the youth was visiting), told them 'it would break his mother's heart' if she could see him then, — which they seemed to think the finest joke of all. And I don't like to hear these fine, respectable young men, referring to card-parties, where they have 'just a little something to keep up the interest in the game.' And I don't like to hear the elegant young gentlemen, who, figuratively speaking, will kneel with hats off when a lady passes, and go through fire and water to do her slightest bidding, growl at their mother and sisters at home, if everything is n't arranged in accordance with their convenience ; or, as was the case the other day, one of these gallants brought home some fruit ; his sister presumed to help herself to it, whereupon he informed her that 'he bought that, and there was n't any more than he wanted himself' ! these are some results of my long experience and extensive observation."

"Well, you have made a rather bad case of it, and very likely it's true ; but there is considerable to be said on the other side. In regard to the temperance question, I acknowledge some of the fellows do forget themselves occasionally. I think it's sad myself ; but it is more sad to think where many of them first drank wine, — at a party or wedding of one of their lady friends, and encouraged by the fair ones. No, you need n't try to make any defence ; it is undeniably true ; they don't all do so ; but neither do the young men, by any means.

"But the fault I find with most of the girls is, they are 'too thin.' I don't suppose you often hear that applied to character, but it is just what I mean; they look very well, and they are a very good diversion for an hour, after a day of hard study; but what is there to them? just nonsense, and occasionally a little real wit; but whether it is real or imaginary, you are expected to look highly amused and delighted. And then they are so extravagant; it is truly dreadful, Sis, no fooling; it is what is causing more trouble in this country than anything else. I don't know but I might say everything else. The bank defalcations and government swindles, are because these men can't honestly make enough money to support their wives; and a fellow who wants to be honest, and keep out of trouble can't afford to get married; that is the case with the majority. Noble exceptions, no doubt; but they are hard to find."

"Jack, this is too much! women are extravagant I allow, but it is because they are encouraged by men; you may talk in that strain as much as you please, but your actions tell another story. One would think your ideal young lady was of a serious, intellectual countenance, her dark hair parted smoothly from her fine forehead, her dress beautiful in its simplicity, and her conversation only upon literature, art, science, and the political questions of the day; but suppose such a one at a party which you attend, she may stand against the wall and watch the giddy crowd, or sit and amuse herself with a photograph album, while your attention, and that of your high-minded, intellectual friends, will be wholly occupied with Miss Flora McFlimsy, who, apparently, has just walked off a fashion-plate, and is entertaining you all, with what you could n't one of you tell, but you go away thinking she is very charming; and the next morning say: 'Oh, girls are all shallow flirts!' and, perhaps, amuse yourselves by guessing about how much Miss Flora's 'rig' last night cost. The really true, sensible girls were there, but they received no attention from those who thought they would be so appreciative if such could only be found."

Here the tea-bell rang, and Aunt Jane said: "Well children, I don't know which you have shown to be the greatest humbugs, but I think there is plenty of room for improvement on both sides"; a favorite expression of Aunt Jane's, at which the young people exchanged a smile behind the good lady's back, and adjourned to the dining-room.

INTERESTING VISITORS.

OLD Andover has been the honored haunt of talented men and gifted women; but seldom has it seen more genial, whole-souled Christian gentleman than the London clergymen, Dr. Stoughton, Revs. Harrison and Hamilton, who were with us the 22d of September, en route for the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance.

In the Theological Chapel, at noon, these three gentlemen addressed a delighted audience of townspeople and students from the various institutions in the village. It was decided that among the sights of Andover, a collection of a hundred and twenty American girls would be well worth the attention of our English visitors; so, at three in the afternoon, they came to Abbott Academy, escorted by Prof. Park and one or two other gentlemen. As soon as they were seated, "God save the Queen" burst forth heartily from many lips, followed by "God bless our native land."

After the conclusion of the song, Prof. Park introduced Rev. Macmillan, who, after assuring us of the pleasure our greeting had given, said he repented of having complained in the morning of being always obliged to speak last of the three, since, as a judgment, he must now speak first, and what to say he knew not! Notwithstanding this avowal, he held his audience so well with his "canny" Scotch brogue, that, when he sat down, every one wished he had said more.

Mr. Harrison then arose. He has such a hearty, noble face, that we, at once, pronounced him the head of a happy family, and centre of a host of friends. He, too, expressed his pleasure in hearing his national hymn, so feelingly sung; but alleged that, while we sang the first verse with such a will, we were only clearing our throats to sing the better "God bless our native land." In speaking of education in England, he said, in his opinion, too much attention could not be given to the art of reading. He told us that while cultivation of the mind was our ostensible purpose, the cultivation of an elevated character, that should be a guide through life, was more than all; enforcing his counsel with a loyal allusion to the noble qualities and true womanhood of "our gracious Queen."

He was followed by Dr. Stoughton, who claimed being better fitted to speak to girls than Rev. Harrison, as he had three girls of his own; while Rev. H. had but one. He, too, spoke of the need of good readers, remarking that to be such, one must be intelligent.

He referred in conclusion to the beautiful reading of his wife and the literary help of his daughter.

"When I get home," he said, "my daughters will say, 'Do tell us papa, about the American girls'; and I shall tell them about one afternoon I spent in Andover, where I saw some of the most charming girls I ever met. They'll be sure to ask me how they were dressed; and, though I don't know much about the particulars of a lady's dress, I can say that I was struck with their good taste and simplicity. Old priests," said he, "in addressing their schools, call them all 'my children,' and so would I call you my daughters." His manner was so fatherly, kind, and genial, that we listened eagerly to every word.

As we left the hall we were introduced to the gentlemen. A few pleasant words were said, a hearty "good-bye" and "God bless you" spoken, and they were gone.

It is pleasant to infer, from the following article in one of our newspapers, that the afternoon was remembered by our delightful visitors as well as ourselves. It is an extract from Dr. Stoughton's address at one of the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance.

"When I go back I shall have the most delightful recollections of this visit; and, wherever I go, I shall be delighted to tell my friends what true-hearted people there are in America. Now, one of the things which exceedingly touched me was this: that some friends of mine and myself, visited a girls' school the other day; and, as we entered, the girls rose, and, with what we considered the most exquisite taste imaginable, sung, 'God save the Queen,' and, as soon as they had finished, went on singing, 'God bless our native land.' I thought that was exquisitely beautiful—the mingled prayer for England's Queen and for this whole country. And I think the spirit which pervades this meeting is just like that which actuated those simple girls. I look around, and while I see the stars and stripes, my eyes rests immediately after on something which looks like the Union Jack. I hope they will always be folded together in that peaceful way."

September 13th, Henry Ward Beecher lectured in the Town Hall. His subject was one especially appropriate to Andover, "Education." He gave many valuable hints, particularly on the subject of moral education. The great charm of Mr. Beecher's talk is in the little

remarks which so often recur and clamor for earnest thought. He remarked from what a man is we cannot judge what he shall be. He is a biennial, worth little the first year, but after the winter of death blossoming in profusion. I have a hollyhock in my garden. The first year it seems nothing but a bunch of coarse leaves; but after the cold it shoots up in the summer a stem covered with beautiful rosettes of bloom." He compared men to knives; "some one-bladed, some three, some four, and some nothing but a handle with the blades rusted out." He asserted that in spite of complaints to the contrary, day-labor and manual labor, of all kinds, should be paid less than brain-work. For the work of intellect is higher, nobler, and is worth more than "brute-force." And it strikes us he ought to know something about it, as his brains command the round sum of three hundred dollars a night.

To those that had never before heard Mr. Beecher, he was charming and wonderful; but to those who had listened to him before he seemed a faint suggestion of the great Beecher, he was so far below his own mark. We hope that all who heard him as a lecturer may hear the preacher; and we know they will wonder that he can put his grand powers to such inferior uses.

The first lecturer in the course was John B. Gough. Everybody knows about Gough, and wants to hear him. We could almost vouch that half the audience had heard him before; yet there they all were, prepared for a good laugh, and they had it too. His subject was "Now and Then." He spoke of the improvements of modern times, and related many laughable stories illustrating the point in hand. Some of his anecdotes are trite, and one has the impression that he has seen them before in newspapers; yet the great comedian gives them such life and comicality that they are as good as new. Although lacking education (as he is always very ready to declare) and awkward in gesture; Gough is a wonderful man, and a living example of what a genius in humor, combined with triumphant moral power, can do.

A few weeks ago, an audience gathered in the Andover Chapel was favored with a brilliant address from Dr. Joseph Parker of London, the celebrated author of "Ecce Deus."

A few days since we had the pleasure of hearing, in company with others pursuing their education in Andover, Mr. Sheshadri, the celebrated Brahmin convert. As he wore his own national dress, he was doubly an object of interest to us. The benignity which fell on us out of his fine Eastern eyes, so different from the supercilious gaze one would expect from an unchristianized Brahmin, the intelligence beaming from every line of his speaking bronze face, will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to see and hear him. His address was a stirring appeal, enriched with learning, and flavored with genial humor, addressed to the missionary enthusiasm of his hearers. His devotion to and pride in his country, seemed almost equal to that generally accredited to Americans.

In connection with the foregoing remarks, we should like to call attention to the fact that Andover, though retired enough to insure the student opportunity to devote himself (or herself) to study, has many advantages in the frequent presence of distinguished literary men and lecturers.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

MISS KIMBALL, Matron of Smith Hall, has been absent on a vacation of several weeks; but we hope to see her back again at the beginning of another term. Her substitute, Miss Moore, gives general satisfaction.

Some weeks ago an accident occurred, which came near proving serious. Miss Goddard and Miss Field were driving, when the horse took fright, and became unmanageable. They were both thrown from the phaeton, but fortunately escaped without serious injury.

Mr. C. P. F. Bancroft succeeds Mr. Tilton as Principal of Phillips Academy.

The sidewalks in town are undergoing great improvement, especially those in front of our own grounds.

This Winter's Lecture-Course is remarkably fine.

One day, in the early part of the term, two young ladies sallied innocently forth from the Seminary, to pay their bills at the little Treasury office opposite the Theological Seminary grounds.

We had always supposed that our Alma Mater was an object of world-wide renown, and universal admiration, till, to our utter dismay, we found that one of the leading colleges in our land "knew but little, and cared less, about the Abbott Academy."

L. of '75 has a "pongshong for solitude ar doox," for "French of Paris was to her unknowe."

A young gentleman, recently returned from Europe, wishing to compliment a lady friend, said that she "looked like the Venus de Medusy."

In one of our rural towns, last Summer, a flaring poster was conspicuously displayed, bearing the following cordial invitation: "There will be a picnic, July 4th, 1873, at Lake Babboosuc. Come all, and fall in!!!"

A showily-dressed woman entered a dry-goods store, and asked to be shown some merino hose. As she took up one, and examined it, she remarked that it was a very fine hoe."

On the cemetery wall of a certain New Hampshire village appears the following cheerful notice: "If you want your grave-stones cleaned, call at Mr. Johnson's on Cotton Street."

In a late number of the *Philo Mirror* a unique little poem appeared, entitled, "Willie's Prize." It is neither epic nor lyric in its character; indeed, it seems to usher in a new era in letters. The metre is Iambic with variations — mostly variations.

The story, as nearly as we gather it from repeated perusals, is as follows: A young gentleman is conversing with his mamma, and being overcome with emotion, apologizes therefor. The cause of his grief is somewhat obscure; but seems to be the failure to obtain a coveted reward of merit, which was awarded to Harry instead, for he observes:

"I cannot hate him at all,—oh no;
It is not that I'm saying;
But it hurts to fail when I struggle so;
And I see no use in praying."

His mother tries to console this "lamb that bleats to the shepherd's ear" so painfully, "with honeyed words distilling"; but alas, "his wound is too deep for healing." At length the unfortunate youth sobs himself to sleep, with his head upon his mother's knee, and then comes the most mysterious part of the poem. We confess we do not quite catch the meaning of the poet.

"He felt his timid spirit spring
[like an india-rubber ball?]
To try its pinions budding,
.
And lightly as the bubble sphere
Floats up on airy bearing,
So lightly floats his spirit where
Heaven's centre is appearing."

Then follows a most peculiar combination:

"Lips—eyes—so sweet and sorrowful!
Day-spring of heaven's elysian!
.
One hand divine lay on his head,
Around him pressed another:
'My Willie, thine's the prize,' He said:
.
I woke—It was my mother."

With what surpassing delicacy does the author, in this last line, reveal himself as the hero of these struggles! The age of "Willie" is rather equivocal. He says he is too old to cry; indeed, he does not cry, but only, as the poet beautifully expresses it,

"Under the tender lids a flow
Of humid grief came stealing."

Evidently he was old enough to have very original theological opinions. He says,

"Why should my Maker care about
 So many kinds of feelings?
 I wish he'd left some of them out,—
 But I wouldn't blame his dealings."

The rhymes are suited to the spirit, or rather sperit, as the author takes the poetical license of coupling it with merit; we also notice cure and ear, hand and wand, bliss and price, distilling and healing.

Aside from its artistic beauties, the poem is of interest to us, because it admits us behind the scene: we see the generous youths, so often held up as noble examples to selfish young ladies, withdrawing to weep at their mother's knees when the magnanimous hand-shaking with the successful competitor for the prize is over. We appreciate, as never before, the grandeur of that self-command which they preserve throughout the trying ordeal of defeat, though their little hearts are swelling well-nigh to bursting. We infer that Willie thought that only a manly soul could endure this tremendous grief, for he asks earnestly,

"Do women have ambition?"

Yes, Willie, they do.

We offer our commiseration to the unfortunate Harvard freshman who was seized while attempting to enter our Academy on Hallowe'en, and obliged to spend the remainder of the night in durance vile in the poor-house, — the lock-up of Andover.

At a party, a young gentleman, on discovering that the lady with whom he was conversing was a native of New Hampshire, remarked, "New Hampshire is a good State. I was born in New Hampshire. I always did stick up for the places I was born in."

MARRIAGES OF ALUMNAE.

'72. Millbury, Oct. 22d. Prof. E. A. Grosvenor to Miss Lilian Waters. Prof. and Mrs. G. have already sailed for their new home in Constantinople.

'68. New York City, Oct. 1st. Rev. T. A. Leggitt to Miss A. F. Dwight.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. J. E. Jacobs to Miss Nettie R. Baker.

Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. J. R. Magee to Miss Sadie E. Low.

South Royalston. Mr. H. T. Rice to Miss Clara M. Jones.

Bucksport, Me. Mr. F. F. Moses to Miss Belle Barnard.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'74.

<i>President,</i>	EMMA S. WILDER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ELIZABETH M. REED.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	CHARLOTTE C. ADAMS.
<i>Historian,</i>	HELEN BARTLETT.
<i>Poet,</i>	ALICE W. MERRIAM.

'75.

<i>President,</i>	MARION DWIGHT,
<i>Vice-President,</i>	OLIVE C. KENDALL.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MARY L. HALE.

'76.

<i>President,</i>	OLIVE N. TWICHELL.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	LEILA E. TAYLOR.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	KATE S. BUSS.

'77.

<i>President,</i>	CLARA L. LINDLEY.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	SUSIE L. FARNHAM.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	LOUISE A. JARVIS.

THE TRIO.

<i>Soprano,</i>	MINNIE C. BIDWELL.
<i>Mezzo-Soprano,</i>	ALICE W. MERRIAM.
<i>Contralto,</i>	ELLA M. WHITCOMB.
<i>Pianist,</i>	ALICE F. Mc KEEN.

THE ABBOTT COURANT.

Edited by

Helen Bartlett, '74.

Dora N. Spalding, '75.

Olive N. Twichell, '76.

Clara L. Lindley, '77.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1874.

NO. 3.

THE NATIONALITY OF DUTCH ART.

It is wonderful how much of a nation's history, habits, peculiarities, and scenery are to be found in its art galleries.

The pictures of Holland are examples in point. One of the distinctive features of this school is the small size of its pictures, compared with those of other countries. And the reason for this comes to us at once, when we remember that there were no walls to be frescoed, as the Gothic church afforded room for painting only behind the altar. The Van Eycks' celebrated Polyptych gives us an idea about how large these altar-pieces were. The arch of church walls was occupied by carved wood-work and windows. So it happened that, as easel-painting was mostly done for rich burghers, who were fond of decorating their low houses with pictures, pieces were necessarily small. The exquisite finish which Dutch artists gave their productions had the same tendency; since it would have been impossible in a lifetime to cover many large surfaces with such fine work.

The next thing that strikes one in Dutch art is the prevalence of *genre* subjects above all others. This seems to be owing to two reasons: first, that Protestantism early shut off a large class of subjects belonging to religious art, and so made it essential to seek some other field for artistic skill. Secondly, to the fact that every Hollander loved his home as men love what they have fought and suffered for, so the artists, sharing this national taste, and meeting the demands of their countrymen, painted *genre* pictures largely.

Again, as we look at the landscapes, they are always a little piece of Holland — perhaps a few willows and cows, like Paul Potter's favorite scenes ; or a foreground with water and overhanging trees and an open plain in the distance, like Ruysdael's.

Another noticeable trait of Dutch and Flemish pictures is a clouded sky ; and this seems very natural, when we remember that there is seldom a day in Holland without clouds.

This leads us to notice another circumstance that seems a little singular. All the light of a composition often comes from a lamp or lantern. This is owing to the fact that there were so many dark, dreary days in Holland that a Dutchman's idea of a happy, joyous time was not out in the sunshine, but within doors by the fire and candle-light.

Flowers seem to have been almost national pets in Holland. The little land the people had, they made the most of ; so that, although theirs was not a country of sunshine, it was one of flowers. As a consequence, beautiful paintings of fruit and flowers form one of the chief attractions of their national art.

The materialistic tendency which showed itself through all the history of Dutch art, and has at last become its leading feature, seems to have been owing largely to the extremely practical temper of the people. Theirs was not an ideal land of pleasure and song, but one of work, well-earned wealth, and hard-won liberty. E. S. W.

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

It is interesting to notice, in different residences, collections of old family portraits displayed in bold relief on the walls. The reasons accounting for this apparent desire to gaze constantly upon one's departed ancestors are understood with difficulty. The fact that the canvas is usually cracked, and the lustre dimmed, appears to enhance their value ; giving them, no doubt, a close resemblance to the productions of the "old masters." It sometimes occurs to us that they are allowed to remain for the very reason that no other resting-place can be found for them ; and it is regarded as sacrilege to think of storing away one's great-great-grandfather, or some distant maternal progenitor " 'mid the old lumber of the gallery," or to consign them to the flames, which might seem like burning them

in effigy. But no wonder that they are treasured, when we consider the time and labor given to them, both by the artist and the suffering subject; for how many weary hours of as many weary weeks did it require to complete these monuments of art!

What an immense contrast to the rapidity with which one's countenance is in modern times indelibly portrayed, though not upon canvas. Now, to be sure, we have to mount the lofty heights reaching to the photographer's room, gradually growing more and more into sympathy with the unfortunate youth whom Longfellow has immortalized. After a glance at the mirror and the conveniences associated with it, which seem to have gone through such a long campaign of useful service, we turn, ready to explore that inner sanctum; but, alas, are reckoning without our host. Subdued tones meet our ear. We brace ourselves to wait our turn, as we did the week before at the dentist's office; examining, in the meantime, the numerous illustrations of this wonderful art. Here is a young lady with averted face, displaying a luxuriant wealth of hair, which might well serve as a heading to the advertisement of the unsurpassed “ambrosia.” A little further on we come to a mother with her child, her face full of that tenderness and sweet content which can never be counterfeited; while the child seems to be filled with wonder at the strange operation. Next is a small boy, evidently forsaken by *his* mother, apparently “all out-doors,” and grasping a stump with desperate resolve, a look of terror in his large round eyes. His hair, originally straight and bristling, is arranged in one long horizontal curl upon the top of his head.

At last the chair is vacant, and we put ourselves in the place of an individual, who retreats, still wearing the shadow of the bland smile which is forever after to meet the eyes of her friends. When the lights and shadows are adjusted to our case, the momentous question of position is to be settled. The practised eye of the operator surveys us from different angles, and selects that which brings out the best points of form and feature. The head, having been originally designed for other purposes, is provided with two joints, which allow great freedom in its wayward inclinations to sway in every direction. To counteract this unfortunate tendency, an instrument resembling some relic of the old inquisition is brought forward, and, after a few vain expostulations, we resign ourselves to its iron grasp. Having obediently fixed our eye on various remote points, the one most trying to the optic nerve is selected, and our most expressive feature, now reduced to a vacant stare, is

riveted upon it. In order to avoid too much complacency, we assume an expression which would indicate us "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils," flattering ourselves that we have escaped the simper of our last likeness. This self-congratulation is interrupted by the gently encouraging tone of the artist, "Not quite so sober, if you please"; then he gives our straining eyes the privilege of winking. After a few moments of agonizing suspense, the curtain falls. The die is cast, and we are released.

While we gradually allow our stiffened muscles to relax, this yet undeveloped object is rapidly transported to a small, mysterious den, there to be subjected to an ordeal even more severe than that through which we have just passed. We perceive that our departure is welcomed with joy by two women, who are endeavoring to bring a young, but very active infant to a state of composure.

We are to have the proofs "day after to-morrow"; but the sun, our indispensable ally, deserts us, so that it is useless to venture before a week; and at the end of that time we bring them home, with a certain bashfulness which shrinks from subjecting them to the criticism of our friends, while, nevertheless, it longs to do so. Reassured by the favorable verdict, we order a generous number, and are "on 'change" every day. Who could count the many stealthy glances that we take at ourselves after we are fairly placed in the photograph-album? This revelation of what we really are seems so different from the well-known reflection with which we have acquired daily familiarity. The precious *fac similes* are guarded, at first, with jealous care; but the time comes that we experience a grateful sensation when anybody manifests a desire for one of them.

Once this laborious undertaking of having our picture taken was regarded as one of the choicest boons that life could grant. We well remember when, with heart beating with joyous expectancy, we sallied forth, clutching our dilapidated doll, that we might be taken together, and, to assume a cheerful expression, thought (as had been wisely suggested by an older counsellor) of "ice cream and paper dolls." Ah, yes! and much later what countless times have we, accompanied by our many successive bosom friends, hastened to the photographer's car, just round the corner, to see how much of us could be condensed on a tin plate about an inch square.

But all these treasured relics could be gathered together into a very small space, and the time given to them has been less than the least of that bestowed upon one of those illustrious portraits which suggested our present reflections.

THE BROOKLET.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.]

THOU brooklet, bright and silver clear,
That runnest on, nor stayest here,
But evermore dost sing and sing,
Whence com'st, whence go'st thou, merry thing?

"My source is in the dark rocks lost;
I trickle over fern and moss;
And on my breast the mirrored smile
Of the blue sky shines down erewhile.

"And so a merry, childlike mind
Have I, nor fearing aught unkind.
Who called me forth will be my friend,
And He will guide me to the journey's end." '74.

"A BEGGARLY ACCOUNT OF EMPTY BOXES."

EMPTY boxes—there is dreariness in the sound. Is it occasioned by the combination of the letters, or by the fact that a box naturally suggests the idea of something to put in it? Be this as it may, it is an undeniable and melancholy fact that boxes have a natural tendency to emptiness, this being, indeed, a necessary condition to the early period of their existence; still, in their manufacture there is always an end in view, and in due time the box attains, or rather contains, its object; then comes a third period, marked by the same emptiness as its earliest days, and often marked in a great many other ways beside.

In a certain familiar pantry a number of round, wooden boxes are carefully arranged on a wide shelf, from which they look composedly down on the flour and sugar barrels below. The boxes were designed for the important purpose of holding cinamon, nutmegs, ginger, salaratus, etc., but they seem to cherish an unaccountable dislike for their worldly avocation, and to take untold delight in thwarting the purposes of the thrifty housewife, and dispelling into thin air the vision of loaves of dark, soft gingerbread and delicate sponge cake. It is a most aggravating experience to spend two or three minutes in opening one of these boxes (the covers always fit

closely), only to find the blank dismay of your own countenance reflected from within.

Did you ever hear the bell in the "Old South" steeple beginning to toll for service on Sabbath morning, while your room-mate's voice came ringing along the almost deserted hall, telling you to hurry, while you caught your hymn-book from the table, and raised the cover of your handkerchief-box only to find the lining displaying its delicate tints? or did you ever have a large wooden box staring out at you from the dim recesses of your closet, telling pathetically of the day when you listened eagerly for the wheels of the express wagon, and caught the first foot-fall of the welcome messenger announcing a box for you, — telling, too, of the happy days that followed? alas! all too fleeting.

The earliest authentic account of an empty box is, we believe, the Bible story of the ark. We do not mean to assert that no one made a box before the days of Noah, but that he made one so large as to impress the mind of every one who saw or heard of it, so that the story was treasured up and recounted to generation after generation. A box of whatever size, with nothing inside it, gives one the idea of vacuity, but one of these enormous dimensions must have looked exceedingly empty. Imagine it when completed standing there with ludicrous solemnity in every foot of its ponderous body. There came a time when it was no longer empty, and of that we have nothing to say; but, by and by, it comes again into our ken. I wonder if it stood in those years after the flood, mutely telling its strange story of the past, and if imaginative little boys roamed about inside as Curtis and Hawthorne did long afterward in old warehouses. I wonder what became of it, whether it came to a tragic end by violent hands, or whether, after a calm old age, mother earth took it back to her heart once more.

Long after the time of Noah another man made a box. It was a very curious kind of box indeed; I have not as yet been able to discover whether he had anything to make it out of, or whether he imitated the silkworms and spiders, and provided himself with the material. At all events he joined one piece to another with great care, but somehow it did not seem quite right; it was undeniably a little shaky, but it looked pretty well, and might hold together. People need n't try to pull it to pieces; they ought to be content to put it in a good light and look at it. I forgot to say that the man's name was Hume, and that he called his box an argument instead of an ark. So Mr. Hume presented his argument to the world, and

made a grand speech on the occasion to the effect, that it was full of that valuable article called common sense; a statement flatly denied by Messrs. Campbell and Adams who attempted to split up the box and make metaphysical kindling wood of it, but Archibald Alexander conceived the brilliant idea of keeping the pieces and showing everyone afflicted with an inquisitive disposition just how to put the box together, leaving an aperture large enough to look in and see that there really was nothing in it, and then how to take it to pieces again. It is a rather exhausting performance, and my opinion in this case, as that of Solomon in so many others, for Solomon had a very dismal time opening boxes, is that "all is vanity." K. L. T.

ABOUT US.

CHAP. I. ZENOBIA'S VIEW; OR HOW WE WENT INTO BUSINESS.

WE graduated, Cleopatra Brown and I, at boarding school in the renowned class of '80, and no sooner were we fairly through "Butler," and out of our graduating dresses, than the spirit of unrest possessed us, and we sought peace and found none till, after a while, we simultaneously made up our minds as to what our sphere was, after this manner.

We were sitting in my room one lovely October day, for Cleo. was visiting me before returning to her Western home, and we had been talking over what it was possible for us to do in life, and had finally summed up the grand total, and decided that the whole duty of woman was to teach her S. S. class and take care of her house if she had one, and if not wait until one (or rather the owner of one) came along. Then we subsided into our books for ten minutes, when, suddenly, Cleo. looked up at me. I became all attention forthwith; for when Cleopatra gazes at you in that intent manner, she always speaks the next minute.

Then she said: "Zenobia" (my name is Zenobia Smith), "Zenobia, why don't we" —

"Go into business, — I know it!" cried I explosively. We both grew excited.

"But what shall we do; we don't want to set up a pin and needle store, or anything retail, now, do we?"

"No," she assented; "something large and nice, wholesale of course."

"But you see," I went on, "there are so few wholesale things that have what they call a 'margin' to them. I heard papa say so the other day."

"Of course, not on here East," she returned, with ineffable sublimity; "we'll have to go West, where there is some room for operations. As to the kind of business there's the lumber-trade; that's money-making."

"Too hard and heavy."

"Pork-packing?"

"O dreadful! think of the horrid squealing things!"

"Grain-commission?"

"The very thing! Now where shall we go, to what particular place, I mean?"

"One of the greatest grain-dépôts of the West," said Cleopatra importantly, "is M. City."

"To M. City we go then, and take our office. One of us will have to travel, of course, and one stay at home; which will you do?"

"Well, I'd a little rather travel if you wouldn't mind."

"No, I'd rather stay at home, and then I can keep up my music you know."

So we arranged it; and the next thing, of course, was to get the consent of the powers that were. That was the rub. Had I proposed to take wings and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, my beloved père would not have been more amazed and confounded than he was when I opened fire upon him with the modest request for permission to go into the grain-business, and \$1500.00; for Cleo. and I had decided that \$3000.00 between us would be sufficient capital to start on.

To make a long story short, Cleo. went home, next week, got her parents consent, and in about a month's time, I was packing my trunks to start for M. City where Cleo. and I were to meet, the first of December.

And here I must say a word or two about Cleo. Without exaggeration, she was just one of the best and dearest girls that ever lived. Always enjoyable, she was a perfect treasure in all respects. In all our relations she began where I left off; it was a variation of the Scripture parable over again. I was always sanguine of and ready to undertake anything, while she was a little dubious, but after a little while, I fell by the wayside in vague despair, while she took up the work and carried it through. Our friendship was not as Madame de Staël says, a mere "pretty bow of ribbon," but has been,

and always will be, I trust, strong and enduring. But now as I look back over the years and see how she helped and cheered, and comforted me, oh, so many times! I cannot be too thankful for her, and I believe most firmly in the strength of true womanly friendship.

But, as I was going to say, I toiled and moiled over my outfit, and made life a burden to my little dress-maker and every one else concerned; bought numerous ledgers, day-books, systems of book-keeping, etc., as if the West were a barren wilderness, destitute of these necessary articles, and with the tearful farewells of friends and relatives, who evidently considered that they were taking a last earthly look at me, one dull November morning, left Boston, under escort of a business friend of papa's, which escort considered he was doing his duty by me like a man, if he looked at me once in every half hour. asked if I was cold or would like a lunch.

I arrived four days after, very soiled and sleepy, and the least bit homesick, at the M. City dépôt, where Cleopatra received me with open arms and jubilant countenance.

Zenobia will relate the circumstances of planting our firm at M. City, which being done I departed in quest of produce.

CHAP. II. CLEOPATRA'S VIEW; OR, HOW I WAS TRAVELLING PARTNER.

You, travelled reader, may be able to give the most thrilling accounts of your adventures; but you cannot, no, never, can you appreciate the perils, nay, even hair-breadth escapes, of a young grain-woman starting forth on a business tour. In the first place there was my partner to argue with; she insisted that I must buy the grain at a certain low price, and I held up the obstacles of scarcity, and the consequent desire of the "honest farmer to turn an honest penny." Yet there were no two ways about it, we must have the produce, or what would our correspondents think?

Well, I was obliged to start with a blissful uncertainty of Zenobia's fixed opinion, or, indeed, with a doubt whether she possessed one. Then I knew that I was proud of being a woman, and not a believer in most of the tenets of "the Cause"; but, on the contrary, the thought occurred that a little jaunty independence of dress might be no disadvantage; so I spent — no matter how long, in donning my heavy redingote with *the* buttons, a stalwart, unbending collar, a dark sailor knob, and a resolute-looking hat. Then I strapped on the little Russia-leather pocket, and packed my bag with all necessary articles. Finally I went to the bank drew out a sufficient sum

of money, sewed it tightly under the aforesaid large buttons; then I judged myself equipped.

Bucephalus, our steed, was still asleep, it being the first hours of the day; so through mud, through market-wagons, through horrors known only to a sensitive young woman with a new redingote, I reached the dépôt.

Undoubtedly trains must start from somewhere in the night; but why, the question is, do they start thus from M. City? Suffice it to say, I found a seat, and after an unhappy, bouncing ride of half an hour, reached Brimfield. I knew that it was a good "grain-country," and imagined spacious villas surrounded by broad, inviting piazzas. Alas! the only edifices in sight were six bare, unpainted, haunted-looking houses. The streets were thick with a conglomeration of water and Missouri clay; but up went the stylish garment, down went the heels with many a splash, until a friendly fence offered a helping rail, which I walked with the agility of a "Blondin."

At last the first house was reached; a small, turbid lake yawned before the front door. I circumvented it, knocked loudly, waited fifteen minutes, then interviewed a shock-headed rustic, who informed me that Mr. Paine, my possible shipper, inhabited the sixth and last house. I pushed on with half-shut eyes, careless, almost reckless, of appearances. Mr. Paine was feeding those sportive, innocent creatures, the pigs, in the front yard. I incredulously inquired if Mr. Paine was before me; whereupon he remarked in the quaint dialect of the West, that he was "the fellar."

If it had not been an undisputed fact that Tweed was at that moment reclining his shorn head behind the iron grating of the "Tombs," nothing would have convinced me that this was not he. He had that same intellectual countenance, the same speaking eyes.

Mr. Paine led me into the "settin-room," and as the scent of buckwheat pervaded the air, breakfast seemed imminent; and so it was that after a most unaccountable amount of whispering, clattering of crockery, and vibration of squeaky boots, my friend re-entered and politely invited me to stay breakfast. Of course, being famished, I accepted.

On entering the dining-room, I spied a maiden at the window; she turned on being addressed, and I was made acquainted with the eldest daughter. She was gifted with a wealth of red hair, a freckled face, and frank, grey eyes. The meal was one that any western farmer can boast; buckwheat cakes, with golden butter and delicious sorghum, coffee, fried potatoes, and tender beef-steak.

Mr. Paine and I conversed on business topics, and toward the last he grew importunate, and seemed to think I could sell everything on commission from limestone to horses. After enlightening him on the real state of affairs, and really making advantageous arrangements, I departed in hot haste for the station. Heated, red, and radiant I climbed up the waiting train, and was soon *en route* for Fairfield. James Munroe Mason lived there, and at the hotel I was to remain until the following day.

Perhaps there are people who have tasted the delights of Western hotels, and are alive to tell the tale; but as for me, I never look at pork, eggs, or dark coffee, without a sudder.

After a pretense of breakfasting, I sallied forth to find J. Munroe Mason. He was one of those "Uriah Heapish" men, who will promise everything. Yet I mistrusted that man from the first. The gleam of gold flashed from his yellow eyes, and the chronic smile seemed to echo money, money. I, Cleopatra Brown, firmly believe that he never once spoke the truth to me, or shipped me a car containing the genuine article ordered. If good yellow was called for, golden yellow gladdened the eye; but on inverting the load, it did seem as if J. Munroe Mason had carefully collected all the old, miserable corn in his possession, and had poured it with unstinting hand into the car. That man and I soon parted company. Why, if we had tolerated him, neither Zenobia nor I would now have redingote, satchel, or chatelaine to comfort us.

Of course, these were not all my business cares. No, many a time and oft have I faced the unflinching "granger"; but this is, I think, an average trip.

The cause of my return to M. City was a heart-rending letter from Zenobia, saying that accounts, small errand boy, and everything were in a most mixed condition. In a few hours I was rattling along into the city where I found the young Thomas awaiting me, calmly munching peanuts, and dextrously planting the shells in the new afghan.

CHAP. III. ZENOBIA'S VIEW; OR HOW I WAS STAY-AT-HOME PARTNER.

I believe I left myself in Cleopatra's arms on my arrival at the M. City depot, when in the course of our story she began to relate her travelling experiences. She seized me almost by the hair of the head, and bore me gasping to a hack, whence I surveyed an ocean of mud and water, sundry very dirty and disagreeable small

boys, and some dingy machine-shops, which further enlivened the scene.

We drove at once to the hotel, where Cleo. had already taken rooms, and held a council of war. Of course, the first step was to secure an office; so, after lunch and a nap, we started out, walking briskly, as became enterprising young business women.

"I saw an advertisement in last night's paper," said Cleo., with a business-like air, "of a desirable office, located on High St., very near the Board of Trade rooms."

"I shall at once establish a calling acquaintance with the Board of Trade," said I; "but what shall I have to do while you are away?"

"Sell the grain and see to having it shipped to the buyers, attend to the correspondence, keep the books, show samples, run round for customers, and attend the Board of Trade in season and out of season," returned my friend wisely. "And here's the place."

No. 5 High St. wasn't the most inviting place I ever saw, and I began to realize forcibly that my future abiding-place wasn't a bower of roses, either in appearance or odor. I boldly opened the door, and advanced about two inches, when the fragrance of bad tobacco greeted my patrician nostrils; also an impression of great and exceeding dampness, not to mention darkness.

"Well, it's certainly very spacious," remarked Cleo. mildly.

"Oh yes, very spacious," returned I vivaciously, and not stirring a step.

"Well, why don't you go on? There's somebody over there."

Thus adjured, I advanced boldly toward a shape, which, after I had traversed about fifteen feet of space, stood, or rather sat, revealed a man—a very fat man, in a chair befitting his size, who regarded us with a fixed glare of curiosity.

Cleo. and I said sweetly, in chorus, "Good-morning." "Mornin'," remarked the nondescript, pushing a chair at us with his foot, and waving a very dirty hand at a rickety stool. We regarded this as an invitation to seat ourselves, and, having done so, I opened the ball.

"We understood that this office was to let. Are you the proprietor?"

"That's me all over; there aint no meanness about me."

"Is it as dark as this usually?"

"Dark? Yes, about so, 'cept when I has the gas goin'."

"If we conclude to take it, would you have a window cut here?"

"Not much! Now, sissy, you run home, and tell your dad that the next time he wants a office he'd better come and hire it his self, instead of sending you to come your airs over this cove. I'm a granger, I am!"

Cleo. gasped for breath, and I mustered up my dignity; and, putting on that look with which during my last year at school I had been wont to awe audacious theologues, when they asked if I was in the junior class, replied that I wished to engage that office for myself and friend, if it suited us.

"Millinery, eh? Or gift-enterprise and sich?"

I withered him with a frown, and asked: "What is the rent?" And Cleo., not wishing to be outdone, broke in: "Have you the lake-water brought in here?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars a year; well ou't'n the back-yard."

Cleo. rose; I also. "We hardly think it will suit. Good morning."

No sooner were we out of gun-shot than we both began to laugh, and laughed immoderately for five minutes. Then we recovered ourselves, and proceeded.

"Now we'll go over on ——— St. and try," said Cleo. "It's just as central as this. Here it is — No. 12."

No. 12 was certainly an improvement on No. 5. It had large plate-glass windows, through which the sun was shining; and the office itself, though small, was pleasant and airy, and through one of the back-windows we got a glimmer of the lake, black and icy now.

The sole occupant was a sleepy, lazy-looking boy, whom we had to perfectly pound with questions before we could get a word out of him. In some way, incomprehensible to us, he had been empowered to let the office; and, to make a long story short, we engaged it at a rent of twelve hundred dollars per annum, and left the aforesaid youth staring after us with open eyes and mouth.

This done, we went furniture-hunting; and that afternoon we spent in calling on the "grain men" of the city, from A to Z, and were amiably and politely received. Be it also recorded that we secured one customer, and obtained a vague idea of the proceedings and general habits of the Board of Trade, which I had hitherto regarded as a species of monster, seeking whom it might devour.

The next morning, arrayed in black alpaccas of the severest simplicity, we started for "our office" in solemn procession, with a stout Irish woman bringing up the rear. We began operations by

putting down the carpet leaving a space before the door bare on which we placed our long table, which was to be devoted to "samples." The desk was placed by one of the back windows and I forgot to say that a safe was set in the corner behind it. Then by the other back window we put the little table, and after a visit to the upholsterers we got a perfect "sleepy-hollow" of a lounging-chair, on which we put a cover of the pretty rose and gray chintz which I brought from home. We put up two lovely water-color chromos, walked out in the street to view the erection of our new sign, ordered some business-paper with the same imposing heading, — Brown and Smith, Grain Commission Merchants, No. 12 Commerce St., M. City, and finally sat down in our office-chairs to lay further plans.

The next day a perfectly charming thing happened. Cleo's mother sent her the dearest little horse and buggy possible for a birthday present. The animal's name was Bucephalus; and we both fell in love with him, of course, and I immediately began an afghan.

The next morning when I woke Cleo. was speeding away on her travels. I rose, and dressed for the first time in my office-suit, — said costume being a black brilliantine skirt and redingote, — and importantly sallied forth to the dépôt to make arrangements about cars for shipping. I can safely say that that freight-agent was, without exception, the most disgusting man I ever saw in my life. He hesitated; he equivocated; he regarded me as suspiciously as if he expected me to pocket and walk off with every one of those abominable "White Line" cars; but I managed him, and secured the said movables, an instance of what one lone, lorn woman can do.

I returned in triumph to my office to find the dust on everything an inch thick, and our office-boy, a youth of a singularly funereal turn of mind, engaged in the pleasing amusement of lying flat on our sample-table, and exercising his fertile imagination in playing he was "laid out, you know, just to see how it would seem," as he confidentially informed me. I reproved him with solemnity, and began to dust.

Possibly you may like an invoice of what was in my table-drawers. Item — 6 papers of pins, 3 papers of hairpins, 1 spool of white thread, 1 black do., 1 black silk do. Court-plaster case, soft linen rags, knife, paper of assorted needles, scissors, thimble, one strip of the afghan, and a box of sugar wafers. The new desk was fully stocked with paper, ink, pen, blotters, ledger, day-book, check-

book, etc.; and I sat down by my window with the last new novel in hand, till it should be time to go into the Board of Trade rooms, for which I wasn't at all eager. However, a friend of Cleo's father called and went with me. We ascertained the current prices of produce, grew excited over the high rates of transportation, and I finally came home to find a telegram from Cleo. to the effect that she had shipped two car-loads of "high-mixed" and three of "mill-feed," which would probably be landed in our elevator within two or three days. For we had an elevator.

The next day I felt fairly launched, and prepared for customers. I had just finished a letter to Cleo. when the door opened. Knowing the melancholy Tom to be as usual asleep, I looked up to see a gentleman standing by the table. I moved forward.

"Miss Brown?"

"No — Miss Smith. What can I do for you, sir?"

"My name is Carleton; travelling for the firm of Dunn Bros. Have you any samples of superior middlings?"

I was morally certain that I hadn't the vaguest idea what middlings were; but, trusting to Cleo's labels, frantically grasped one of the little bags, and thrust it at him, with an effort to seem perfectly *au fait* with all manner of grains. He investigated with a serious face.

"What price per car?"

"The Board of Trade quote it at fourteen dollars; but we make a reduction of ten per cent. so as to get trade."

He looked further, and finally made quite a good order, and departed. The next morning several gentlemen came in from time to time, and talked business. One of them casually remarked that "wheat was firm." I saw no reason why wheat should not be firm. I had always found it so, but hazarded no question to expose my ignorance — further than that I took up a grain of it in my fingers, and carelessly pinched it to see if the structure remained the same.

After a while, however, I learned to laugh at my own stupidity, and soon could rattle off the names glibly. Soon I had letters from various Eastern firms, with orders; and these and the book-keeping, which I had studied thoroughly and was well-versed in, kept me busy.

Cleo. was home at Christmas; and we had every reason to feel encouraged; for, though we were not making much money, we were well started, and with an increasing business. So the weeks and months went on. I had frequent letters from Cleo., business

and otherwise ; and, though oftentimes came hard, tiresome days, when customers were dreadfully grasping, freight-agents refractory, and the book-keeping aggravating, yet I kept up heart, and went courageously on.

Tom, our office-boy, was one of my greatest trials. He had a way of suddenly vanishing and a propensity for reappearing in unsuspected places, in which he fully equalled the ubiquitous George Francis Train. One morning, when he utterly failed to put in an appearance, I erected an imposing card, "Away on business ; back in an hour," locked up, and departed for the residence of the aforesaid youth, determined to conquer or die. He lived on Water St., and Water St. was a most wretched place. I picked my way as carefully as possible, and at last arrived, as I supposed, at Tom's maternal mansion, ascended the shaky steps, and knocked.

A voice said, "Come in," and in I went. There before me upon the floor sat a child, who looked up at me coolly out of his bright black eyes.

"Does Tom Murphy live here ?" I asked him.

"No ; he doesn't. Me and papa here, all alone."

"And what is your name, dear ?" I asked, sitting down beside him.

"Charlie Steinfurt — King Charlie, mama called me. Don't speak loud ; you'll wake me Parpar ; poor parpar's sick."

I followed with my eyes the direction of his hand, and saw in a corner of the room a bed, from which a pair of blue eyes were looking at me intently from a white, wasted face.

I went up and spoke to him ; and, as his rapidly failing strength would let him, he told me his short, sad story. He was a German artist, who had married a young and beautiful American girl, against the wishes of her friends ; and after five happy years she died, and he returned to America. Loss and sickness had overtaken him, and, without friends, he was dying there alone. I went to see him every day for a little ; till at last, one beautiful sunset, with a whispered blessing for his little son, he "fell on sleep."

I saw the worn-out frame laid away beneath the frozen ground ; and I could but thank God that it was well at last with the weary heart and tired hand, and that he and his Emilie were together again, though he was sleeping in a foreign country, and she lay under the roses of sunny Provence. Then I took little Charlie home with me ; for he had no one else. Father and mother could be nothing to him any more but a very tender memory ; and I

had not the heart to send him away from me. Meanwhile he grew as handsome and mischievous as three ordinary children. The talent that that little imp developed for upsetting things generally I never saw equalled. Still I loved him dearly — remarkable to state; for I always had regarded children with about as much desire for a nearer acquaintance as I had to cultivate green snakes. I wrote papa about him, and received a check “for the child’s board and clothing,” and an inquiry as to whether I “found the grain business unprofitable, and was setting up an orphan asylum.”

One of the largest Eastern firms with which we had dealings had for its junior and travelling partner a Mr. Raymond, who had made his orders in person, and during his last stay in M. City one night took me to a concert. We somehow began to speak of business, and he cautioned me about several firms that before I had relied on implicitly. That rather worried me; and I began to think what I could do if we couldn’t make the ends meet at the close of the year, which would be in a few months. I was getting rather tired and nervous, but comforted myself with the thought that Cleo. would soon be home, and I was then to have a little vacation. The books had been no more than I could manage heretofore; but one afternoon they somehow got into a fearful snarl, and I couldn’t get them straightened. I applied to “Comer’s Complete System” for instruction; but it was silent on the particular point I wanted, though diffuse on every other. I threw it against the wall, and stared straight before me, with flushed cheeks and rumpled hair, when a voice that I knew said:

“You seem to be in trouble?” and, looking up, I saw Mr. Raymond.

I answered disconsolately, whereat he sat down in the other office-chair, and coolly began to look over the books, without even a “By your leave.” That vexed me, and I said abruptly:

“This affords you an illustration of your favorite theory that women can’t do business.”

He looked at me gravely for a moment, and then said:

“You have proved me the contrary of that; but I hate to see you so troubled as you have been of late. Won’t you let me help you out, if I can?” Without waiting for an answer, he went on: “There’s a discrepancy in your statement of shipments to Hart and Cogswell and their check, don’t you see?” And so on, till everything was clear.

As I sat watching him, and thinking what a strong, self-reliant man he was, and how I admired him, the door opened, and in came little Charlie. Mr. Raymond started:

"What a likeness! Miss Smith, what child is that?"

I had often wondered of whom Charlie reminded me, and now I could but see the resemblance between the bright little face and the dark one turned so eagerly towards me.

"That is Charlie Steinfurt, Mr. Raymond"; and I went on telling Charlie's history.

"What was his mother's name?" asked he hurriedly.

"Emilie Raymond" was the name in the little Bible I found there."

"Thank God! She was my sister," said Mr. Raymond, taking Charlie in his arms.

But there is no need to tell the rest—that it was really true; and how Mr. Raymond went back East, carrying with him Charlie—went very hastily, and with only an abrupt good-by; how every day I grew more and more tired and discouraged, and every night when I went home was lonely, missing the laughing welcome and the clinging, loving arms of my bonnie king Charlie.

One day I was sitting in my office. A lovely October day it was; but I was little in sympathy with the day; for I had just heard of the failure of a firm who owed us largely; one of our insurance companies was insolvent; several car-loads of grain had been spoiled; a bill at six months was due, and the wherewithal to pay it was wanting; so, with all these troubles, I, in an excessively unbusiness-like way, put my head on the desk, and began to cry. Very soon, however, I heard a footstep, and, looking up, beheld no less a person than Mr. Will Raymond.

"You always find me in trouble," I said, trying to laugh.

"What can I do for you? Tell me what the trouble is first," he answered, seating himself.

"Oh, nothing, except that business is troublesome, and I am foolish. I am going to write Cleo., my partner, to come home and console me."

"What a charmingly home-like place you have made this," he said, rather irrelevantly. Then, "Yes, Miss Zenobia, I wish you would send for your partner, because"—but just then the irrepressible Tom entered, head first, as was his invariable custom, and the rest of the sentence was lost.

But I will let Cleopatra tell the rest of our story, except to say

that Mr. Raymond told me he was coming to live in M. City, having taken the position of Western partner in his firm; and that I did write that irrepressible young woman to return *at once*, and she came. Ah well! "Sic transit gloria!"

CHAP. IV.

DEAR CLEO.:

M. CITY, 1882.

Am in a fever of impatience for you to return. I've such a quantity of things to bother me and to decide, that you must come right home and put your wits to work. Mr. Will Raymond was in to-day; very pleasant man too, wanted to see about some high-mixed.

Corn, firm; wheat, ditto. Willis and Co. ordered three cars best yellow. Hope you'll buy enough, for Mr. Raymond says it will rise. O, you should see Charley; he is developing his genius for business rapidly. Mr. R. says he thinks they're getting up a corner in rye in Chicago.

Did you know there was a small party at M's last night? I went arrayed in my finery. A number of our friends were there; Julia, Joe, Mr. Russel, Mr. Raymond, and others. We enjoyed every moment. A great many inquired about you.

Had a letter from Prim and Co. to-day, in which they make some derogatory remarks about that high-mixed sent them; and in my opinion we had better close up business with them.

Good-by. Yours,

ZENOBIA SMITH.

This was one of the letters that reached me the spring after our going into business. It will give you a peep into our mode of life, our pleasures and trials. Yes, we had our trials, like other people.

When we first began to be invited into society people looked at us out of the corners of their eyes; in fact considered us very eccentric young women at best; but they seemed to find us ladylike, and as interesting as the average, and received us cordially. It does not take Western people long to find out what a person is, and when once decided they are frank and generous. The tears come to my eyes when I think of all our good friends in M. City. It seemed as if each were determined to make up to us the loss of our families, miles away.

Then, at first, we were greatly annoyed by certain curious persons, — editors, etc., who interviewed us; and, as they aptly expressed it, "tryed to draw us out"; but we always saw the interrogation marks in the questioner's face, and the printer's ink on his fingers, and gen-

erally settled him by asking what we could do for him. The papers were our greatest trials, they were replete with articles headed, "Our Enterprising Young Amazons"!! or "Our Fair Business Women"!! We utterly ignored them, and, finally, like all novelties, were so no longer, but added our columns and went on change in peace.

Zenobia labored faithfully with ledger and day-book for a long time; but she was obliged to go on change, to see freight-agents, telegraph operators, and elevator-men, until I saw that she was breaking down, and we both concluded that we must have a book-keeper; so we found out that Kate Stevens, one of our old chums in mischief at school, would be only too glad to balance accounts for us, and had fitted herself in spare moments to be a book-keeper. We engaged her without delay, and had no further trouble.

Well, two years had fled. Brown, Smith, and Co. were a well known firm, quoted A. A. A. We were undoubtedly making money, and what was better, had lost none of our self-respect by this independent move. But I began to grow thoughtful; to wonder if I could carry on the business alone, as well as with Zenobia. Perhaps, you say, "There. I told you so; women never can agree, they must always have a feminine spat." No, discerning masculine reader, it was something far sadder than that; something that I couldn't blame Zeno. for. It was all Mr. Raymond's fault. Now you say, "He's made her a larger offer, and grasping, as women always are when they begin to earn money, she has accepted it." No, wrong again. To make a long story short, I'll tell you. Mr. Raymond came to our office very often; at first on business strictly; then he came to have a friendly talk on wheat, corn, business in general. When I was off, travelling in the southern part of the state, Zeno. seemed to be especially afflicted with the blues—the accounts were the cause. Now if Mr. Raymond happened to be in the office he could do no less than help her, and with a few dashes of his manly pen make all right. Afterwards he found out Charley's history, as Zeno. has explained, and having a common interest, they could not help being interested in each other. They often met at evening parties; he was so different from the majority of gentlemen; he, too, was a perfect gentleman, but there was something more than manner, a bow, a pretty compliment, or a smile; there was a noble mind, far-seeing thought. Unconsciously they would get into a tête-à-tête, or have a little wordy battle, so interesting that they would forget ices and music in the absorbing topic; soon it became a proverb

that Zenobia Smith and Will Raymond must have their small word-skirmish.

The fact is, one fine day returning from the Board of Trade, tossing corn and wheat from one hand to the other, Will Raymond simply asked Zenobia if he had n't better take charge of her accounts always, and she stay in the parlor of one of the brown-stone fronts on Prospect Avenue, and give her advice on trade from a luxurious home, instead of a dingy office; in short, be Mrs. R. What could she do? She really had no objections, and — she said so.

They walked into the office in such an absent-minded state that Mr. R. picked up a sample-bag of timothy-seed by the wrong end, and scattered the contents hither and yon. I was obliged to order the convulsed Thomas to pick it up, while I calmly took the ink-bottle, whose contents Zenobia was preparing to swallow. They explained matters; and I congratulated them warmly, though there was a great lump in my throat at the thought of losing my Zeno. I gave myself a little vacation, and went East to the wedding at Zeno's home; there was a large concourse of friends, both business and social, and all was just what it should be. Then, after the usual tour, they came back to M. City. Their house is my home now, Zeno would listen to nothing else.

Many a poor girl, too, struggling to live, finds a welcome there on the reception nights. I must tell you about that: Zenobia and I saw so many of these girls that we could not help knowing their troubles; so we considered the matter, and decided on having every Thursday evening a sort of reception for these girls. They come in their Sunday best; the rooms are so bright and cheerful they cannot help being so too. There is always plenty to amuse, and a simple supper to refresh. If anything troubles them, or if they want advice or help, we all three do what we can for them. It really seems to make the poor creatures happy until the next Thursday, and longer. As for me, I am lonely; do you wonder? Zenobia had been so much to me, she had grown to be almost indispensable. She is a noble woman, in every sense of the word. What confidential talks we used to have. She is one of those women who are sympathetic enough to enjoy confidence, and true enough not to betray it. Yet I do not envy her; I am just as happy in my way, and am becoming so interested in building up our business that it would be a very strong inducement that could persuade me to go back to my old life.

The Board of Trade have spoken complimentary things of "our

firm," and have elected me a director; my time is fully occupied, so that a partner seemed necessary. Kate Stevens showed a talent for business, so I proposed that she should take Zenobia's place. She was very grateful to me, and offered to send for her younger sister as book-keeper; it was done, and business re-established. The world goes easy with me now; and I don't see but that women were made for business as well as house-work.

Now let me say something to all young girls. Do what you have a talent for; paint pictures or signs, be a baker, banker, lawyer, or housekeeper; no matter what, if you do it in a womanly way and with a worthy aim. Too many young girls are slaves of public opinion. Grant that while public-opinion should be respected to a certain degree, it is not always just. It is made up of the opinion of weak, erring individuals, and you are as likely to be right as they. Be enterprising, generous, charitable. Be the woman God intended you should be. And be sure you will always find warm, interested friends in Brown, Stevens, and Co., formerly Brown, Smith, and Co., M. City.

A. W. M. and H. B.

THE SPIRIT IN NATURE.

In the spring-time, nature smiles, but afterwards, in the summer, she laughs out loud, and the music of her ringing laughter is heard in the babbling brooks and the singing birds; and her laughter, "sweet and low," come to us from the leafy tree-tops and the rustling grasses; all the day long our hearts are full of echoes to her joyous voice, and she draws us out into the meadows, to be happy among her flowers, and into her leafy pavilions, to sit down in the shade by her delicate ferns.

The old Greeks thought that every thing of beauty on the face of nature had an indwelling spirit that gave it all its charm. In the feathery spray and white curling foam of the sea, they caught glimpses of the graceful Oceanides; in the quiet, calm mountain grottoes dwelt the Oreades, filling all the cool retreat with their presence; from the sparkling brooks and flashing fountains the bright eyes of Naiades looked out upon them; each tree was thought to have Hamadryades dwelling somewhere among its graceful boughs, now and then seen through the parted leaves, the very soul of all the beauty.

The old Norsemen, too, heard the mermaids' song amid the roar of the ocean, and saw in the mists of the North the white robes of the ghost of some sorrowing, yet beautiful goddess, and dancing in the sunshine the elves of light; then in the dark ages all the flowers were full of fairies, the mute indwelling spirits of their delicate beauty.

This is all very delightful and charming; but then every one feels "that it has had its day and ceased to be." Still as we gaze upon the restless ocean, and listen to its sounding surf, as we watch the silent mists rising from the mountains, and look into the faces of the sweet flowers, we are not willing to admit that Nature is any less beautiful now that the nymphs, the mermaids, and the fairies are all dead and gone.

"We want no half-gods Panomphaean Joves,
Fauns, Naiads, Tritons, Oreads, and the rest,
To take possession of a senseless world."

says Mrs. Browning:

"There is not a flower of spring
That dies e'er June but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence, to that spirit-world
Outside the limits of our space and time,
Whereto we are bound."

So there is not a beautiful thing in all nature that is not a manifestation of the spiritual through the material; giving us just a little idea of what it will be to see the "King in his Beauty," just a suggestion of the things, that the "eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man to conceive."

We cannot help reverencing the saintly old man who never stood before one of God's grand landscapes without uncovering his head. The scene before him said as plainly as any words, "The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence."

Thank God that he has given us beauty, and that to the Christian

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for utterance."

DOOR-BELLS.

I WRITE from sad experience. Some people know about one thing, and some about another. I know about door-bells.

In our family we have had a great deal of trouble with these articles. I don't know why, — perhaps we are wicked, and have deserved to have this trial laid upon our shoulders; perhaps we are very good, and have thus been saved the trouble of entertaining tiresome visitors. However that may be, we have been sorely afflicted.

The bell which began our troubles was a small copper one, with a clapper. We were expecting company one day, and, as the time for their arrival approached, we wondered why they didn't come. We waited and waited, listened intently for their ring, and left all the doors in the house open in order to hear it more distinctly. At last, after we had given them up, we happened to look out of the window, and beheld them walking swiftly down the path, and impatiently trying to open the gate, which, by the way, generally stuck.

We immediately rushed to the door, and called them back. After considerable hesitation they came, indignantly remarking that they had been ringing about a half an hour, and thought we must all be dead. We assured them that it was a mistake, and wondered why we had not heard them. Our little brother, who is a remarkably bright child, suggested that there might be something the matter with the bell. We repudiated the idea with scorn; but, after our friends had taken their departure, went out and looked at it.

It was all there; but alas, how changed! how altered! The little copper frame was hanging by the usual spiral wire, but with an expression of hungry expectancy and a look of longing towards the erring clapper, which lay prone upon the floor. The family looked at it reproachfully. Presently my older brother dispelled the rising gloom by saying that we might leave it all to him; he would fix it. He fixed it, and we looked triumphantly at it as we passed by, and wondered how it ever dared to make us so much trouble.

But alas for the vanity of human affairs! Whenever any one touched the bell-handle this impudent and mischievous clapper immediately fell out. I said any one; there were two important exceptions. For all book-agents and peddlers the bell rang in tones

both loud and clear. My brother kept a ladder in the hall, and continued to "fix it." He grew pale and thin under this wearing responsibility; but relief, or rather a change, was to come very soon.

After about a week of silence the bell rang. We went to the door with a heavy heart, expecting a pedler; but the first remark of the gentleman standing there inspired our souls with courage.

"New kind of bell — most remarkable invention out — inexpensive — convenient — great ornament to front-door, inside and out — put it in for you immediately — stick it right into the middle of the door — beautifully polished — screws all" —

We interrupted him with eager haste. We said we would take the bell; he might put it in then. My brother offered him the other bell for his services; but he was too generous-souled to accept. We rejoiced in this bell; we danced to its music in the parlor, as our little brother wound the handle round and round with caressing touch. We even went out into the kitchen, which was a long way off, to inform our maid-servant of our new acquisition.

"Ann," said we, "how do you like the sound of the new bell?"

"*What*, ma'am?" said Ann, with an expression of astonishment.

"The new bell," we repeated severely. "Haven't you heard the new bell?"

"I'faith an' I haven't heard no bell, ma'am; not since I came to this house have I heard the sound of a bell, ma'am (the unmitigated falsehood!).

We sternly bade her come to the front of the house, and hear the bell. Hearing it, she declared that it was beautiful. And it *was* beautiful in the parlors and sitting-room and front-hall. Nowhere else could it be heard. We never could explain this phenomenon; it was notwithstanding true.

We were in despair. We tried having Ann sit upon the front stairs all the time in order to tend the door; she did this patiently for two days, and then went to her cousin's funeral, with a large bundle of clothes, and never came back.

We concluded that we must have a new bell; so my father went to Boston, and after two days came back with a stern-looking man, a large wooden box, and a bell. This man — who for some reason always reminded me of Achilles — pervaded our house for about a week. He was putting the bell in. He used to appear at the most unaccountable times in the most unaccountable places and darkly summon us to look at the bell in its present stage of progress. We

felt like Hector being dragged about the walls of Troy. At length he went, and for the space of two weeks the bell worked admirably; we never had so many callers in our life. They came in the morning, they came in the afternoon and in the evening; we grew young and fresh once more, and we used to dress ourselves in our most becoming array, feeling, that now, there would be some reward for so doing.

This season of prosperity continued until one fatal day, when Bridget, Ann's successor, knocked at my father's door; and, upon his opening it accosted him with: "Plaze sir, the handle to the bell has come off, sir."

My father sighed, and, leaving his sermon, wearily wended his way down stairs. He studied the case a few moments, and then, putting on his oldest hat, walked slowly and pensively down the street. He soon came back bearing a large bundle of copper wire; with some of this he tied the handle on in a highly ingenious manner. It was all in vain; whenever we went to the door for any reason whatever, we were sure to find some friend standing there, holding the handle in his hand, and looking at it with an air of amused perplexity. When my father had used up all the copper wire, he said that the carpenter must attend to it the rest of the time. He must not neglect his parish any longer.

So the carpenter came, he used to about live at our house in those days; we children became as fond of him as of a grandfather. Many were the stories he used to tell us as he sat on the doorstep, with his white hair flowing over his shoulders, mending the bell. At length he sickened and died. Oh, how we mourned his loss! but we tried to be resigned. After his death, the bell-handle could nowhere be found; when years had passed away my little brother confessed to me that he had buried it upon the old man's grave; but at the time its disappearance was a great mystery.

Soon after this sad event my older brother, who is something of a mechanical genius, came home for a few days from New York. He said that he could fix us something that would never get out of order. We remembered his former success, and were not very confident. However we found that he had improved since that time. The first step he took was to get a gong, like those used upon steamboats; the next, to find a large copper wire, I thought it was part of the Atlantic cable, but didn't say so, for fear of hurting his feelings; the third, and last step, was to fasten these together with some complicated machinery, so that when a spring was touched

outside, the gong went off with a loud and fearful report. This never got out of order. My father now has a study out of the house; my mother, who at first was very much startled by the noise, is fast becoming deaf, and it consequently disturbs her less and less every year. As for the rest of us, we were young enough to become accustomed to it, and are living at the present time in comparative peace.

L. K.

IS N'T IT SO ?

Isn't it so, O friend of mine,
 This life's but a vague and fleeting sign?
 Only a dream of what might be
 Happy and bright for you and me?
 Trials are many, and hard to bear,
 Every day adds its burden of care;
 Life is a riddle, that who can tell?
 Answer me that, and answer me well,
 Isn't it so? "Ah no — ah no"!

Down mid the clover and daisies white,
 If I can read your face aright,
 Somebody told you a story to-day, —
 The sweet old tale in the sweet old way;
 And it needs no seer to rightly guess
 That your answer sweet was nought but yes.
 The heart is lonely with Love away,
 But Love is restless, and will not stay,
 Isn't it so? "Ah no — ah no"!

You are brave and blithe in your youth and love,
 No cloud has your sky that bends above;
 But after all, soon the song is done,
 And all that can be is lost or won.
 Why do we fret ourselves to grasp
 The joys that are fleeting all too fast?
 Why do we try to hold them yet,
 Can we not let them pass and forget?
 Isn't it so? "Ah no — ah no"!

It may be truth, I cannot tell,
 For trust and love do not reason well;
 And I only hope and trust, you see,
 For what the years are to bring to me.

But I know full well that Love Infinite,
 Sends both the shadow and sunshine aright.
 They will break away when the day is done,
 And the lives that seem nought but tear and sigh,
 Will have all made up to them — by and by!

Smiles may fade — but Love cannot change;
 True love can never grow chill or strange.
 Life has its sweetness after all,
 Though often the shadows darkly fall.
 Life, though a battle hard to fight,
 Is nought to a heart that is warm and light,
 And somewhere under a calmer sky
 Peace is awaiting us — by and by!"

'74.

A SKETCH OF LEO X.

IN Florence, that city whose very name brings up such a long train of sculptors, painters, poets, and historians, whose influence has been world-wide a little boy first opened his eyes on a cold December's day of 1475.

The child was a son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, head of the family De Medici, whose after history is so inseparably interwoven with that of Florence. From his cradle, his father destined him to the church, and made every effort in his power to secure his advancement to a station worthy one who bore the proud name of De Medici, and who promised in after years to add new lustre to that already illustrious house. His efforts were successful, and the young Giovanni, when only seven years old, received the tonsure and the bishopric of Fonte-dolce. The careful father had well prepared him, and when, ten years later, he was called to Rome to be presented to the Pope as Cardinal de Medici, he behaved like a mature man, dignified and grave.

Throughout all the political troubles that followed the death of his father; through the constant struggles of the Florentines to free themselves from the hated family, who had tyrannized over them so long, and the persevering endeavors of Piero and his descendants to retain the authority enjoyed by Lorenzo, the young Cardinal, with the dignity and wisdom of riper years, driven as he was from city to city, tried to bring about a reconciliation between the parties. At last, on the death of Pope Julius II., his highest hopes and ambitions

were crowned with success, and he was elected, by the assembly of cardinals, Leo X., Pontifex Maximus.

Though his political conduct during his pontificate has been severely criticized, there is much to extenuate it in the condition of Italy when he ascended the papal throne. The country was torn by internal dissensions, while France on one side, and Spain on the other, stood ready to pounce on the first opportunity for gain. The freeing Italy from all foreign interference, the preservation of peace among the small states, the regaining the ancient possessions of the church, and influencing the Christian powers of Europe to forget their dissensions in uniting against the Turks, these were some of the objects which the great pontiff had, and in pursuance of which he became a traitor, a usurper, and made treaties with the French king which at the time he did not mean to keep. Yet, if he failed in his endeavors, during his pontificate Christian Europe enjoyed a rare season of peace and happiness.

His influence on Italian art and literature was greater than in any other department. While yet a boy in his father's house a taste for antique art was awakened in him by the museum of ancient sculpture and painting which Lorenzo had established in his palace, and after he assumed the triple crown he summoned to his court the great artists of his time. Michael Angelo, that prince of painters, of sculptors, and of architects, had already sculptured and painted for the two preceding popes; but it was Leo X. who called out the reserved power in the artist, by sending him to construct the façade of the Library of San Lorenzo at Florence, and thus prepared the way for his successor, Paul III., to place in his hands the building of St. Peter's, the grandest monument to this grandest of men. The immense palace of the Vatican, first conceived by Pope Nicholas V. in the middle of the fifteenth century, had been increased during each pontificate by galleries and towers, enriched with paintings and frescoes of the best masters of the time.

But the honor of carrying out still more fully these grand designs was reserved for Leo X., who recognized the genius of Bramante, of Angelo, Da Vinci, and of Raphael, and gave them work worthy even *their* artistic talents. The unfinished galleries were consigned to Raphael; and so well did he succeed, that he was requested to take charge of the decoration of the inner walls, and make them worthy the beautiful exterior. Many of the chambers also of the Vatican are covered with pictures from the same master-hand. At the Pope's special request, Raphael also furnished the designs for

the tapestry of the Sistine Chapel. An old Roman document states that his death was brought on by exposure while carrying out the wishes of his great friend and patron. Leo wept at the untimely death of his favorite, saying "he had lost the most beautiful jewel of his tiara." But though Raphael stood first in the Pope's favor, yet many others of lesser note were greatly indebted to this generous patron of art, Leonardo Da Vinci, Andrea Montegna, Marc Antonio, Ravenna, and many others, owed much to his patronage and assistance.

One of the most serious charges brought against Leo by his successors, was his indifference to sacred literature. The only ground for this charge seems to have been his great interest in, and encouragement of, profane literature. A contemporary writer assures us that he sought those men, in all parts of Italy and France, who had distinguished themselves in any department of literature, invited them to Rome, attached them to his court, and treated them with great kindness and affection. A still greater proof of his love for real learning wherever found, is his intimate friendship with the learned Erasmus. In the course of the long correspondence which was kept up between them, Erasmus repeatedly praises the Pope for the attention paid by him to theology, law, philosophy, and medicine, and urges him to patronize lighter literature, as a means of promoting severer studies; and when the learned reformer published his Greek Testament, it was with a dedication to his celebrated friend.

The German Reformation was the great event of his pontificate, and the blame and censure heaped on him by both sides only serves to show his wisdom in those stormy times. He, the head of the Roman Catholic church, could not countenance the doctrines of the Reformers, and it is inconsistent with his character to suppose him willing to exterminate the new religion by the harsh measures used by his successors; and yet either course of conduct would have gained him the praise denied him now.

Death came to him unexpectedly, mysteriously, when in the very prime of life, and most heartily engaged in his schemes for the further progress of the world in the knowledge of literature and the arts. But in his short pontificate of eight years there was astonishing proficiency in the arts and sciences, which is universally attributed to the exertions of the pontiff, who, in the midst of the cares of his position, forgot not his old love for literature and the arts, and did all in his power to help those whose genius made them worthy.

What contrast could be more striking than that between this great man, so enthusiastic for the progress of civilization and Christianity, and the present occupant of the papal chair. How are the mighty fallen! Compare his pontificate of twenty-eight years with the eight years reign of Leo X. Pius IX. *promised* well, but the world is little better for his long life of eighty years. And now of what use is the papal throne, the triple crown, to him a prisoner in his own palace, guarded by foreign troops; even his Italy, his Rome, having rebelled against their holy father, and crowned a heretic prince. He may well think he has fallen upon evil times, and turn his eyes longingly toward the New World, as the future field for the church.

May the next Pontiff, whether his home is a Roman or an American Vatican, be a Leo X. rather than a Pius IX. B. W.

MEN'S RIGHTS.

I DO not write for the amelioration of my own condition; I am not suffering under the great injustice of which I am about to speak. But when I see others bearing needless burdens, humanity leads me to plead their cause, and the more, if they seem ignorant of their condition.

Men have for years been the victims of great injustice. They submit to it, and even seem to enjoy it. I suppose that really, there are very few men who realize that they are not "lords of creation." But does the fact that they are ignorant of their wrongs prove that they are not wronged? Because the heathen know no god but those of wood and stone, do we conclude that there is no other? We expect in heaven joys of which we have never dreamed, and why may there not be unthought-of joys in store for us here?

But, you may say, "Men do not want their rights. They are satisfied now; and what is the use of forcing upon them what they do not want"? Yes, I suppose they are satisfied. I suppose, too, that there is no particular desire in the pagan mind for any new revelation. Some young men find immense satisfaction in a cigar, and some others find the same kind of satisfaction in a glass of beer; but that does not prove that they should not be taught some higher source of enjoyment. Doubtless you have heard of the man released after several years of imprisonment, who, after wandering about a

few days, and finding none of his old friends, returned, and begged to be taken back to the prison life, to which he had been so long accustomed, that nothing else seemed desirable to him. In short, "we are all creatures of habit." So I hold that if men do not know their wrongs, they ought to know them; and if they do not want their rights, they ought to want them. And it seems to me they cannot fail to want them, if they will only stop to think.

The men of America, we must confess, are a little inclined to think no way is so good as their own; and so, pursuing this way with a man's will, they at last see no other direction in which to turn. We sometimes need the light of an unprejudiced mind to help us out of our ruts. I have been interested lately in the observations of some young "Celestials," on their arrival in this country. The new customs excited many remarks: as, "Ladies are very high, and boys very *ignoble*. Every one would wish to be a lady; none would wish to be a boy." They had heard before coming here, that sometimes a lady would sit while a gentleman was standing, and they find that this is even so. They see no reason why a gentleman should open a door for a lady, or why men should go away and work all day, while their wives stay at home. Accustomed to an entirely different *modus operandi*, they see how unjust it is that all matrimonial propositions should be left to men, and they feel a strong sympathy for the unfortunate gentlemen who have to endure the shame and disappointment of repeated refusals, simply on account of the selfishness of women, who are unwilling to take this risk upon themselves.

I know that men have always considered this their "sphere"; they have thought it was only manliness to take these things upon themselves. But is not this the result of false education? Is there any natural reason for it? If so, why should we not see this idea brought out more strongly than ever among the Chinese, who have been shut out from all outside influence that would turn their minds away from the natural course. We usually regard that nation as behind us in everything; but it seems to me that in this one respect, they are greatly in our advance. They make me see things in a different light. When I enter a crowded horse-car, and some youth rises to give me his seat, a youth who looks as if this was the only kind of self-denial he ever had to practise, I am loth to disturb the tranquillity of a happy young life; and when I see others lingering in their seats, I feel like saying, "Poor things, you may have been playing the gallant all day; sit still." When I see a young man

spending his hard-earned pence to procure a gay little turnout, flowers, gloves, tickets, etc., for the opera, and then see him going alone, I think there must be something wrong. When I notice similar unrequited attention paid to eight or ten young ladies in succession, and then see his youth and beauty vanish, I feel an indescribable pity for him. When I see young men grow old with broken hearts, and old men with hearts repeatedly broken do their best to grow young, I wonder if there is not a great mistake somewhere; I wonder if some one does n't throw the burden she should bear on to another's shoulders.

And one thing more. We all know of the wickedness and the vice, the drunkenness and the wrangling, that must be encountered at the polls. Any pure and undefiled mind must shrink from such places. Let me ask one question. Why do men mingle themselves in these scenes of strife, and soil their hands with the unseemly questions of politics? Is it merely for their *own* government or protection? Are all the officers appointed, all the laws made, for the sake of men alone? Look over our statute books. How many laws you will find there made for the sole purpose of protecting women. Need I ask if it is right that one party should be oppressed by all the care of the government of two parties? Should women be so dependent, or should they rather take a bold step forward, and say: We will not suffer these overburdened men to do everything for us; we will vote for ourselves?

O. N. T.

MENDELSSOHN.

ON the evening of May 20th, the School assembled in the Academy Hall, where Mr. Downs entertained us with the first of a series of Musicales. This is a new feature in the school for the improvement and cultivation of musical taste. This evening the subject was Mendelssohn.

Mrs. Downs kindly assisted by reading a charming sketch of the great composer, written in her usual sprightly and graceful manner. At intervals Mr. Downs illustrated the reading by playing choice selections with the true Mendelssohn spirit.

The first piece was a "Theme and Variations," a favorite of Goethe's. In this, we saw particularly one striking characteristic

of Mendelssohn — how he introduces one grand central theme, and groups various melodies around it, as a painter disposes all minor figures around one prominent character, the combination forming the beauty for us. The next selection given was written by Mendelssohn when in England. The idea was suggested to him on seeing a bunch of flowers on the piano. The sketch is called "The Carnation and Rose." It is full of most exquisite changes and variations. It shows a double power in Mendelssohn that he could not only make the music speak to us, but the flowers through the music. We were all charmed with this; but were sorry that the saucy rose must have the last word. Mr. Downs played various "Songs without Words." Perhaps these are better appreciated than any of Mendelssohn's music, because more familiar and easily understood.

Mendelssohn's path in life must have been foreseen by those who named him *Felix* — happy; for the star of fortune shone upon his cradle, and followed him through all his ways.

He was grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the noted philosopher, and son of a wealthy banker of Berlin. His early years were spent in this city, where he came in contact with the most eminent men of the time. When young he used to say that "he never would write unless inspired." Had he been obliged, like so many others, to earn his bread with the fruit of his genius, he might have broken this noble resolution; but Providence gave him no battle to fight with grim circumstances.

When only eight years old he was considered the musical prodigy of the time. Indeed, he soon surpassed his teachers in execution and fineness of ear. His father took him, when sixteen, to Paris to to ask Cherubini if his musical talent was sufficient to justify his devoting his life to that art. This modesty was rewarded by a decided affirmative from the distinguished musician. His father, that he might not grow narrow-minded, gave him a liberal education at the Berlin University, and also made him practise athletic sports, that he might be educated in body, as well as mind. About this time Goethe became interested in the lad, through Zelter, and their subsequent friendship was very beneficial to Mendelssohn. He encouraged all high and noble traits in his character, kept him from flattery, and showed him that if he would have success he must work for it.

In 1824 Moscheles, the star of London, came to Berlin, and became acquainted with the Mendelssohn family. He saw the

genius of young Felix, and was persuaded to give him instruction. This was just what the youthful artist most needed; for, notwithstanding the fine teaching of Berger and Zelter, he needed some one who could appreciate his original ideas, while teaching him style and execution, thus bringing his various talents to perfection.

A little later, his father decided that it was time for him to travel, and become acquainted with the world, or, rather, make the world acquainted with himself. Therefore he sent him to London, after Moscheles had returned. He was received there with enthusiasm, and several of his works were given in concert by Sontag, then in her glory. He also visited Scotland; and it is said that on his return his sisters asked him to tell them of the Hebrides. "It cannot be told, only played," he answered, whereupon he seated himself, and composed the theme which became the overture called "The Hebrides." It would be useless to attempt to follow him in his travels from London to Munich, thence to Paris, thence to Rome; in fact, almost every city of Europe was visited at some time in this second stage of his career.

He had an older sister, Fanny, who was very dear to him. He was bound to her by the strongest ties of sympathy; for they composed together, and knew and appreciated each other's musical ideas. After a winter of such intense labor as would undermine any constitution, he joined his family at Frankfort, where the news of this dear sister's death reached him. His grief seemed completely to overpower him; but he found alleviation in his work, which he pursued with renewed energy, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends.

"Let me work a little longer," he would say to his wife, when she begged him to spare himself. "The time for me to rest will soon be here. I must use the little season that is at my disposal; I do not know how long it will last."

It seemed as if a warning were sent from out the distance; that he knew that his blessed music had gone the way his soul must go, and that a beloved spirit waited at the gates of paradise to receive him. So in the midst of loving and sympathizing friends he departed from this life to join forevermore in sweetest songs of praise around the glorious throne of God. After we had heard of the last days of this beautiful life, Mr. Downs played his "Funeral March," with wonderful power. As it ended it seemed in the silence as if Mendelssohn's own beautiful spirit were in our midst.

We enjoyed this musical treat so much we shall look eagerly forward to the next — Mozart.

Mr. Downs' old pupils among the readers of the Courant know his enthusiastic love for his art, and his wonderful power of imparting it to others ; and they can imagine the rare pleasure we have had this term in listening to his glowing descriptions of the music he enjoyed and the masters he met during his winter in London.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

THE *Courant* has reached its third number, and its friends hope that its footing among sister-magazines is secure. It begins to sympathize with them, and even to view them with a mildly critical eye. What has given us this confidence? We, too, have been criticized; and, believing in the law of reciprocity, recognize our new rights.

We, with feminine magazines in general, labor under disadvantages. Not having devoted our time and talent to the investigation of political subjects, of course, we do not pretend to instruct the public on the "Troubles in Arkansas," "The Inflation of Currency," or other topics of like nature. And who knows but that for want of our opinions on these and kindred subjects, the good old-fashioned Ship of State may lose her reckonings or run on shoals. But in the good time coming, as Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher would have us believe, we may add our candid opinions and weighty advice to the mighty current filled from journalistic streams throughout the land.

But while we disavow all pretensions on this score, we shall try to express modestly, as school-girls should, some of our opinions on subjects with which we are more intimately acquainted. As for our paper, Advertisements have enlarged it, while its exterior is altered for the better. Yet in adorning the outside of the cup and platter, we sincerely hope we have not neglected the contents.

Hereafter the paper will be issued twice a year, and if a rare, we wish it may be only a more welcome, visitor.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: Amherst Student, College *Courant*, Packer Quarterly, Philomathean Mirror, Vassar Miscellany, Yale *Courant*.

We are sorry to notice a little inclination in one of our leading exchanges to revile their Western brethren.

Elegantly arrayed, and with that high-bred air that society gives, *The Yale Courant* can, of course, afford to expend a few side-splitting remarks on those "verdant prairie boys." Yet Old Yale should not forget its green days, though far in the past. Neither, perhaps, is greenness such a

bad characteristic; it certainly promises more life than the sere and yellow leaf. And, while ridiculing the "crude ideas some of our Western friends have of oratory, who if Eastern students, would be counted a six figure approximation to an ass," it might be well to remember that even in these unfortunate orators there may be manly stuff, and a degree of magnanimity worthy even a patronizing "Eastern student."

Moreover, we wonder which is most to be honored, the youth who struggles for an education, who works a year to gain a year's knowledge, or he of the irreproachable mustache, who twirls so scientifically his cane and whiffs so nonchalantly his cigar, while "papa" toils in the counting-room.

Ah, if you knew but a third of the sacrifices, the labor, the heroic "grit" bearing that distasteful "Western tinge," all the respect you had would be little to bestow, time-honored Yale.

We thank the Yale Courant for its brotherly interest, and its doubtful compliments; and hope, that as we advance in years, we may have an aspect of deeper wisdom. It might be well to state that our venerable friend was slightly mistaken in regard to the "rural typography," as Boston is hardly considered "rural."

A woman in speaking of the decease of a friend said, "She died of a new kind of cough—the mony." After much wonder, the pneumonia was suggested; at which she exclaimed, "Oh yes, that's it."

THE LAST OF THE SIDEWALKS.

In Salem town the ancient,
In time long passed away,
An aged man fell fast asleep
Upon a summer's day.

And, for some wondrous reason
Which is to me unknown,
His slumbers were unbroken
Till a century had flown.

He then awoke quite suddenly,
And rubbed his sleepy eyes,
Gazing around the dusty town
With singular surprise.

Then he his steps directed
Towards the long, old street
Where he, one hundred years ago,
His friends was wont to meet.

But, after going weary steps,
He noticed on the ground
Those articles called pavements,
Which everywhere abound.

It troubled him to place his foot
Upon the heartless stones,
And, as he onward pressed his way,
His spirit gave forth groans.

But still he dragged himself along,
Until, with much exhaustion,
He set himself within a train
A-travelling on to Boston.

The swiftly moving engine
Conveyed him quickly there ;
And then, with eager purpose,
He hunted everywhere,

In Boston and in Cambridge,
In Somerville and Lynn,
To find a single sidewalk
Where the pavements were not in.

Regardless of all hinderance,
His search went on and on,
And, failing signally in B,
He tried town after town.

Until, at last, he gave it up,
And sought for him a place
Wherein he might lie down and die,
And end his earthly race.

He sought the town called Andover,
Which, he had heard it said,
Was blest with many graveyards
To cover all its dead.

But, when he got to Andover,
His joy I can't repeat
To find that *mud* two inches deep
There covered every street.

He gave up every gloomy thought,
And, walking up and down,
To-day enjoys the good old mud
Of that distinguished town.

HOME MATTERS.

We listened with pleasure to the entertainment given by the Harvard students, April 17th.

The blinds of one window on the north side of Davis Hall suddenly disappeared May 16th. Suitable reward offered for the arrest of the thief.

We have the benefit of Prof. Churchill's instruction in elocution again this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor entertained very pleasantly the friends invited to meet the Middle Class, P. A.

The Senior Class rejoice that the "Butler" examination is changed, this year, from Anniversary Day to Tuesday.

We were surprised to recognize, in the manly students who lately visited Andover, the youthful graduates of '72.

The Andover Band is progressing, having given several serenades this season, at which they were hospitably entertained.

Mr. Downs, our instructor in music, is with us this term, after having spent a few months abroad. He has favored us with the first of a series of Musicales.

The Draper prize speaking, at Phillips Academy, passed off successfully, and not alone on the part of those who were so successful as to win the prizes.

Several squads of the A. A. girls have lately been in quest of improvement and pleasure to the neighboring city. The Art Class to the Boston Picture Galleries; the Botany Students to the Botanical Gardens, Cambridge; the Zoölogy Class to the Natural History Rooms.

Rev. Josephus Flavius Cook recently gave a lecture in P. A. Hall, on "Greece." The object was to found a prize in the Academy for the best student in Greek prose.

At the last Porter Rhetorical Exhibition we listened to a lively discussion on the ghastly question, "Is Cremation preferable the Burial." Although both sides were well sustained, we were not induced to change our views.

The Citizen's Course of Lectures last winter more than fulfilled all expectations. Rarely does a country town receive so many distinguished visitors as has Andover this winter.

The hospitable Davis-Hallers gave a soirée, May 15th, at which pure Parisian French was the language, emulating the example of the English Seniors, who gave so pleasant an entertainment last winter.

By the favor of one of our Trustees, Col. Ripley, the school has obtained a valuable German manuscript, — a patent of nobility, given by the emperor Maximilian, in 1518, — of which Prof. Faulhaber has kindly furnished a translation. We have also received an addition to our collection of sixty birds, from Rev. Mr. Bruce, of India.

SEVENTH ANNUAL READING.

We trust the editors of the Courant will lay aside all false modesty, and allow this little notice of the reading in which they took so prominent a part to be inserted in its columns.

The old scholars will be glad to learn that the Seventh Annual Reading, through the continued generosity of Mrs. Draper, was given in the Academy Hall, on May 26th. The reading as a whole was unusually fine, each person doing great credit to herself and her class. '74 was well represented by Misses Wilson, Merriam, Tilden, and Reed. We missed Miss Wilder's voice, which has delighted our ears so many times, but honored her generosity in yielding her place to one who had not already enjoyed so much of Prof. Churchill's instruction. We were also sorry to see the ominous star, which meant *Excused*, against Miss Goddard's name. "The Cat's Pilgrimage," by Miss Wilson, was both amusing and instructive. Her personification of the owl was ludicrous in the extreme. The reading of "Quite So" only added fresh honors to those already won by Miss Merriam. "The Pleasures (?) of Summer Travel," as represented by Miss Tilden, would seem to be, like angel's visits, few and far between. Her reading was charming. For Miss Reed's selection we could say, with "The Senator Entangled":

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this."

It makes us shed a tear of sorrow when we think that, in the natural course of things, we can never throw the responsibility of the reading upon their shoulders again; for this summer graduates them. All honor to '74! "Set free to serve," may the same success attend them. Miss Meacham's entire abandon in the personation of Henry V. was wonderful. The laurels she gathered must be divided between '74 and '75. '75, never behind hand in anything, stood Tuesday evening in the foremost ranks, through its representatives, Misses Spalding, Redington, Kendall, and Karr. Miss Spalding's admirable setting forth of the nature and peculiar habits of the American student-lamp was such as to bring vividly to mind many painful experiences. "Backward, turn Backward," was feelingly and appropriately given by Miss Redington. Miss Kendall's spirit and vivacity made "Coupon Bonds" very attractive. We shall hope to hear from her again. In the "Lifting of the Kine," Miss Karr took on capitally

the role of the injured champion of woman's rights. Another ominous star was seen against Miss De Forest's name, much to our regret. Miss Mowry, of '76, depicted vividly the hopes and fears of the daring girl who saves her lover's life by preventing the ringing of the curfew — the signal for his execution. Miss Twichell, of the same class, made Saxe Holm's noble and lovely "Draxy," in the sermon-reading scene, more beautiful than ever to us by her presentation. Miss Douglass and Miss Ely promise well for the glory of '77. "St. Michael's" was finely rendered by the former, and Miss Phelps's touching story of June's search for Massa Linkum was read by Miss Ely in such a pathetic and natural manner as could not but delight the author herself, who was present.

A profusion of flowers for the readers testified to the enjoyment and appreciation of all.

We think the audience would agree with a guest present, who remarked of the manner of the readers: "It was free from self-consciousness, without the least boldness." '75.

ANNIVERSARY.

Our exercises at the close of the term and year will be as follows:

JUNE 29, MONDAY A.M.: Examinations in Physical Geography, French (Middle Class), Sallust, Astronomy.

MONDAY P.M.: Examinations in Ancient History, Botany, Rhetoric, Milton, with Compositions, Recitation of Poetry, and Music.

JUNE 30, TUESDAY A.M.: Algebra, Zoology, Virgil, History of the English Language, History of Art.

TUESDAY P.M.: Examinations of Graduating Classes in Latin and French and in Butler's Analogy, with Compositions, Recitations of Poetry, and Music.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 9.15 A.M.: Music; Compositions by Misses Bartlett, Wilson, Merriam; Music; Discussion — Is Christianity Favorable to the Fine Arts? *Aff.*, Misses Reed and Goddard; *Neg.*, Misses Wilder and Tilden; Presentation of French and Latin Diplomas.

At the South Church, 11.15: Address by President J. Clark Seelye; Giving of Diplomas by Prof. Park; Parting Hymn — Words by Mrs. Annie S. Downs, Music by Mr. S. M. Downs.

PERSONALS.

'69. Miss Hattie Davis, of North Andover, died of typhoid fever in Florence, Italy, May 10th. Her loss is deeply felt by all who were associated with her at Abbott Academy; and even to those who were strangers to her personally she seemed like a schoolmate. The four cousins, Hattie, Kate Roberts, Lizzie Davis, and Alice French, all under the escort of Miss Alice's father, made up as merry a party as often crosses the Atlantic; and the eight weeks, from the time she left her home till the terrible telegram reached it — *Hattie is dead*, — were overflowing with happiness to her.

Her cheery voice and genial ways and true heart, will not soon be forgotten at the school where she spent six years of her short life, and where she began to love that Saviour who has guided her to a lovelier land than she dreamed of, even when she turned her steps toward fair Italy.

'73. Miss Hopkins is travelling in Europe.

'73. Miss Nash's friends are glad to hear that her home was not only not destroyed by the inundation at Williamsburgh, but has been an asylum for sufferers.

'73. Married in Cambridge, June 4th, Miss Susie E. Shaw, to Mr. George A. Keeler.

'74 Miss Minnie Brown is attending school in Paris.

ORGANIZATIONS.

'74:

<i>President,</i>	EMMA S. WILDER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ELIZABETH M. REED.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	CHARLOTTE C. ADAMS.
<i>Historian,</i>	HELEN BARTLETT.
<i>Sibyl,</i>	KATE L. TILDEN.
<i>Poet,</i>	ALICE W. MERRIAM.

'75.

<i>President,</i>	MARION DWIGHT.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	OLIVE C. KENDALL.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MARY L. HALE.

'76.

<i>President,</i>	OLIVE N. TWICHELL.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	LEILA E. TAYLOR.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	KATE S. BUSS.

'77.

<i>President,</i>	CLARA L. LINDLEY.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	SUSIE L. FARNHAM.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	GRACE D. ELY.

SCALENE WARBLERS.

ALICE W. MERRIAM, *Mrs. Beet, Conductress.*

MINNIE C. BIDWELL, *High E.*

MARY E. KELLY, *G. Sharp.*

EMMA P. MEACHAM, *Variety.*

LOUIE KARR, *Monotone.*

BOAT-CLUBS.

NEREIDS.

SUSIE W. S. LYMAN, *Stroke.*

EMMA S. WILDER, *Bow.*

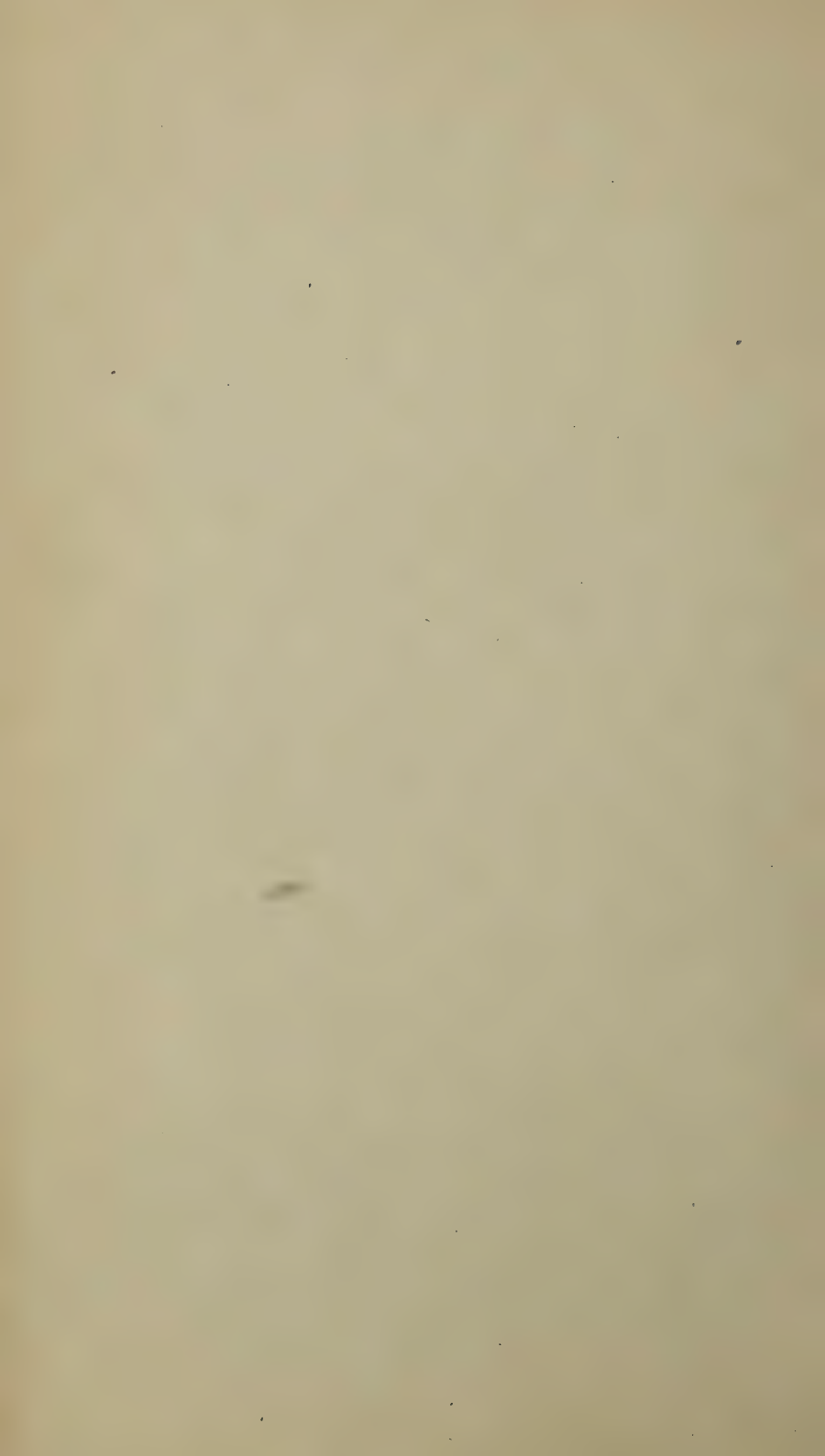
ALICE W. MERRIAM, *Coxswain.*

UNDINES.

EMMA P. MEACHAM, *Stroke.*

ISABELLA WILSON, *Bow.*

HELEN BARTLETT, *Coxswain.*



The Abbott Courant Advertiser.

ABBOTT ACADEMY,

ANDOVER, MASS.

Offers Superior Instruction in

English Branches, Latin, Modern Languages,
and Music.

Anniversary Exercises, July 1, 1874.

Address at the South Church by President J. CLARKE SEELYE,
of Amherst.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 3, 1874.

Whole Expense per Year, Board and English Tuition, \$276.00. Latin,
per Term, \$3.00; French, per Term, \$7.00; Music, per Term, \$35.00.

Apply to the Principal, Miss PHILENA McKEEN.

PAPER WAREHOUSE.

C. B. BOTSFORD & CO.,

PAPER, TWINE,

and Paper Bags,

AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

NEW STORE,

25 HAWLEY STREET, - - - BOSTON.

All kinds of PAPER on hand or furnished to order.

Printed Wrappers a Speciality. Orders and Correspondence Solicited.

SMITH, MANNING & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Grass, & Garden Seeds,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.

ANDOVER, MASS.

ESSEX STREET,

**J. L. SMITH, }
A. S. MANNING, }
I. S. CARRUTH, }**

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY are now considered as essential articles in every LADIES WARDROBE. Yet very few feel confidence in their own judgment enough to make satisfactory purchases. To such we would say, when in want of the above, call on or write to

M. S. PAGE AND CO.,

Who have a good Assortment of

Ladies and Gents Gold Watches, AND GOLD CHAINS.

OPERA, NILLSON, AND ROYAL PATTERNS.

ALSO,

GOLD RINGS AND PINS,

Plain or with Stone Settings.

DIAMONDS,

Of the Purest Water in Elegant Gold Settings, for PINS, BROOCHES, EAR JEWELS, and SOLITAIRES.

Also, SILVER WATCHES for Men and Boys, of all the prominent American, and many English and Swiss makers.

Modern styles

SHOT GUNS,

REVOLVERS AND RIFLES,

CLOCKS,

PLATED WARE, of Roger's celebrated make.

WATCH and JEWELRY REPAIRING PROMPTLY and NEATLY EXECUTED.

Also, we have in Stock many Articles slightly worn, which will be sold to pay advances.

Every Article warranted as represented. With our long experience and small cost of conducting business, we feel warranted in saying we are able to defy competition, and solicit your patronage.

We refer by permission to the Misses McKEEN.

Our only place of Business,

No. 1 Salem Street, Corner of Hanover and Endicott,
BOSTON, MASS.

GEO. W. WALKER & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

WALKER'S HOT AIR FURNACES,**HOTEL AND RESTAURANT RANGES,****FAMILY BRICK RANGES,****PORTABLE RANGES,****WOOD COOKING STOVES,****PARLOR WOOD BURNER.**

Stewart's Cooking and Heating Stoves.**WHITTIER'S STEAM HEATING APPARATUS.****GOLD'S STEAM HEATING APPARATUS.****REGISTERS, VENTILATORS, GRATES, Etc.**

WAREHOUSES,**48 & 50 Union Street,****AND****35 & 37 Friend Street,****BOSTON.**

FURNITURE!

**BEAMAN, SHAW, & COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS**

AND DEALERS IN

**PARLOR, LIBRARY, AND CHURCH
FURNITURE.**

ALSO,

Sofas, Lounges, Easy, Rocking, & Reception Chairs,

MARBLE-TOP CENTRE TABLES, Etc.

**SALES ROOMS,
27 Sudbury, 69 and 71 Portland Streets,
BOSTON.**

ESTES AND LAURIAT'S

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

KNIGHT'S POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

An Illustrated History of Society and Government, from the earliest period to our own times. With ONE THOUSAND Illustrations, including sixty-four fine Steel Plates. This is the only complete, standard history of England.

8 vols., 8vo. cloth, bevelled, gilt extra,	-	-	-	\$25.00
“ “ half calf or morocco, extra,	-	-	-	45.00
“ “ full tree-calf. London bound,	-	-	-	60.00

“The last and greatest literary work of his life. This history will remain for many a long day a standard work.” — *London Times*.

MURPHY'S CRITICAL COMMENTARY ON EXODUS.

One vol., crown 8vo, at \$2.25. Genesis, uniform with the above, at \$2.50.

The clergy of all denominations unite in pronouncing Murphy's Commentaries on the Old Testament Books the best in the world.

PRIMITIVE CULTURE.

Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Custom. By Edward B. Tylor. 2 vols. 8vo. \$5.00.

“This is one of the few erudite treatises which are at once truly great and thoroughly entertaining. The author is a guide no less safe than delightful.” — *North American Review*.

Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices of England.

New Edition. 4 vols. 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth, bevelled,	\$14.00.
4 vols. 8vo. Illustrated. Half calf, extra,	- - 25.00.

“The brilliant success of this work is by no means greater than its merits. It is certainly the most brilliant contribution to English history made within our recollection.” — *N. Y. Tribune*.

Famous Cases of Circumstantial Evidence.

With an Introduction on the Theory of Presumptive Proof. By S. N. Phillips.
Cloth. - - - - - \$2.25.

PUBLISHED BY

ESTES AND LAURIAT,

143 Washington Street, - - - - - BOSTON.

DAVIS & FURBER,

North Andover, Mass.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Wool and Cotton Machinery,

CARD CLOTHING, MILL SHAFTING,

AND

CASTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

HOLT & HIGGINS,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH.

T. A. HOLT,
C. W. HIGGINS, }

CENTRAL STREET, ANDOVER.

A. A. WALKER,

127 Tremont Street,

BOSTON.

I M P O R T E R ,

AND DEALER IN

A R T I S T S ' M A T E R I A L S ,

AND FINE STATIONERY GOODS.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTE-MONNAIES,

TOURISTS' CASES,

VISITING CARD CASES, ETC.

WINSOR AND NEWTON'S OIL AND WATER COLORS,

Canvas, Brushes, Academy Boards, etc.

WHATMAN & HARDING'S DRAWING & WATER-COLOR PAPERS,

BRISTOL, AND ABRADED BOARDS, ETC.

SHEET WAX and all MATERIALS for WAX-FLOWER making.

All Articles direct from Manufacturers, and guaranteed of the best quality.

127 Tremont Street, opposite Park Street, Boston.

Goldthwait, Snow, and Knight,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

CARPETINGS.

A Complete Assortment of all Desirable Styles
and Quality.

CONSTANTLY IN STOCK.

Special attention given to furnishing

Public Buildings, Hotels, Churches,
Academies, etc.

43 AND 45 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

THE ABBOTT COURANT.

Edited by

Ellen E. Chamberlin, '75.

M. Jessie Cole, '76.

Helen Wilbur, '77.

Business Editor,

- - - -

Olive N. Twichell.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1878.

NO. I.

AU SABLE CHASM.

I WANT to tell you of a day spent last summer in the most wonderful spot in the Adirondacks, and to me, in the whole world. Although it is easily accessible, at the very entrance to the mountains, comparatively few of the many tourists who pass into the wilderness find the gate of the Au Sable Chasm.

Our party, a merry company of nine, had been defeated once during the summer in our plan of visiting the chasm; but the long anticipation only increased our eagerness to see it. Imagine yourself with us, crossing Lake Champlain on one of the fine steamers bound from Burlington for Port Kent. After an hour's ride we were landed on a little broken-down dock at the foot of a high hill. On its summit stands a row of dilapidated houses, looking as if they might have survived the revolution, and endured many a battle with the elements since that time.

As we landed we were greeted with, "Stage for the Chasm, sir?" from the most affable of porters; whereupon said porter was attacked with a volley of questions as to ways and means. The gentlemen of our party, a college professor and an embryonic divine, secured us respect and attention wherever we went, because of their dignified bearing; and so we were soon packed in the stage, all the portly, substantial people outside, and the little weak ones inside, as usual; and now we began a three miles ride over what was once a corduroy road, but has now reached a sort of middle age between the old and the new.

After such a shaking as we experienced, the idea of alighting again was delightful, and we were quite prepared to enjoy the rest which awaited us in the spacious parlors of the hotel. This new hotel is really very fine, and everything has that charmingly fresh appearance which is to be expected on the edge of the wilderness. The surrounding country seemed level and fertile ; and we wondered where the chasm could be hidden away.

About two hundred steps down from the hotel is a little rustic lodge, guarded by a very kindly portress. We had brought our dinner from home, and lingered here to eat it. You all know how sandwiches and coffee taste on a glorious autumn morning, with the prospect of a day full of pleasure before you !

After dinner we prepared, according to our portress's direction, for the descent and climb before us. The usual guide is a young girl ; but we needed none, as the gentlemen had visited the chasm before. A second descent, of about two hundred steps from the lodge, brought us to the bottom, where the anticipated grandeur first burst upon us. We were standing on a solid pavement with lofty walls rising on every side. At our feet, dividing the pavement, was the river, from which the chasm takes its name, reduced now to a mere flowing band of blue.

As we glanced to the left, Birmingham Falls flashed upon our view. The fall is divided by an immense rocky tower, which seems to guard it with protecting care. The beautiful spray came sparkling down to us like a sunny messenger, telling that the skies were as blue and the grass as green in the world above as an hour before, though we were buried far away from it all.

From this point we began our walk along the smooth pavement, going down with the stream ; and, with Birmingham Fall still in sight, came upon Horseshoe Fall, which, one of the most enthusiastic of our party presumed to say, surpassed Niagara. It was, indeed, exceedingly beautiful ; the water pours over jagged rocks, forming, if I remember rightly, three cascades, which finally dash into one foaming whirlpool below, when they are suddenly transformed, and flow on, the same calm stream as before the leap. It astonished me to see the same stream so changed in a moment, — now calm and peaceful, now wild and impetuous, chafing against the channels of stone which bound it.

Watching this scene are two important personages — Jacob from his ladder, and the Devil from his oven ; the latter, we should think, would feel ill at ease in such respectable company. For some reason,

we helpless mortals get so accustomed to hearing his name thrust upon us, that we bear it with perfect composure when we find the most beautiful places dedicated to him. However, the name seemed appropriate here, as apparently none but the Prince of Darkness could traverse the pathway leading to that dark hole away up in the wall. Our party was a venturesome one, however, and all succeeded in reaching it, our young divine leading the way, and then as our reward read to us a description of the Chasm, written by some ardent and eloquent admirer.

A little farther on the chasm makes a sudden turn, and just here Jacob's ladder scales the ramparts. Opposite the oven a rustic bridge spans the stream, from which an airy staircase leads to the cliffs above. We were charmed into silence as we entered the path before us ; it led along a narrow, clinging ledge. Far below us, as we looked over the dizzy height, the river shot, clear and tranquil. Above our heads the evergreens formed a beautiful canopy, while beneath our feet the most delicate mosses and ferns grew persistently in all the little crevices, completing the leafy dwelling, fit to be the home of elf or fairy. Far below us the water had worn the rock away, forming a perfect basin ; and it is said, that after a dinner cooked in the oven, his satanic majesty resorts to this "punch-bowl."

But I fear that I shall linger too long over the first wonders, as we were tempted to do in seeing them. We passed on through the Via Mala, a path leading for one hundred feet along the edge of the rock, and through the reception room, where we were interested to find many autographs left in the crevices ; following this pathway down a steep descent, we reached Old Point Comfort, where we embarked in a square, flat-bottomed boat for the ride through the flume. Opposite this spot are the most wonderful rocks in the whole chasm, — the two grand towers of Cathedral Rock.

Point Comfort is a large flat rock ; on it is perched a little boat-house, whence issued two black-eyed lads, who loosed the boat from her moorings. At first one is bewildered at the novelty, but soon he is lost in wonder and admiration at what far surpasses every expectation.

The walls rise vertically to the height of one hundred and seventy-five feet on either side, thus reducing the sky above to a silvery thread. The stream is narrow, but very deep ; not a ripple disturbs it, until you suddenly come upon the rapids. The lads shout : "Hold tight," and over you go, tumbling from this side to that as

you advance, holding your breath in excitement, until, finally, all is over, and the boat glides gracefully into a little bay called the Basin, where the river is no longer imposing, but very beautiful.

I only wish that I could give you some idea of how wonderful it all was. Of course, many of the loveliest spots have been left unmentioned, as Druid Rock and Mystic Gorge — the very names of which suggest enchantment.

After one last glimpse, we wended our way back to the lodge, through a beautiful woodland path. After our supper we proceeded leisurely to the hotel, and secured seats in the first stage bound for the lake. It seemed so strange and weird, waiting on the little dock until the boat should come; an occasional lantern only serving to make the darkness visible.

We were no longer the merry group that went over in the morning; the heart and mind of each were full of the wonder and beauty seen all the day long. Each had brought away some lesson taught in that house of God. The sparkle and flash of the beautiful falls in the sunshine, "like the spirit of God moving visibly over the waters," seemed like the opening voluntary. The everlasting rocks, the types and symbols of eternity, — "of first and last and midst and without end," — preached a new sermon to me of the power and might of our God. The ride through the flume and the landing in the calm and peaceful bay was like the Amen and Benedicite, chanted in some ancient cathedral after the vesper service.

ARS POETICA AND L'ART POÉTIQUE.

ON the first reading, one can hardly understand why Boileau should have offered to the public as his own, a work which seems so nearly a translation of Horace's Art of Poetry; much less, why the public should have received it with such applause, hailing its author as Legislator of Parnassus.

On a more careful reading, however, we find that Boileau has added to the original poem not a few good ideas of his own. The general outline of the two essays is very much the same; the chief difference being in the pithy little sayings in which both abound. The allusions also differ, in keeping with the times in which the two works were written.

The two essays open very differently; Horace arousing our

attention from the first by a startling picture of a monster with a horse's neck, a human head, limbs of different descriptions; the whole being covered with a variety of plumage; having the head of a beautiful woman, but terminating in an unsightly fish. Boileau's opening lines are good, but common-place, as follows:

"C'est en vain qu'an Parnasse un téméraire auteur
Pense de l'art des vers atteindre la hauteur
S'il ne seul point du ciel l'influence secrète,
Si son astre en naissant ne l'a formé poète,
Dans son génie étroit il est toujours captif."

Horace's way of closing is also more pleasing than Boileau's. His sense of humor shows itself in an amusing description of a man crazed with the ambition to be a poet; while Boileau waxes eloquent on the subject of poetry and the field open to writers.

Boileau's essay is full of good sense; but much of the best of it is taken directly from Horace, and not at all improved in the expression. Compare, for instance:

"Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons,"

and

"Avant donc d'écrire, apprenez à penser";

"Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur,"

with

"Ce que l'on conçoit bien s'énonce clairement,
Et les mots pour le dire arrivent aisément,"

"Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi,"

and

"L'esprit n'est point ému de ce qu'il ne croit pas."

Horace's words seem more expressive and to the point. In describing an old man he says:

"Laudatos temporis acti

Sed puero."

while Boileau expresses the same idea in this diluted way:

"La vieillesse

Toujours plaint le présent et vante le passé."

Yet we must give Boileau credit for a great many nice little sayings which are original. For instance:

"He who cannot limit his imagination, never knew how to write."

"Listen carefully to every one; a cockney sometimes has a valuable idea."

"Submit willingly to corrections; but do not mind those of a fool."

"Do not be forever writing verses. Mingle with your friends;

be a man of integrity. One can easily be charming in a book ; it is more to be able to converse and to live."

"Do not bring forward a subject too comprehensive. The wrath of Achilles alone, well treated, was enough to fill an entire Iliad."

Boileau is very much opposed to those who

"Font d'un art divin un métier mercenaire";

yet he shows, in a very amusing way, his appreciation of the fact that even poets must subsist on bread and butter. He says :

"Horace denied himself nothing ; and, free from the care that troubled Colletel, did not await the success of a poem for his dinner."

Doubtless the opinion of Voltaire is just, — that Boileau's essay is the more finished and methodical of the two ; and yet, as he adds, Horace made no pretension to writing a studied essay, but only a familiar conversation. Voltaire places Boileau far above Horace ; but perhaps we may make some allowance for his pride in his own countryman. *L'Art Poétique* would be nothing, stripped of what it has borrowed from the *Ars Poetica*. Praise is certainly due to Boileau, but all the more to Horace, if he so exhausted the subject that sixteen hundred years could not bring out more new ideas.

A LITTLE EXHORTATION.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

A MALE teacher of reputation made the remark a short time since, that during ten years in which he had been teaching in different schools, one student in each year had become insane. During the last three years, in one of the most noted schools for boys in this country, three students have become insane ; in almost every case as the result of hard study. These facts have caused no disturbance however ; no kind physician has considered it his duty to rise and declaim against these schools, their courses of study ; and the hard work involved. How widely different all this would have been had this calamity occurred in schools made up of girls instead of boys. How the august body of educational reformers would have cried out in holy horror, and what thunders of excommunication would have been hurled at the unhappy schools. Dr. Clark might have found in them a fit and profitable subject on which to base another of his agitating volumes, and the world would have had the pleasure of reading a few more original remarks and suggestions on

“Sex in Education.” The effect of hard study on girls is argued, in the book just mentioned, from comparatively few instances, and these of the worst kind. For my part (I say it with reluctance, for I am a girl), I believe there is not more than one girl out of fifty who will study hard enough to hurt herself. In my estimation, books calculated to urge girls on, and arouse their ambition, are needed, rather than those which, giving them an exaggerated idea of their physical weakness, and inability to exert their minds without injury to themselves, will lessen their desire to study. I think however, that this disinclination to hard mental work is not natural, but results from the influences which have surrounded them all their lives, and the manner of their education.

As to health, there is no doubt that half the girls who leave school with broken health do not ruin it by hard study. It is the immoderate, unceasing stuffing with candy and sweet things which brings on the dyspepsia, which shatters the nervous system, and works the destruction ; not any natural weakness.

Of course, some girls are delicate ; so are some boys ; but no one thinks it necessary on that account to decry the whole sex as weak. And we girls are not the puny creatures they would make us out. The majority of girls who lose their health owe it to their own imprudence.

Girls, why not let us who are now coming into womanhood, prove to the world that we can get an education equal to that of boys, while we are girls, and still turn out strong, healthy women ? And we can do it, if we will. We can live more sensibly, dress more sensibly, take plenty of healthful exercise and rest, and finish our school days, having obtained a good education, and kept a sound mind in a *sound body*.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

TIME envelops events long past in so mysterious an atmosphere of unreality that it is difficult to draw the line between the true and the fanciful. Especially hard is it in considering the beginnings of a people's history, so enshrouded are they in the mists of superstition and fable. We can hardly look back ten centuries, to the time of king Alfred, and realize that he was other than one of those poetical conceptions to which the active imagination of that age gave birth ; he is so in contrast to others of his time, both in intelligence

and virtue. However, such authentic records remain that we are compelled to believe that king Alfred was "more than idle fable."

"I wished to live honorably whilst I lived, and after my death to leave to men who were after me my memory in good works." This could have been the utterance of no one who was not truly noble. Wicliffe has been styled the morning star of the Reformation; Chaucer, the morning star of English literature; and Alfred may with fitness be considered as the morning star of English civilization.

Perhaps no king ever found his kingdom in a worse condition than did he, on ascending the throne. The country laid waste by the barbarous and hitherto unconquerable Danes; and the people, ignorant and exhausted by poverty and the constant dread of their blood-thirsty foes, in despair. Undaunted he undertook the great task of righting the wrongs of his countrymen. With such a force as he can collect, he marches forth; now a victor, and next the vanquished, he keeps up the bloody warfare, making treaty after treaty which his enemies break at their earliest opportunity, until at length the Britons, believing themselves to be abandoned by Heaven, either submit to the invaders or flee the country, leaving Alfred to secure his safety disguised as a peasant in the house of a herdsman. He suffers all the trials of his meanest subject till fortune again favors his cause. Finding himself once more at the head of an army, he takes the field, and after hard struggles and bloody battles, succeeds in restoring peace.

Devoted to the interest of his people, and unmindful of bodily suffering, he labored unceasingly for their improvement and advancement. He rebuilt the ruined cities; instituted a militia; erected castles and fortresses, and originated the English navy. After securing the island from further inroads of the barbarians, he turned his attention to the moral and intellectual needs of his people. He found literature at its lowest ebb. The learning which a century before had distinguished Britain among the intelligent nations of the time had sunk into oblivion on account of the monasteries being destroyed, then the sole guardians of erudition. Though the Latin service was used in all churches, Alfred says he found few priests south of the Humber, who understood the Common Prayer or could translate a line of Latin. To supply these deficiencies he invited to his court the most learned men of whatever nationality, and gave preferment both in church and state offices to men of education. He established schools in all parts of the country, and did all in his power to encourage the general attendance. By these means he

diffused knowledge among all classes, heretofore centred in one of the ecclesiastical orders. He insisted upon all officers gaining an acquaintance with book knowledge, and punished most severely any mistake made by them through ignorance. He removed many from their positions on this account, while he suffered a few old men to serve by deputy. He revived Saxon literature, and increased it by original compositions and by translations. In speaking of his literary labors he naively begs that he may be pardoned for undertaking a task which his other duties prevent his doing as well as it ought to be done, and hopes that some more learned man who comes after him will correct his mistakes. The laws he established for governing his people are too complicated to be here discussed; but they were wise and merciful, and accomplished the ends for which they were instituted. It was a work which must have required much wisdom, since, for so long, utter lawlessness had prevailed in that afflicted land.

Alfred the Great, the Good, the Shepherd of his people, the Darling of the English, gained these titles from his grateful subjects; and never were honors more deservedly borne. One historian says of him: "The merits of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present. He seems, indeed, to be the model of that perfect character which, under the denomination of sage, philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination than in hopes of ever seeing it really existing; so happily were his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended." However, it is true that he, too, had his faults. In his youth he was haughty and domineering; but the trials he endured, while England was so disturbed by war, softened and purified his disposition, and by this very experience rendered him the more fitted to rule over others. His imperfections were more of the head than the heart. From the grave of these early faults, conquered, came forth a stronger and a truer understanding, that could sympathize with the sinner and pass a more righteous judgment upon his offences.

Alfred died at the age of fifty-two, most deeply mourned and truly lamented. His prayer, that he might live long in the memory for his works' sake, has indeed been granted. He laid the corner-stone of a broad and deep foundation, upon which to-day rests the grand structure of one of the greatest nations the world has ever known.

SHOES.

WHETHER regarded practically or speculatively, the shoe is not to be despised. To say nothing of it as an indispensable finish of our dress and security of our comfort, it is interesting as an article of manufacture. It is needless to remark to any one acquainted with the eastern part of Massachusetts, that its towns are noted for the manufacture of boots and shoes. Many of our richest men have made their fortunes in this business. Very many of the palatial residences which adorn our cities may be traced back to the shoe manufactories. Those generous donations of which we are so justly proud, generally originate in the shoe.

Shoes have not only a present but a historic interest. In France, at one time, degrees of rank were indicated by the length of the shoe, which of course became a mark of distinction. The shoe of a knight measured one foot and a half, that of a baron two feet, that of a prince two and a half feet. Imagine a man walking in the streets of Boston, wearing boots with such long toes that it was necessary that they should be fastened to the knee, even though it were with gold chains! Such a man would indeed be a curious spectacle; yet this was just the style worn in England in the fifteenth century. These boots were so expensive, as well as absurd, that a law was passed forbidding all but the higher classes to wear them; and soon after the toe was limited to two inches. Dame Fashion next decreed that the toes should be very wide, and they were straightway made of such breadth that it was necessary to pass another law to restrain this ambition. Then came boots with such high, large tops that they were quite troublesome in walking. Venetian ladies wore shoes with soles sometimes measuring more than a foot in thickness, which were liked because they made the wearer appear very tall. This ridiculous fashion found its way into England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The present sensible style of shoe was introduced in the seventeenth century, and by its simplicity and utility has secured us from a repetition of such follies.

There is a great difference in the shoes worn in the various countries in our own time. The Dutch still cling to the old wooden shoe, which is said to be very comfortable. But what a clatter they must make! However, the sound may be no more disagreeable than the exasperating squeak of our American boots. In strong contrast to the Dutch are the Chinese shoes worn by the ladies of

rank. These are made of silk, or some other light material, elegantly embroidered, are only three or four inches long, and by the people of that country are considered very ornamental, though to us they are a pitiful sight.

Shoes have also a place in sacred and legendary history. Did not the Gibeonites make a league partly by means of their old shoes, which appeared so travel-worn? Did not Cinderilla's fortune come in a slipper? Then there was the old woman who took up her abode in a hospitable shoe, which nevertheless proved too tight a fit for her large family, and thus, modelled by her hard fortune, as every one knows, she stands high in the calendar of virtue, as an example of motherly prudence and discipline.

The shoe has become immortal since the great "I AM," by the command, "Put thy shoes from off thy feet," taught not Moses only, but all of us, the reverence with which we should tread upon holy ground. Even to this day, the Samaritans take off their shoes as they approach the site of their ruined temple. This is surely a lesson for us, who, although we never fail in the deference due to earthly dignitaries and celebrities, rush so heedlessly into the presence of the King of kings.

To bind and loose the shoe was considered a menial duty, fit only for the lowest class of servants. Yet the noble forerunner of Christ declared, "He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose." In like humility may we learn lessons even from the shoe, and follow the steps of our blessed Redeemer, till, with unsandalled feet, we cross the threshold of the heavenly home, to go no more out forever.

THAT DRESS.

I AN'T much given to making a fuss over my relations, nor feeling sot up because my ancestors come over in the "May Flower"; but when it gets kind of dusky like, and I am a setting in the door-way a-thinking and a-watching them clouds that look as if the angels had let a little of the brightness slip out of heaven when the gates were opened to let some one in; I say, then's the time that I get a-thinking of my old grandmother.

It seems at them times as if I could feel her two hands a-stroking my head, and a winding of my curls around her fingers; and I can see

her face, all over wrinkles, and her eyes so good and clear, that I could look down through them into her soul like, which was so pure and white and good. She was one of the kind that walks with God, and the words she spoke were like them the "wise man" tells about: "Apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Once, when I was a small thing, going on seventeen, I was asked to a party at the squire's, him as married Marthy White. My head was full of that party for nigh two weeks afore the time, and I kept a-counting the days, and a-wondering what I should wear.

At last, a few days before the time, the coach stopped afore our door. I remember I was sweeping off the porch, and Ben, he was the driver, tossed me a bundle. I ran into the house and into grandmother's room; she sat reading by the window; but as I come in she looked up and said:

"Well, child, what is it?"

It was a beautiful muslin, which she'd sent to the next village for!

I could n't half wipe the dishes that night, because I was in such a flutter; and, all the next morning, I was a-thinking how handsome I'd look with my dress all tucks and ribbon. That evening, when I was a-reading the chapter to grandmother, I was a-thinking, all the while, of the party; and, somehow, I was n't as much interested as usual. I knew I was a-reading about "not having that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

As soon as grandmother had finished praying, I kissed her good-night, and was going up to my room to dream and calculate about the fixings of that dress. She always could see farther into you, than most folks; and she saw as how somewhat was on my mind; so said she:

"What is it?"

Said I, "How shall I trim the skirt?"

"Make it plain and neat, with a broad hem," said she.

I cried myself to sleep that night; and all the plans I had made were spoiled by her saying that; but, little by little, it got into my head and my life, what it meant to have that dress made so plain and true. It meant that I should take pains with the stitches, and lay the gathers awful close; it meant that I was to make it well, in the place of spending my time on ribbons and fixings!

At first I said to myself that it was all the good dress I had, and why not have it smart like?

I've an idea why, now, tho' it's took me most of my life to learn

the lesson ; it was just because I had only that one good dress to make ! When it was finished I was n't to be ashamed to show it to grandmother, I was n't to be a-hiding of my face, and a-saying, "I made that stitch long because I was in a hurry ; I thought the bow would cover that rip."

I had only one dress to make ; I had only one life to live ; so I sot to work to make the stitches in 'em fine and strong, and to keep 'em both pure and white.

I was n't to hurry over my life, and think to cover its faults with outside show ; I was 'nt to tell the Master, when it was done that I had forgotten this, and overlooked that. I was to bring my life to him just as I brought the dress to grandmother the night before the party, all clean and white, and I was to look him right in the face, and show him every stitch.

So I keep that dress, done up in lavender, and it reminds me every day to make my life "plain and neat, with a broad hem."

SUCCESS.

Clear before us lies the way
 For our eager feet to tread ;
 Warm the sunlight as in May,
 Blue the heaven overhead.
 Blooming in the sun's bright ray
 Are the flowers, that seem to say,
 "All this joyousness will last."
 Though the earth seems fair and bright,
 Rejoicing in the warmth and light,
 Ere a little time has past
 All this brightness will have fled ;
 The sky with clouds will be o'ercast,
 While the sad rain falleth fast.
 E'en the flowers cannot stay !
 All these blossoms of to-day
 By to-morrow will be dead.

Lofty aims and hopes are ours
 For the life that lies before ;
 Eager plans of work to do
 Ere the journey shall be through,
 And we labor nevermore.

Erelong we bitter trials find ;
 And, ever striving, full of care,
 Life, that first did seem so fair,
 Now seems a failure to our mind.
 And when at last the summons come
 To call us from our earthly home,
Just begun our life-work seems.
 All our hopes and lofty dreams —
 Like the flowers that, blooming, died —
 One by one are laid aside ;
 And life *unfinished* is resigned.

But our labor is not lost.
 All the struggle, all the cost
 Shall by-and-by rewarded be.
 A full harvest we shall reap,
 And a blessed joy we'll see,
 Which our hearts shall ever keep.
 All these hopes and dreams of ours
 That were buried with the flowers,
 All our longings in the strife,
 Yearnings for a higher life,
 Then are realized at last ;
 And we nevermore shall weep
 O'er the failures of the past.
 With a full contentment blest,
 We shall enter into rest ;
 And success is ours at last.

POETS AS PATRIOTS.

THE poet renders loyal service to his country. It is his voice which rouses the people to action, and breathes upon them the spirit of heroism. In the palmy days of Greece, when the Olympian deities watched, from their lofty heights, the skilful charioteer as he guided the flying car or stooped with matchless grace to receive the victor's crown, the heart of a joyous people craved a poetry that should celebrate brave triumphs, and rouse enthusiasm and courage. The triumphal odes of Pindar then appeared, to answer this unexpressed desire ; praising not only valiant deeds, but noble qualities of mind and heart.

The Marseillaise so excited the feelings of the French revolutionists, that they were forbidden to sing it in the streets ; but it sank so

deeply into their hearts that it afterwards became the national hymn of France.

When the passions are aroused, it is the poet's office, also, to hold them within bounds, and to give needful comfort and guidance. We see in Whittier's patriotic verses the true poetic spirit, urging the country to place the stamp of freedom upon every living creature.

Poets make a country beautiful to its children. Nature reveals her secrets only to those whose hearts are glowing with sympathy and love. The sun rises and sets, the rivers wind between moss-covered banks, and send gleams of silver through leafy branches, and the modest wild flowers hide their tiny heads in the meadows for all mankind alike; yet men pass by regardless of the beauty all about them, until the poet lifts the veil from their eyes. The poems of Scott have given a charm to the wild Scottish border-lands that will never be dispelled; and in our own land, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier have shown us the grandest and loveliest of Nature's treasures: "The black forests," "The measureless prairie," as,

"Silent it lay with a silvery haze upon it, and fireflies

Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers."

In *Snow Bound* we have such a graphic description of a New England winter of long ago, that it seems the most delightful thing in the world to be "snowed up" in a farmhouse, and gathered around the open fire, to listen, in the pauses between the stories, to the sound of the snow as it drifts against the window-pane.

The history and traditions of a nation are made dear by the poets. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* kept the past fresh in the minds of the Greeks, and to-day these creations of Homer's genius still live and influence men. Nowhere has the history of England been more vividly recorded than in Shakspeare's immortal works. Great political events are depicted with a master hand, and the manners of the common people, as well as court etiquette, faithfully portrayed. As we read in the delightful pages of Tennyson, the old legends with the glamour of romance and mystery around them, we are unconsciously charmed with the spirit of the past, and feel that with the death of Arthur all beauty and chivalry have passed from earth.

Not only do the noble records of the past make a country beloved, but poets themselves are a source of national pride. There is no Englishman but feels a greater love for his nation because Shakspeare was his countryman; no German but couples the fame of Goethe and Schiller with that of his fatherland.

A country's language owes much to its poets. Dante began his "Divina Commedia" in Latin, but "when he saw the songs of illustrious poets esteemed as naught, he cast aside the delicate lyre, and attuned another more befitting the ears of moderns"; modestly giving his work a humble name, to show that it was written in a language never before employed in treating of lofty subjects. From that time, the Italian language began to develop that peculiar purity and elegance for which it is remarkable.

Chaucer did a noble service for his country in settling and enriching the vocabulary. He labored, ignorant of the result, elevating the language with his poetry. Milton, on the contrary, consciously brought to the task all the power of his genius. "I framed the resolution," he says, "to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not caring to be once named abroad, but content with these British islands as my world, whose fame hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians made their small deeds great by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics."

The English language is now rich in poetical words which express to us what would otherwise require sentences of explanation.

Poets give their country immortality. Greece and Rome are powerful to-day. Every school-boy acknowledges this from the time when he begins to follow the fortunes of Æneas and Achilles. The old Hebrew poetry, with its bold imagery and sublimity of thought, has come down to us through the ages, revealing the life and heart of the Jewish nation; while Assyria and Babylon, lacking that vital element, speak to us only from their ruins.

Egypt, great in material splendor, with all her wisdom and love of music, painting, and sculpture, is known to us only from the grave of her former magnificence. Her pyramids are a type of herself, massive, awe-inspiring, but lacking that animating principle within, which alone can give enduring life.

"They had no poet, and they died."

THE INSIDE OF A LOG-CABIN.

BEFORE I went West, the prairies had a great fascination for me. I used to dream about them, and fancy myself camping out on them in a picturesque log-cabin, like that which, when a child, I used to build, out of little red sticks, neatly fitted to each other, beauteous green tin blinds, and a patent roof. When I was quite young I would scientifically arrange these various parts, and after so doing, sit down before the completed whole, reduce myself in imagination to a suitable size, and dwell therein, surrounded by the lovely scenes described in *The Prairie*. I had a fertile peanut-vine growing around the front-window, and a sort of chocolate fountain on the stove in the kitchen; there was a soft, green carpet on the floor; pictures of dogs, etc., were on the walls, which were made of red, polished sticks like the outside. I always had rice-pudding for dinner, and three pieces of cake for supper. On pleasant days I would take some gingerbread in a basket, and wander out until I came to a little brook, where I would sit down and eat my luncheon; by and by a fairy would come along down the brook in a little boat, and would take me sailing with her.

Really the log-cabin of my childish heart was a very charming affair, and that of my later imagination was not very far behind it. So, of course, when I went West, to visit my uncle in Chicago, I was very desirous of going a little farther, and really seeing the delightful place in which I had spent so large and pleasant a part of my existence. I conversed so constantly upon this subject, that, perhaps largely from a selfish motive, my uncle offered to take my cousins and myself to see a prairie farmer, with whom he had some business. Cousin Mary was not so anxious to go as I; but she was always ready for fun, and this looked something like an adventure.

Upon the morning of our excursion we rose very early, and after eating our breakfast, repaired to the window to watch for our conveyance; after what seemed to me a period of several hours, there appeared a gorgeous, red grocery-wagon, with the inscription "Smith, Wilkins, and Co." upon its sides, in golden letters, drawn by four strong, but not handsome, horses. My uncle himself was driving; and there was a twinkle in his eye as he stopped before the door and looked up at the window where we stood.

Mary was shocked at this affair, and declared she would not go; but my cousin John appeared, and with a cheerful, "Come on girls,"

took her arm, and conducted her quietly but firmly to the wagon, and, with his father's assistance, placed her upon the back seat before she fully realized what he was about. I, less reluctant, had a good deal of difficulty, getting into the wagon; for every time I made the attempt, the horses started gaily off. However, perseverance was rewarded at last, and both John and I got safely in, and we started off on a brisk trot down one of the principal streets of Chicago. Mary need not have kept her veil down so persistently, for it was very early, and nobody was up to see us. As soon as we began to get into the suburbs she became cheerful, and uncovered her face, and we became quite hilarious for so small a party. We went merrily along, and had left the city quite in the distance, when we noticed that the ground was becoming soft; this discovery seemed to disturb my uncle a little; there was no road now, and he had frequent recourse to his pocket compass. The ground grew softer and softer, presently there was a kind of *thud*, and the wagon was buried in mud to the hubs of the wheels. We girls asked what we should do now. John advised us to scream. We scorned his advice, and sat still. After a while, by dint of coaxing, the horses were induced to make a tremendous effort, and in so doing extricated us from this painful position. This was but the first of a series of similar adventures; suffice it to say that we got through them somehow, and drew near our destination just about dusk. What was my surprise and disgust as we approached it, to see a miserable little hut, built of dark-colored logs, with the bark left on, coming out at irregular lengths at the corners, and the general appearance of the premises giving unmistakable tokens of neglect. Reaching this unpromising looking building, we were warmly welcomed by its master and mistress, and were ushered into the parlor. After a few minutes of explanations, etc., Mary and I sat down, and began to make observations, while my uncle and John went out with our host to see his farm; our hostess excused herself, to prepare supper.

The lower floor, we judged, was one large room; for the end farthest from us was partitioned off with a curtain that came down to within about a quarter of a yard from the floor; under this we could see a large pair of calf-skin shoes walking around in a leisurely manner—the performance of these shoes kept us in such a state of amusement that we were ill-prepared to answer the questions which the lady cooking supper, in the other part of the room, occasionally fired at us.

This arrangement of having the kitchen and parlor so intimately

connected seems to be peculiarly adapted to a family where the lady does her own work, for she can cook her meals, wash her dishes, etc., and entertain her guests at the same time.

The part of the room where we sat was covered with a rag-carpet, and contained some rush-bottomed chairs and a huge chest; upon the wall hung a picture of President Grant, when he was a boy, also a picture representing, in very high colors, the touching episode in the life of the Father of our Country, in which he displayed his inability to frame a falsehood. I shall never forget the vivid greenness of the cherry tree, and the glow of color upon the cheeks of the little hero. Where the carpet ended, the kitchen began; this was not an attractive spot; it contained nothing but a large stove, some wooden chairs, and a heavy deal table. We noticed a line of wooden pegs in the wall, not far from where we sat, extending from the floor to the rough boards which constituted the ceiling, at intervals of about a foot. It puzzled us very much; we could think of no earthly use for pegs put in in this way. Near the highest one, in the ceiling was a large opening, which looked very much like a trap-door, except there was no door. We had been sitting still for some time, and were becoming interested in the preparations for supper, when something suddenly dropped from this hole. We jumped up in affright, and, I fear, screamed a little — the something turned out to be a large yellow cat, who quietly remained where she had dropped, and gazed at us with inquiring, yellow eyes. We moved our chairs farther away from the mysterious opening, — we had our doubts as to what other creatures might follow; nothing came, however, and very soon we were delighted to hear supper announced. The gentlemen were summoned from their walk by a blast on the horn, and we sat down to a repast of corn-beef and cabbages, gingerbread, and muddy coffee — not very tempting fare; but we were hungry, and did justice to it, such as it was. At this meal appeared an exceedingly red-faced, awkward girl, whom we judged to be the owner of the shoes, whose manoeuvres had amused us so much.

After we had finished supper, we sat around the stove in the wooden chairs, and told stories — horrible stories of wolves and robbers, not to mention ghosts and other supernatural appearances. It was late at night before we thought of going to bed. We now perceived the use of the pegs we had so wondered at earlier in the evening; they constituted a sort of staircase, by which the gentlemen were to ascend, in order to reach their apartments in the second

story. It was highly amusing to see my uncle mount this primitive affair; cousin John seemed to take to it more naturally.

Mary and I had a bed prepared for us in the parlor. Though we were tired enough, we thought we should never go to sleep, we were so scared. There was a door leading directly out upon the prairie; and it would stand half-way open, no matter how many times we shut it; something was the matter with the latch. We looked around the room in vain for something to fasten it with; there was nothing but the chairs and the old chest before mentioned. The latter was so heavy, that our united efforts failed to move it a particle.

This was a pleasant situation for two young ladies, of doubtful courage, who had been hearing "true" stories of wolves, robbers, etc., all the evening. However, we made the best of it, barricaded the door with a chair, so that it presented an appearance of security at least, and went to bed.

When we were nearly asleep, we were thrilled with horror at hearing a sound as of some one gently scratching at the door. We kept quiet, and listened. Presently something began to push; the chair slipped slowly along. Was it wild beasts? Or had savages come to scalp us? We clutched our hair, and wished that we had had it cut short before we came to this awful place. Then we heard something walking stealthily around. We nearly stopped breathing. At length I thought that, whatever it was, I must see it—be it wolves, or be it Indians, I would know what it was before I died. Accordingly, I opened my eyes, and beheld, in the moonlight, a large Newfoundland dog. Considerably relieved, I informed Mary of the cause of our fright, and then watched to see what he would do. At length, after sniffing at everything in the room, he seemed to be satisfied, and walked out. We again placed the door and the chair in friendly relation, and composed ourselves to sleep.

I had a dream that night—I had several; but there was one in particular—I was riding over the prairie in a wheelbarrow which continually stuck in the mud. Suddenly there started up a pack of howling wolves, each one mounted by a fierce-looking man, and began to chase me. I managed to keep the wheelbarrow, with myself in it, a little ahead of them till I reached this room; the door stood open; the wolves were close upon me; I determined to move that chest; and, making an Herculean effort, I succeeded. This accomplished I glided off into other dreams, scarcely less horrible and exciting.

In the morning great was our astonishment at beholding the door shut, and the chest firmly planted against it. Who did it? who could have done it? Nobody; our host said there was nobody, in the house who could move that chest; he did n't see how in the world he was ever going to get it back again. Great was the mystery at the time, and has been ever since. It was not till two or three days after that I remembered my dream; and even that did not explain it.

However, we did not stay at the cabin to discuss the matter; but my uncle got up the horses, we said farewell, and were off. He asked me how I liked log-cabins. I answered, "Very well." As he is not here, I would say to any one who has romantic notions of prairie life that he had better stay at the East; or, if he will go West, confine his observations to the cities and larger towns.

SHOPPING IN JAPAN.

Soon after dropping anchor in the harbor of Yokohama, we determined to go ashore, do a little shopping, and see what was to be seen. We easily found a sanpan (little boat) ready to take us, and were safely landed on the pier. There we were met with the inquiry, or rather demand, "Jin rick sha? want a Jin rick sha?" This vehicle is similar to a baby carriage, but large enough for a grown person, and some are even large enough for two. Each is pushed by a man, and it is surprising with what rapidity he moves over the ground. Having selected the best looking we could see, we seated ourselves, were carefully tucked in, and were soon whirling off to Curio Street.

Strange were the sights that greeted our eyes. There are no sidewalks; and the streets are so narrow that in some places two carriages could with difficulty pass. There are few horses in Japan, and it is a common sight to see men drawing carts; and so degraded are they, that they seem little better than beasts of burden.

The stores are usually two stories high, but they bear little resemblance to the stately edifices which adorn our business streets. In the daytime the front of the lower story, consisting merely of boards grooved together, is taken away, leaving it all open. The inside partitions, which are made of frame-work, papered over, are in two parts, or more, according to the size of the room. They are made to slide over on to each other, thus dispensing with doors.

Some of the stores are modelled after our style, and have counters ; but most of them are peculiar to the country. The ground-floor is not much, if at all, above the level of the street ; but more than half the room is occupied by an elevation of about two feet, which is boarded, and covered with matting. On this the owner of the establishment sits, calmly smoking his pipe, and, usually, various other members of the family with him. Their shoes, or rather sandals, are on the floor ; for they are very particular to keep the matting, and never step on it themselves with their shoes on, although they will allow foreigners to do so.

Wherever we stop, a crowd is soon collected ; for even in Yokohama, where there are so many foreigners, we are still considered to be somewhat of a curiosity. Especially when there is any bargaining going on, there is no lack of interest. We enter a shop, walk around, and examine its contents. Cabinets, workboxes, glove-boxes, and all sorts and kinds of lacquer-ware, in articles of every size and shape, meet our eyes, from large cabinets the height of the room, to little boxes an inch square. After a great many words, assuring us "Me shpeahsh truth, one price, no can sell less," the merchant, impressing it upon our minds that it is with great loss to himself, lets us have for fifty cents, a cabinet for which he at first asked three dollars. We work our way through the interested crowd of lookers on to another store. We are in search of bronze jewelry. "Oh yes, have got plenty" ; whereupon a case is set before us, in which are, perhaps, half a dozen poor samples of the article demanded. We look very much disgusted, and, with an ominous shake of the head, "No can do," and leave the store. We have not proceeded far, however, when we are stopped by a smiling Japanese, whom we quickly recognize as the salesman in the store just left ; he entreats us to come back, "Have got more, very good," Rather doubtfully we return, and, to our surprise, find something really worth looking at. Especially does one set of butterflies, which includes sleeve-buttons and studs, take our fancy, and we inwardly resolve to possess it. We examine others with equal interest, and inquire the price of several before we come to the much desired butterflies. After the usual process of bargaining, we leave the store the victorious possessors.

NEWSPAPERS.

How did the patriarchs live without their dailies! Imagine Abraham sitting at his tent-door with never a newspaper in his hand. Suppose Sarah chose to give him a little private instruction; no friendly sheet served him as a covert from the storm. He was obliged to face the tempest, and no doubt became a wiser and stronger man thereby. Perhaps the lack of newspapers accounts, in part, for the superior excellence of his character.

We sometimes hear it whispered that newspaper accounts cannot always be relied upon. We used to consider any such remarks as rank heresy. We do not now. We, ourselves, sometimes wonder if future generations will not be perplexed by conflicting items in the registers of to-day. Nevertheless we would not eschew newspapers on this account. Without them we should have no idea of the deeds that are performed in the world, whether good or evil, especially evil. The accounts of skilful robberies, first-class murders, and other deeds of outlawry, to which so large a space is given in the papers of to-day, must be so helpful and suggestive to that class of our fellow-men who gain a sustenance by studying bank safes and giving millionaires a free pass from this vale of tears.

Think of the amount and variety of information contained in a single copy of a local paper! — We learn the subject of the last Sunday's sermon and the latest discoveries in hair-dye; what questions are being agitated by the talented occupants of the congressional chairs, and what by the members of the village lyceum; where President Grant is smoking his cigar, and which farmer had the first green corn. Perhaps some object to having the events of their private life and their innermost feelings and opinions dragged out, and set up for the critical public to carp at; sometimes, even before they are conscious of said events and opinions themselves. But, no doubt, the editor had a laudable end in view. He is supposed to aim at the improvement of his readers; and if a useful lesson can be taught by murdering somebody's character, why should that somebody shrink from being sacrificed for the public good.

Milk for babes and meat for the strong are found within the folds of a single sheet — stories that the most infantile mind could comprehend; discussions of knotty questions that would puzzle the brains of philosophers; poetry, unique and various; advertisements which are only too eloquent. What other reading would exercise so many faculties of the mind, and to such an extent? How

much time is saved by the man who relies upon newspapers to furnish him with information! Give him a moment to glance at the editorial of his paper, and he knows just what he thinks about the signs of the times. Such a man is so settled in all his political beliefs.

From a purely philanthropic point of view, moreover, we would regard newspapers with high favor. So many small boys would be thrown upon the cold charities of the world could they not turn their vocal powers to account in the newspaper trade. This life would be dull and silent, did not the air resound with their cries. For their sakes, if for no other reason, let us have newspapers.

THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

“O, proudly rise the monarchs of our native land,
With their kingly forest-robcs to the sky.”

How many times have we broken forth into these words as we were returning from our native woods, our hands clasping the fragrant pink and white clusters of the *Arbutus*, or, later, triumphantly bearing the more showy and equally fragrant *Azalia*, or, still later, trailing after us long branches of scarlet and gold.

From our earliest recollections we have lived beneath the shadow of the Berkshire Hills. Long afternoons we have spent wandering through their green woods, gathering choice bouquets of the flowers that grow so richly there. Or, in the early morning, a merry wagon-load of us have often gone, riding higher and higher, till upon the summit of some high mountain, we have seen our whole valley, with its clustering villages and green meadows, a little picture among the hills, lying far below. Sometimes leaving our homes and home comforts behind, we have dwelt for days, surrounded only by these mighty hills. Near the summit of Bald, so named from the smooth, bare front it presents, and close to Greylock, looming up the highest in the range, and to Prospect, with its sides deeply marked by the relentless axe of the forester,—these three, by their form and arrangement, suggesting and receiving the name of the Hopper, — here we have made our home.

In the early morning we have ascended the narrow path to Greylock's summit, and, seated in the broad branches of its highest tree, we have watched the world below slowly emerge from the darkness.

And as the sun, rising brightly over the distant peaks, revealed to us our beautiful valley, first in pale outline, but at last clear in the full glory of the daylight, we have burst forth into an involuntary song of praise. At evening, on the mountain-top, with the stars above almost concealed by the ever-moving clouds, and the valley at our feet shrouded in impenetrable mists; we have seemed cut off from all the world beside, to be alone with Nature and with God.

After a day of rain and storm we have assembled at our lookout point, and watched, as the dark rain-clouds and heavy mists slowly lifted, and revealed to our wondering eyes the sun, in all his dying splendor, just disappearing behind the distant hills, leaving piles of golden clouds to fade and die away in the gathering darkness. Thus shut in from all the world without, long and happy days we have spent, reading hourly lessons from Nature's book which should yield us new wisdom and strength for the future. From our home below we have watched, as the morning mists rose slowly from the valley, till the beauty of the mountains stood out clearly in the bright eastern sunlight. We have seen them as the cloud-shadows chased rapidly across their forest sides. And we have seen the storm-clouds, rushing across the darkening sky, blot them out from our view, only that, when the storm is spent, they may come forth more grandly than ever in the returning light. And when the summer days are gone, and the cold winds of autumn begin to warn us of the approach of winter, then the mountains, clothed in their gayest robes, have cheered us, and made even these "the melancholy days," the brightest of the year. Later, when everything is clothed in the white robe of winter, they stand—their snowy peaks so near to heaven—ever calm and unmoved amid the fierce winds and storms that sweep over them.

"The snows of winter crown them with a crystal crown,
And the silver clouds of summer round them cling;
The autumn's scarlet mantle flows in richness down,
And they revel in the garniture of spring."

Type, they are, of that never-changing love that watches over us with an untiring care, in sunshine or in rain, in light or in darkness. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people." Surely through the many and wonderful forms that nature bears, there is none that gives us such an idea of the strength and unchanging love of God, as the "everlasting hills." From them, as of old, comes our help. Accustomed, as we are, to think of God and heaven as far *above*, there is nothing that seems so

near to him who, though unseen, is ever watching over us, and to the home for which we are striving day by day, as these mountains, placed so high above us, seeming to touch the very skies. It seems as if the way to heaven were up the mountain's side, and "Jerusalem the Golden" in the many clouds that crown its summit at the close of day. Was not this in the Psalmist's mind as he wrote: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart."

EDITORS' DRAWER.

THE fourth number of the *Courant* makes its bow to the public. Its editors commiserate those periodicals which are bound by laws of time. We congratulate ourselves that our little magazine is issued *ad libitum*; no inexorable power demands our opinions before they are formed, nor compels us to submit our ideas to the public before we choose.

Yet we are not free from responsibility. Our desire is to make the *Courant* an exponent of the character of the school. We were amused, some time since, to see Abbott Academy spoken of by a Boston paper as a fashionable boarding-school for young ladies. It is, indeed, a school for young ladies; and we do not wish to make Guys of ourselves, by appearing in the dress of the pilgrim mothers; but the idea that the faculties of the pupils gathered here are wholly engaged in the acquirement of fashionable accomplishments and in outward adorning is altogether erroneous. The world is in need of women, not animated fashion-plates; and it is our desire to gain, as well as of our instructors to give, such knowledge as shall enable us to make the world better. Not that we expect to revolutionize society by eloquence upon the stage, or through the medium of the press. Comparatively few have such ambitions. We hope, however, to be able to do something more than stay at home and darn the stockings of our nearest male relatives, and be mere reflectors of their opinions.

We want to congratulate our sisters that their opportunities for making themselves really highly educated women are so greatly improved. In addition to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley Colleges will soon be opened for those who do not approve of the co-education of sexes; while many of the institutions which formerly admitted only young men are now thrown open to young women also. It remains to be seen whether the obstacle in the way of the thorough education of girls lay merely in the inferiority of their privileges. Shall we be willing to give up eight or ten years of our life to hard study? Statistics from the higher class of boarding-schools show that not more than one half, often not one third, of those who enter remain until they graduate. Scattered through the States are an immense number of small boarding-schools for girls, where in two or three years a smattering of knowledge can be obtained, which, with some tact, will enable them to make quite a tolerable appearance in ordinary society. These institutions seem to satisfy a majority of feminine minds, judging from the manner in which they are patronized. But ought we, now that schools of a superior order are open to us, to be content with this surface cultivation? Shall we be willing to be mental pigmies all our lives, for

the sake of entering society a few years earlier? Let us show that we are not the flimsy appurtenances to life which we are so often considered. What if our brothers do express a horror of blue-stockings? They will not be sorry to have their sisters intelligent, cultivated women. Let America be proud of her daughters. Let it not be their fault, if the history of the nineteenth century is not a glorious one.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: Amherst Student, Bowdoin Orient, Packer Quarterly, Philomathean Mirror, Vassar Miscellany.

We are proud of the Vassar Miscellany. It is a magazine which may be read with profit as well as pleasure.

Terms for the Abbott Courant, 50 cts. a copy. All business communications should be addressed to Editors of the Abbott Courant, Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass.

Scene, examination room:

Prof. "Give the principal parts of utor."

Student, *promptly*. "Utor, fruor, fungor, potior, and vescor."

A young lady, on applying for admission to a certain boarding-school was asked if she had ever studied Physiology. The answer came self-confidently: "Oh, yes; that tells about the stars, does n't it?"

Once upon a time, as a young lady was travelling, a freshman from — College entered the car, and took the seat directly in front of her. He soon took out a card, and, having written upon it, dropped it into the seat where the young lady was sitting. Apparently taking no notice of it for some time, she at length picked it up, and, leaning forward, said: "Boy." No answer. "Boy." Still no answer. (*Louder*) "Boy, here is something you've dropped."

Freshie made no further attempts in that direction.

A young man, of incomplete education, being a junior at a Western college, came East. The reason was, imminent danger of brain fever, consequent upon the undue exercise of the mental faculties. On the journey he became wearied with the morning newspaper, and gazing vacantly out of the window, was soon lost in thought. He was of a slightly misanthropic nature, and wondered why railroad companies so often built roads through the most barren bits of country; but, like so many other conundrums of the nineteenth century, the answer, "give it up," followed it as involuntarily as breath itself. He watched with closest interest the ever-changing, though never-failing, variety found in human nature, until his old apathy seemed fast disappearing. Indeed he so far forgot himself in an unguarded moment as to offer to hold a baby: who, with handboxes, bundles, umbrella, and carpet-bag, belonging to an old lady, formed a most strikingly unhappy combination of things. Watch-chain, rings, coppers, knives, and paper were brought to light individually

and collectively, but to no avail; all were summarily dismissed, as was the baby soon after. But a new scene, tragic in its tendency, and of more general interest was about to open. Near the the young Westerner sat two travelling companions, ladies of doubtful years, in bitter contention about a car window. They quietly, but very forcibly, revealed the true nature of the Anglo-Saxon, whom Lowell has so well described as "not quarrelsome, but with an indefatigable durability of fight in him, and a very obtuse sense of propriety as to when he is beaten." One was nearly suffocated from the effects of the close air and heat from two immense stoves; the other seemed as dead to all sense of bad air as an Egyptian mummy — had a cold, and was morally certain that a draught of pure air would prove fatal. The strife continued: the interest deepened, until the Westerner, occupying a neutral position behind his newspaper, was fully roused to action, and ended the sad controversy by roaring, "Open the window and kill the one! Shut the window and smother the other!"

HOME MATTERS.

Pale blue has been adopted as the Abbott color.

We are rejoicing in gasoline in our street lamps.

The music-room at Smith Hall has been improved by fresh wall-paper and refurnishing.

The inmates of Davis Hall are happy in having Mrs. Lowell back to her place as matron there.

The last public meeting of the Porter Rhetorical Society was unusually interesting.

The first levee of the season was given by Prof. and Mrs. Meade. The evening passed very pleasantly.

The school year has been shortened one week, so that we can now look forward to a three weeks' vacation in March.

Miss Hovey, who so satisfactorily filled the vacancy left by Miss Page at Davis Hall, has been lured away by a thousand-dollar salary to a situation as teacher in one of the Boston High Schools. Miss Wilson of '74 takes her place with us.

We are sorry that the Harvard Students cannot come here any more to relieve the monotony of our life with a musical entertainment.

Miss Strickland, whose faithful instructions we have enjoyed so long, is spending the winter at her home, made lonely by the death of her mother. Her absence is deeply regretted, as the old scholars can easily imagine.

A few evenings since we had the pleasure of listening to the Means Prize speakers at Phillips Academy. The orations showed that thought had been bestowed upon them, and were in general well delivered.

Upon our return at the beginning of this term we were glad to find Miss Phebe McKeen returned from her visit in Virginia, and filling her accustomed place.

To fill the vacancy left by Miss Strickland at Davis Hall, the trustees were fortunate in securing Miss Brown, a lady who has spent several years abroad, perfecting herself in German and French.

The class of '75 enjoyed the evening of Jan. 12th by taking a sleigh-ride to Lowell. The air was clear, the sleighing fine, the supper one of Hutchins' best, and, in short, "All went merry as a marriage bell."

Some members of the A. A. have been taking lessons in punctuality, in addition to the prescribed course of study. We have heard before of sitting up all night so as not to be late to breakfast, but we think it is going a step *too far* when young ladies attend a Tom Thumb entertainment *just one week too early*.

Prof. Churchill's reading on Monday evening, Jan. 11th, drew a full house. The perfect stillness of the audience, as well as the bursts of applause, showed their appreciation of his even unusually fine rendering. Excepting this entertainment and the reading by Mrs. Scott Siddons, the lecture course of this season has not been equal to that of last year.

The musical society, styled the Cecilia Club, organized during the Fall Term, for the improvement as well as the entertainment of its members, has given two soirées in the Academy Hall. The programme was good, and the rendering excellent. We give the club a hearty welcome, and wish it a long and successful career.

A graduate of our school when travelling in Switzerland last summer, was pleased and interested to notice in a prominent Swiss paper an item stating that the young ladies of the class lately graduated from the Abbott Academy wore no jewelry on the day of their graduation. She afterwards saw the item, quoted with favorable comments, in other European papers. Probably the class of '74 scarcely expected their heroic resolve would give them such notoriety.

We were startled from our slumbers Hallow E'en by the muffled tread of feet and the sound of subdued voices within the sacred precincts of the Academy grounds. After spending a sleepless night, we were informed the next morning that it was but a police force, guarding us from the visits of certain marauders, who are reported to hover around our usually quiet domain, on this, the night of ghosts and hobgoblins.

Any one entering the senior recitation room, at the beginning of this year, would have found, as one of its most interesting occupants, a Labrador seal. Although a most amiable expression was continually upon its countenance, yet its entire lack of interest, even in Church History, rendered it a very unsuitable associate for the class of '75, and it was removed.

Since then it has been wandering about, "incertis sedibus." We are glad to learn that it is soon to have a permanent abiding-place. It was presented to the Institution by Mr. Robinson of Howard University.

A very amusing and highly instructive exhibition was given a few weeks since in our Academy Hall, by Prof. Starr of New York, who styles himself the "bug man"; a title which, though plebeian, is still suggestive to us of a dimly-lighted room and a sort of magic lantern, by which horrible shapes and shadows of insects, visible, and invisible to the naked eye, prepossessing and otherwise (mostly otherwise, however), were thrown upon a large and brilliant background. Here horns, claws, legs, wings, eyes, lungs, and jaws assumed proportions at once fearful and gigantic. The bugs were intensely human in their natures. They seemed ill at ease, expressing a pleasing and natural diffidence in coming for the first time before so critical an audience. Then, too, their pugilistic tendencies were truly terrific. The "Water-Tiger Tragedy," in which the Tiger fought with, killed, and ate, an animalcule of inferior size, cast a perceptible gloom over the audience; but this was soon dispelled by the exhibition of other and more curious traits, if so they may be called, of the lower animal creation.

We were among the courageous few who, on the night of Oct. 25th, watched the moon's eclipse from the back verandah of Smith Hall. Roused by the preconcerted fifty strokes of the electric bell, we assembled in the chill moonlight, full of scientific expectation and delight, and watched as the dark shadow crept slowly across and obscured the face of our bright queen of night. Long we sat, talking learnedly of astronomy, and discussing the nature and appearance of the inhabitants of the stars, and the probable expense and trouble of our contemplated trip to the moon. While we talked, little by little, the earth darkened, and the moonlight vanished from our garden-walks. Instead of the full, round face of the moon, we saw but an indistinct outline through the darkness. Soon, however, the moon's edge began to appear from the retreating shadow. One of our number was much exercised over the weak-mindedness of the moon, because, instead of bravely going through her adversity, she ignominiously *backed out*. As lovers of science, we should have waited till the great event was over; but unfortunately, before that time arrived, we felt another eclipse creeping over our eyes; and, leaving the few who were determined to persevere to the end, one by one, we stole away to seek refreshment in "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

As we were taking our usual morning walk, a few weeks since, we were astonished to see the sedate theologues rushing *en masse* from the chapel in the direction of Main Street. We paused, and contemplated the scene. It was most picturesque. In their evident haste they had forgotten their umbrellas, but were armed with water-pails instead. They pressed on, till they reached Prof. Phelps's yard, and then, after a short pause, retraced their steps with their usual solemnity. It seems the fire which had caused

the alarm and commotion was of less importance than at first supposed, and their assistance was not needed. Yet we cannot but admire the spirit of bravery and self-sacrifice which prompted them.

When can their glory fade ?
 Oh, the wild charge they made !
 Andover wondered.
 Honor the charge they made ;
 Honor the theologues —
 Noble one hundred !

PERSONALS.

'74. Fanny Field died, at her home in Taunton, Nov. 18, 1874.

Yes, our dear Fanny is at last "set free to serve" the highest and the best. Her old schoolmates all know that when she left us her friends took her to California, hoping that the winter in that sunny clime might restore her. At first we heard favorable reports, and our hearts rejoiced; but in the spring came word that she would soon be home again. We dared not hope that she had so much improved as to warrant this. Our misgivings proved true. The darling girl wished to see home and friends once more: and, as always, her wish was gratified.

The last year of her life, though she endured so much pain, was far from a dreary one. Wherever she went, she found a circle of devoted friends, whom her gentle, patient ways drew around her. She lived very near heaven; and when her Saviour called, it was only a step out of this world into the home that she had known and loved so long.

Died in Paris, France, Nov. 7th, 1874, Minnie W. Brown.

This announcement has been read with tender regret by many old schoolmates. We are only able to add that Minnie died of malignant typhoid fever, in the boarding-school of Mme. Parr, 59 Ave., Malakoff, Passé. It is a comfort to know that her father was beside her during the delirium of the last week of her life, and that he took her remains back to England, to rest near him.

Married, in Haverhill, N. H., Jan. 1, Miss Emily Page, to Rev. Nelson Flanders. Best wishes follow them from Andover to their parsonage in Westmoreland, N. H.

Married, in Manchester, N. H., Miss Lizzie Patterson, of '71, to Mr. Henry E. Burnham.

Married, in North Chelmsford, Mass., 20th inst., Professor C. F. Emerson of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., to Miss Carrie S. Flagg of North Chelmsford.

ORGANIZATIONS.

'75.

<i>President,</i>	E. E. CHAMBERLIN.
<i>Secretary,</i>	S. M. TAYLOR.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	A. A. HODGES.
<i>Vine Orator,</i>	D. N. SPAULDING.
<i>Historian,</i>	H. L. AIKEN.
<i>Sibyl,</i>	L. KARR.

'76.

<i>President,</i>	O. N. TWICHELL.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	J. H. PEARSON.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	S. B. GRIGGS.

'77.

<i>President,</i>	M. L. DOUGLASS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	S. S. BAKER.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	E. D. GOODRIDGE.

'78.

<i>President,</i>	L. B. DIMAN.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	H. N. CHILDS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	E. M. CHADBOURNE.

CECILIA CLUB.

<i>President,</i>	E. P. MEACHAM.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	O. N. TWICHELL.
<i>Directors,</i>	{ K. N. PIPER, E. D. GOODRIDGE, S. M. WARRINER.

The Abbott Courant Advertiser.

ABBOTT ACADEMY,

ANDOVER, - - - - - MASS.

Offers Superior Instruction in

ENGLISH BRANCHES, LATIN, MODERN LANGUAGES, AND
MUSIC.

Anniversary Exercises, July 1, 1875.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 3, 1875.

Whole Expense per Year, Board and English Tuition, \$276.00. Latin,
per Term, \$3.00; French, per Term, \$7.00; German, per Term, \$7.00;
Music, per Term, \$35.00.

Apply to the Principal, Miss PHILENA McKEEN.

GEORGE H. PARKER,

Has constantly on hand a full assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

ALSO,

FRENCH, GERMAN AND DOMESTIC
PERFUMERIES AND COLOGNES,



HAIR, NAIL, AND TOOTH

BRUSHES,

SPONGES, CUTLERY,

And all other Articles generally found in a first-class

DRUG-STORE.

 Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. 

Draper's Block, - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

The First National Bank

OF WINCHENDON, MASS.

ORGANIZED FEBRUARY 19, 1864.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$300.000.

CAPITAL, \$150.000.

SURPLUS FUND, \$55.000.

C. L. BEALS, CASHIER.

J. H. FAIRBANK, PRESIDENT.

A T

DOW & NEAL'S Millinery and Fancy Goods Store

CAN BE FOUND THE LATEST STYLES OF
HATS,
BONNETS,
FLOWERS,
RIBBONS,
NECKTIES, ETC.

A good assortment of

WORSTED,
Mottoes, and Materials for Fancy Work

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Swift's Building, Main Street,
ANDOVER, MASS.

J. E. WHITING,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

ALSO, DEALER IN

FANCY GOODS, TOYS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES,
SOAPS, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS, CONFECTIONERY,
AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS.

Main Street,

ANDOVER, MASS.

To insure safety with comfort and pleasure while
driving, be sure that your Carriage is
fitted with

H. D. SMITH & CO.'S

CARRIAGE HARDWARE.

WORKS AT

PLANTSVILLE, - - - - - CONN.

HOLT & HIGGINS,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,

CENTRAL STREET, ANDOVER.

T. A. HOLT, }
C. W. HIGGINS, }

SMITH, MANNING, & CO.,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, ETC.

ESSEX STREET,

ANDOVER, MASS.

J. L. SMITH,
A. S. MANNING,
I. S. CARRUTH. }

MANSION HOUSE, Andover, Mass.

CHARLES L. CARTER, - - - Proprietor.

This House is delightfully situated on the high lands, in the immediate vicinity of Phillips Academy and the Theological Seminary. For a Summer Resort to those enjoying the quiet of the country, it offers superior attractions.

The House is kept open the year round. TRANSIENT COMPANY always accommodated.

A First Class Livery connected with the House.

Coaches at Depot on arrival of Trains.

A T

J. H. CHANDLER'S Daily Paper, Periodical, Stationery, AND FANCY GOODS STORE,

Can always be found a Good Variety of

Foreign and Domestic Fruit and Nuts,

Together with the best quality of

CONFECTIONERY.

Opposite the Post-Office,

MAIN STREET, - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

THE ABBOTT COURANT.

Edited by

Mabel F. Wheaton, '76.

Ellen M. Emerson, '77.

Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, '78.

Business Editor, - - - - Olive N. Twitchell.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

NO. I.

'75-'76.

Draw back the curtain, child,
And see the Old Year die.
Hear the bells toll mournfully;
Hear the wind laugh scornfully,
As it hurries by.
There are wrongs that are not righted;
There are loves that are not plighted;
There are sins not yet forgiven;
There are souls with sorrow riven;
And yet the Old Year dies!

Draw back the curtain, child,
And see the New Year dawn.
Hear the bells ring merrily;
Hear the wind sing cheerily,
As it speeds along.
There are hearts that will be lighter;
There are eyes that will be brighter;
There are flowers yet to open;
There are sweet words to be spoken
And so the New Year dawns!

LE MISANTHROPE.

Molière evidently believed the truth of the saying, that dissimilarity in opinions forms the best basis for friendship. For in his comedy of "Le Misanthrope," two of the most antagonistic natures are brought into contact with each other,—Alceste, the Misanthrope, whose austere virtue is utterly opposed to the world's code of morals, and Philinte, one of those easy-going men of honor, who can adapt himself to all persons. These two men are represented as the firmest friends. But their diverse views are continually clashing. In the very first scene, Alceste reproaches Philinte for his professions of affection to a person who is almost a perfect stranger, whose name even he can scarcely tell, and says :

"Je veux qu'on soit sincère, et qu'en homme d'honneur
On ne lâche aucun mot, qui ne parte du coeur."

He makes the sweeping assertion :

"Je hais tous les hommes,
Les uns parce qu'ils sont méchants et mal faisants
Et les autres, pour être aux méchants complaisants,
Et n'avoir pas pour eux ces haines vigoureuses
Que doit donner le vice aux âmes vertueuses."

When he is told that his opinions are bringing him into ridicule in all places, he replies :

"Ma joie en est grande,
Car je serais fâché d'être sage à leurs yeux."

But from this universal hatred we see one exception. He is deeply in love with Célimène, who is a typical French coquette, of surpassing beauty and grace. He is not blind to her faults ; but he thinks, under his influence, they will be corrected, and she will become as beautiful in soul as she is in person. Finally, Célimène has so complicated herself by her coquetries and love for scandal, that Alceste demands as a test of her love, that she marry him, renounce the world, and follow him to some desert. When she refuses this sacrifice of her youth and beauty, he renounces all claim upon her, and spends the rest of his life in solitude,

"Where, undisturbed, an honest man may live or die."

Among the finest scenes of the play, is one in which Célimène is employing all her wit and sarcasm, in holding up to ridicule the faults and foibles of various of their acquaintances, for the amusement of some of her friends. She does this with so much cleverness

and vivacity, that we see each character in turn passing before us. First, the superlatively loquacious man, who has

“L’art de nous n’en dire, avec de grands discours.”

Then, do we not all recognize the portrait of that very mysterious person,

“Qui, de la moindre vètille fait une merveille,
Et jusques au bon jour, il dit tout à l’oreille.”

Who has not suffered agonies untold from the interminably long calls of that “femme stupide, qui ne sait rien dire”? And we can well appreciate the delicate hints by which Célimène, after having exhausted such hackneyed subjects as

“Le beau temps et la pluie, et le froid et le chaud,”

endeavors to shorten this untimely visit; recalling times when we too have employed like artifices.

Célimène’s wit is equal to every occasion, and she comes off victorious in all encounters. In Act III, Scene IV, when Arsinoé comes to give Célimène some friendly advice in regard to the freedom of her manners, “trusting she will not be offended, but recognize the zeal for her welfare,” Célimène, thanking her for her kindness, replies :

“Loin de mal prendre,
J’en prétends reconnaître à l’instant la faveur,
Par un avis aussi, qui touche votre honneur,”

and adroitly turns the tables on Arsinoé, by counselling her, in turn, to be less prudish, and less severe in her tirades against what is innocent and right. Throughout the conversation Célimène has perfect control of herself, and does not acknowledge at all the home-thrusts of Arsinoé; while Arsinoé shows but too plainly that the sure aim of Célimène’s wit has taken effect. But although conquered in this verbal contest, she afterwards takes her revenge by disclosing Célimène’s treachery to Alceste.

In this play, Molière endeavored to bring into ridicule the vices of the times, and the loose morals of society; and in this he has admirably succeeded. Yet it would have been more pleasing to me, if he had introduced one character, free from the over-severity of Alceste on the one side, and the convenient philosophy of Philinte on the other. With the exception of Eliante, Célimène’s cousin, there is not one character in the play whom we thoroughly like; and she pleases more by her negative than any positive goodness.

Although we admit the justice of Alceste in some of his censures,

yet we are repulsed by his severity and unnecessary austerity, and cease to sympathize with him when he declares his universal hatred of all mankind; and we turn with more satisfaction to Philinte, whose code of morality is certainly much more comfortable.

Whether intentionally or not, Molière has made an affable sinner like Philinte, preferable to the misanthropic Alceste.

There is very little action in this comedy; yet the conversations more than atone for this by their sprightliness, naturalness, and variety. The author has shown an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, which could only have been acquired by a profound study of man, combined with an extended range of observation. Each character is entirely self-sustaining, — no one simply a reflection of some other; and in each, is embodied some fault of the time. Neither fortune, rank, nor power could shelter one from the ridicule with which Molière's pen was charged; and he ruthlessly tears from all the protecting veil of hypocrisy.

THE PACIFIC CALICO MILLS. •

A short time ago it was my privilege to visit one of the most famous calico manufactories in the country, situated at Lawrence, Mass.; and as I believe the doors are not always open to visitors, some account of what I saw may not be unwelcome.

While our party were waiting for a guide we amused ourselves by looking at the book of patterns, which would be the envy of all who have a fancy for patchwork. We wondered where so many patterns could come from, and were told that the company employed several men in New York to furnish them, and often used not more than one out of a half-dozen which they received. We were very much pleased to find that, in February, we were looking over the styles for the following spring and summer. Upon asking how it was possible to foresee the caprices of so fickle a guide as Fashion, we were told that agents were employed in France and England for the especial purpose of following her.

The first operation in making calico is the carding of the cotton, which passes over a roller covered with points, just like those on the old-fashioned cards we see in attics nowadays. The cotton seems to pour off from these rollers in beautiful white streams. These strips of cotton have to be gradually compressed, before

being spun into thread. There is great danger from friction in the carding-machine, since a very small impediment would cause fire immediately. On this account the water-pipes are arranged with especial care, so that water is at hand two or three minutes after the alarm is sounded.

The spinning is carried on with wonderful facility. One could never be more impressed with the utility of modern improvements than in comparing it with the way in which our grandmothers did the same work. The thread, after being spun, is wound on the looms and starched. The machinery employed for this process amuses one by its independent air. It moves majestically on, unaided, until a thread breaks, or some other disorder occurs, when it quietly stops to be re-adjusted; sometimes ringing a bell to call some one to attend to it.

The weaving rooms are not a good place in which to carry on conversation. I can give no idea of their great extent, or of the deafening hum of the looms. The operatives are all women; and as their work is simply to adjust broken threads and "keep things running," one person can tend five or six looms. I found myself very much fascinated in watching the shuttle, or trying to do so. It moved so rapidly, however, that I could only see that something was being done.

All the cloth, when woven, passes directly through a blow-pipe flame, of sufficient heat to melt iron; but as it moves at the rate of one hundred and fifty yards a minute, it comes out uninjured. This is to remove from the cloth all unevennesses and stray threads, which burn off without harming the fabric.

The bleaching and coloring rooms are very disagreeable; but the cloth emerges from all the filth, pure and beautiful.

Not the least interesting part of calico making is the printing. The patterns are all put upon rollers, which are of the width of the cloth in length. This is done in two ways. The more intricate patterns are first cut on a small block of steel. This has to be done by hand, with the aid of a magnifying glass. The steel being harder than the metal of the roller, the impression can be taken from it by pressure, with the proper machinery. The simpler patterns are traced in an enlarged form on zinc, and a girl then draws a sharp point through every line of the pattern; this point is connected by a lever with another point, which repeats every stroke of the girl's hand, in diminished size, on the roller. The patterns are now only faintly traced on the rollers, but are made more distinct by the application of acid.

If more than one color is to be used, the parts of the pattern requiring different colors are put upon separate rollers, and the cloth passes over these with such exactness as to receive each color in just the right spot. The aniline dyes have superseded all others now. As these are obtained from coal-gas, which, as we know, is formed from vegetation, produced by the original source of all light and color, every color of the rainbow can be thus prepared. The chemist very kindly showed us some experiments in mixing colors, which is quite an art, and requires an experienced hand.

The cloth rolls up from the dirty printing room, finished, and as clean as possible. A very pleasant part of the work is the folding, packing, and the arranging of samples. We saw an immense amount of calico all ready to send away, and were told that enough cloth was manufactured there in a year to furnish every person in the United States with a yard. But as most dresses of to-day require more than this amount, other factories are necessary to supply the demand. The perfect goods, we noticed, were marked plainly "Pacific Mills," while the damaged goods were marked "Essex Prints." There seemed to be no deception about it, however, as the latter name meant nothing at all, and the goods were sold at a reduced price.

Everything is done that can be for the comfort of the five thousand or more operatives. Pleasant boarding-houses, reading-rooms, and library are provided for them, and if any are sick, their wages are continued. Of course, we could only look at the outside; but it seemed to us that, in this case at least, the horrors of mill life were not so great as they have sometimes been represented.

WARWICK CASTLE.

We drove in a waggonette from Stratford-on-Avon to Warwick—we six. A little out of the village, we passed Sir Thomas Lucy's park. The deer were running in a herd under the trees, and we could imagine it the young Shakespeare's gun that had startled them. The place is still held by a descendant of the baronet made famous by that illustrious poacher, but the title is extinct. Mr. Spencer Lucy is "Master of the War'ickshire 'ounds"—as our driver informed us. Two or three miles farther on, we saw these same "'ounds." It seems the sporting men of the country join

together, and have their dogs kept and trained in one place. Looking across the fields, we had a good view of the enclosure where two packs, of fifty each, are kept. It was funny to see dogs shut up in a field like sheep or cows. They were racing about in a doggish fashion. Most of them seemed to be white, and every one to be "on the go." On one side of our road was a soft side-walk, expressly for horses training for the chase. Eight miles across a pleasant country brought us to our destination. We drove to the Warwick Arms. I always wish to stop at some sort of "Arms," or at some colored beast, such as the Green Dragon or the Red Lion. Nothing else seems properly English. The clouds which had been moping all the morning, burst into tears as soon as we were in the house. As soon as they had recovered their spirits so that the leaves began to glisten, we walked around to Warwick Castle. Let me tell you on the way, that wherever you find *w* after *r* or *d* in an English name, you may know that it is silent in the English mouth. They all say, "War'ick," "Nor'ich," "Ber'ick," "Dul'ich."

We pass through a great arched gateway, flanked with towers and a lodge, and then up a long, winding defile, cut through the solid rock. Trees overarch it. Long ivy-vines trail down the walls. Ferns fringe their top. This grand approach leads us on till we see a pile of gray towers and battlements, rising above rich masses of trees. An artist who had been driven to shelter by the rain was just setting up her easel again on the greensward.

We were admitted through another great gate, near Caesar's Tower, and found ourselves in a grassy quadrangle. On our left, stood the main structure; opposite us the ruins of a part built by Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great; crumbling tower and iron gate are half-hidden by foliage. On the other side we caught, through an arched gateway in the frowning wall glimpses of beautiful gardens; nearer on the right, was "Guy's Tower," reared in the days of Edward III. The old gate-keeper forwarded us by the hand of a small boy to the habitable part of the building. This is almost the only ancient castle in England actually used as a home. It is a grand example. From portcullis to parapet, everything looks strong and ancient, as it should; but vines and trees soften the grim strength with their grace, and the Avon flows fast beneath the walls. There is a grave cheerfulness in the very color of the stone. The shadows fall softly about the eight-sided towers with their princely crowns.

Four years ago a fire burned out the great baronial hall. Things of priceless value were hurried out by night. The rooms are now

temporarily arranged, as the rebuilding is not quite finished. But they are filled with tables, cabinets, marbles, pictures, armorial treasures, any one of which might be a proud heirloom in a family. Paintings by Vandyck, Rubens, Holbein, and Murillo adorn the walls; but we were sometimes tempted away from them to a still fairer picture, framed by the deep-set windows, — the river among the trees, with its low foaming fall, — an old mill-wheel at its side, and a bridge in the distance.

In what is called "Queen Anne's Room," is not only a gorgeous bed, whereon she condescended to sleep in the days of her flesh, but a trunk wherein she carried her clothes. It never occurred to me before that a queen needed a trunk all dotted over with brass-headed nails. One of the most costly treasures in the drawing-rooms, is a table of lapis-lazuli, amethyst, malachite and the like, which once belonged to that unfortunate French queen whose pretty things are scattered to the four winds of heaven. When the family are at home, and the curtains up, the carpets down, and the *little* things about, of course the rooms are far more beautiful still than when they are a show to the public. Many a British nobleman finds the stream of shillings from strangers who pay for a peep at his grandeur quite a useful increase to his revenues. Another large drove of sight-seers was in waiting as ours was put through and put out. We crossed the green quadrangle, passed through the archway into the garden, and were conducted by an old man with a bulbous nose, who had been in the service of the family fifty years, to see the famous Warwick Vase. ("*War'ick Vawze*," they all pronounce it). It stands in a garden-house built for it. Girls are not very good at getting dimensions I know; but when I tell you it is twenty-one feet in circumference and seven feet high, you will see, at least, that it is large. Very graceful it is too, ornamented with carved heads of satyrs, grape-vines, and a panther skin. When it was discovered at Hadrian's villa, one head was wanting, and a cast of Lady Hamilton's was put in its place, having pointed ears, to bring her into harmony with her neighbors. You remember she was Lord Nelson's great friend, alluded to in John Halifax. The garden-house commands a charming view of the park. Coming back we climbed the winding stair to the top of Guy's Tower, where we had a beautiful view of all the fair country around about. It was lucky for Warwick Castle that its lord was a Parliamentarian in the seventeenth century. There is hardly a castle or cathedral we have visited where a battered battlement or a headless image has not been

pointed out to us as *Cromwell, his mark*. This fortress was attacked by the Royalists, but they did no such execution as he was wont to ; so the grand old pile stands in unmarred magnificence. The helmet of the crownless king was the most interesting object in the armory of the castle. Perhaps you remember that a daughter of Cromwell married a son of the Earl of Warwick.

We could not well leave the gate without paying tribute to the ancient crone who keeps the relics of the Giant Guy, first of the Earls of Warwick. It was quite worth the sixpence to see her stir the mighty bell-metal punch-bowl which, she declared with portentous solemnity, "Holds *one* hundred and *two* gallons, and *I* saw it *three* times emptied the night the present Earl came of age." "If the ladies will excuse it, I will show you it is not cracked," she said ; as if she belonged to some sex of stronger nerve than we, poor worms of the dust ! Then she began "skirlin in an i'on pot we' an i'on spoon," bringing out her trident with a stunning ring. It only needed two more of her to give us Macbeth's witches in perfection.

After leaving the gate we walked to the bridge, from which a beautiful view is had of the castle with its embosoming woods, reflected in the stream at its feet. Two young ladies were sketching it in color. We wished Miss Belcher and her scholars could have such a study to practise upon ! In the meanwhile, however, you can be learning to sketch in that delightful new drawing-room we hear the fame of, and then you will be all ready when the time comes. On our way back to the hotel we turned into St. Mary's Church, famous for its mighty dead. A great flapping woman, with a cap, full of red roses, askew on her head, diddled around among the tombs, showing where the Warwick family are sealed up against the resurrection. They are laid in catacombs. "There's a hundred of 'em sealed up in there ; in here there's nineteen, and there's room for fifty more. Jest step up on this bench, and you can see."

'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power !'

We are continually reminded of our dear "old girls" and "new girls" both ; our happy days of wandering are made happier by the good news we hear from the Andover home. I often long to charge you : Get the main facts of English history firmly in mind ; then you have a solid wall for romance and poetry to climb upon. You cannot yet imagine how much pleasure the days of hard daily study are laying up for you. Don't be deluded by an idea which beset me in my school days, that it is no great matter about memory if you

only have a clear understanding. To study with a poor memory is to gather gold in a seive. Force your memory to hold fast all you give it. The time will come when you will want it. Think, talk, write about what you learn, so that it will become a part of yourself, and you cannot lose it. When you travel, it will be to you a review to you of your whole life, and all you ever knew. The richer these present days are, the richer will be the review. Learn facts, learn poetry ; do not "bolt" a novel even ; read good ones only, and give one time to sink in before you pile another upon it. Then you can enjoy them afterwards.

I meant to tell you also about our visit to Kenilworth ; but this letter is quite long enough already. I feel that in writing to the COURANT I write only to old friends ; so I sign myself,

Faithfully yours,

PHEBE F. McKEEN.

LONDON, Oct. 18, 1875.

THE HAND.

Every created thing declares the wisdom, skill, and loving-kindness of its Creator. Land and sea teem with life of every variety of form and color ; each individual performing its part in the grand plan, and each, in its way, a triumph of divine skill. There is no plant or animal, however seemingly insignificant, the law of whose existence is not a mystery too vast for our finite comprehension. We see that the bud warmed by the sun, refreshed by the dews, and fanned by the gentle breezes, slowly expands upon the slender twig ; till the green bonds can no longer restrain the struggling life within, and it bursts forth a blooming rose. The observer may admire its perfection, wonder at its symmetry, enjoy its delicate odor ; more than that he cannot do. No suggestion of his could improve this rare work of the Great Master. There is no more beautiful color than already tints its delicate petals ; the harmony of its various parts is perfect, and the rough stem that so lately opened to disclose this treasure still tenderly supports and nourishes it.

In the beautiful structure we call the human body God's skill has exhibited itself in the highest degree of perfection. Its every appointment is ordered and arranged with reference to the highest good of its tenant. In this temple, far more wonderful in the beauty and delicacy of its architecture than the famous temples of old, the faith-

ful and willing servitor ever waiting at the portal to fulfill the behests of the power enthroned within, is, perhaps, the most needful of all the attendants with which it is supplied. It is the hand, possessed by man alone in its full perfection, which characterizes him from all other animals,—the sign of his sovereignty, the sceptre of his power.

“The elegance of outline, the delicacy of mould, the beautiful color of the hand, its exquisite mobility and adaptability as a perfect instrument,” have led many to ascribe man’s pre-eminence more to the possession of the hand than that of the mind. The absurdity of this assertion seems so evident as to be almost unworthy of consideration. The utility of the one is so perfectly dependent upon the other, that had man, in the beginning, been endowed with but one of the two, he would be in rank little, if any, above the brute-creation. How pitiable a spectacle he would present if either hypothesis were true. In the one case, filled, as now, with the hopes, the longings, and the purposes of an immortal nature, the body would indeed become the “gloomy prison-house of the soul”; while in the other case, the hand, fitted as it is for the discharge of so many and varied duties, without the brain to plan for and direct it, would be degraded into a mere organ of locomotion.

The hand is the great instrument for the shaping of man’s destiny, so far as it lies in him to direct his own life. In all his duties and pleasures it takes an important part, and deprived of it, he would find his ability for work and enjoyment greatly diminished. The other organs are capable of doing and expressing much; yet it may be safely affirmed that the hand is the medium through which all the thoughts and purposes of the mind are made practical. “Good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards man are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act,” says Lord Bacon, which would be the case with all thoughts without the ready hand. If one person finds another in sickness or distress he may express his interest and sympathy in various ways. The brain commands the ear to listen, the eye to weep, the lips to speak gentle, consoling words, but it is to the hand it says, “Bathe the feverish brow, moisten the parched lips, and bring fresh flowers for the weary eyes to rest upon when they unclose.” By its loving service it may go far towards making up for the loss of some of the senses. Through its agency, the blind see, the deaf hear, and the dumb speak.

It is the hand that goes deep into the earth, and draws forth its hidden wealth. It is the hand that formed and directs the

mighty telescope, which makes the stars yield up their secrets ; the hand that guides the ship and controls the engine ; the hand that transforms rugged stone and waving forest into stately palaces ; the hand that wields the warrior's sword, the author's pen, the artist's pencil. But, most of all, it was Christ's hands that relieved the sufferings of the afflicted ; blessed the little ones, and were raised in supplication for our fallen race.

From the form and appearance of the hand we may not only judge something of the occupation of its possessor, but also of his character and disposition. The scars and blemishes that come to mar the beautiful symmetry of the hand, in the hard battle of life, are an honor to him who has borne manfully the burden and heat of the day ; and each may bear record of some victory won or some hard duty accomplished.

The hand not only works, but it also speaks. By its silent language it conveys many ideas which words could not give. Kindly sympathy is often best expressed by a gentle pressure of the hand, and nothing is more expressive of good-will than a hearty handshake. Nor is it wanting in expression ; like the countenance, it sometimes betrays the emotion of the soul. Perfection in betraying the heart's affections and struggles through the hand has long been the study of artists, and but few have succeeded. The ancient city of Nuremberg treasures the following tradition of a painting called "Folded Hands." Two artists, Dürer and Kingstein, men in middle life, had known each other from childhood, and were as warmly attached as brothers. They had given themselves with equal devotion to their calling, but the former had the true genius of a master, while the skill of the latter was all acquired. One day they learned that each, unknown to the other, had planned a series of etchings illustrating the passion of our Lord. They agreed to hold no further communication from that time until the works were completed. When all was ready, Dürer bore his pictures to the studio of his friend. Silently they laid them side by side, and then stood, together, contemplating them. The etchings of Kingstein looked like mocking caricatures beside the rare work of his friend. He realized the bitter truth, and, with a quick movement, swept them to the floor, begging to be left alone, and saying he would soon tell him all. The following day he went to Dürer, and, folding his hands, said : "Here I give it all up. The good Lord never gave me an artist's hands, so he never meant me to do an artist's work ; but may He bless, day by day, the homely labor he has given me to do."

His friend, feeling how right he was, could say nothing, but sat nervously fingering his pencil, until, glancing up, his eye caught the folded hands, which he hastily sketched. The legend goes on to say, that "Dürer made many copies of that sketch, before men ceased to call for them. Wherever Kingstein's 'Folded Hands' went they brought a blessing with them; for the artist's skill had stayed the spirit that was in them, of humble confession that work is done where and when and as God pleases; and where that spirit is, the work of the hands cannot but prosper, whether to our eyes it fail or succeed."

THE 'CADS.

What wakes us from our sweetest dream
With horrid and heart-rending scream?
What makes the night with terrors teem,
But 'Cads!

And who with woe our conscience fills,
By following us to cider-mills,
With vague remarks on temperance bills,
But 'Cads!

Who come and take our blinds at night
(’Tis more audacious than polite),
Who disappear ere morning light,
But ’Cads!

Who often vanish Monday morn,—
To Boxford powerfully drawn,—
And *think* they leave us maids forlorn,
But 'Cads!

Who hate the Theologues, root and branch,
Who'd beat them (if they got a chance),
And at them dire invectives launch,
But 'Cads!

Who keep the town in constant fright,
By prowling round it half the night
Knocking propriety "higher'n a kite,"
But 'Cads!

We often wish them far away,
And yet if they went off to stay
We'd miss them, we can calmly say,
The 'Cads!

ROBERT BURNS.

The poet of Scotland's people, like them, hardy and simple in his nature, more than merits the love so freely given him by every true Highlander. The story of his life is simply told. Born in a cottage on the banks of bonny Doon, receiving the rude education common among the Scottish peasants, he was filled with strange fancies, which were destined to break forth in new and wondrous beauty. The poetic fire of his nature was kindled by another fire; while yet a mere boy, he first showed his genius in expressions of devotion to a winsome maiden in a harvest field. Occasionally absent from home, he became familiar with scenes of freer living, while yet his fondness for revelry had not begun to work its mischief upon him.

Becoming involved in unfortunate speculation, sorely pressed for means, Burns published a small collection of poems, which was received by the cultivated society of Edinburgh with an outburst of admiration that made the humble Ayrshire ploughman the idol of the literary world.

Flattered and caressed by a fickle public, he wandered far from the narrow paths toward which his conscience persuaded him; but this gay life could not injure the inborn dignity of his character, nor corrupt the benevolence of his heart.

After some months of dangerous life, Burns went back among the hills, and found great enjoyment in the simple duties of his Ellside farm. About 1791 he removed to Dumfries, where he lived in excitement and dissipation till his early death, six years later.

The sorrowful tale of his extreme poverty aroused the kindly public spirit, which for a time had withdrawn its favor from him; and both nobles and peasantry mourned the loss of such a great character and so brilliant a genius.

Of Burns's poetry it is difficult to speak; it has to us somewhat of Chaucer's quaint simplicity, and Shakespeare's power in the painting of tragic comedy. The homely ways of Scottish life, seen in no Arcadian illusion, but darkened by the shadow of too harsh reality, are still lovely to him; poverty is indeed his companion, but love as well. The true nobility and worth that dwell under thatched roofs are dear and sacred to him; he pours a glory over the humblest details of daily life, till they rise softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes would hardly have discerned. He has made the bonny Scotch heather a house-plant, blooming at every fireside where literature finds welcome, or love a home.

The household life of Burns is portrayed in the imperishable pictures of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." The greater part of his own life was that of a laborer in the fields, in constant communion with nature. Here especially lies the charm of our peasant-poet. Can we not imagine the dark-eyed, brawny Scotchman checking his plow at sight of a daisy among its furrows, and singing as he stands holding the ploughshare :

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang th' stoure
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem."

How full of nature is this whole poem. It has the freshness and pleasant odor of a harvest-field. Little he guessed, standing with his hand on the plough, rapt in inspiration, that the melody of the music then rising from his heart would spread as far as the English tongue was known.

Burns always considered that riotous poem, "Tam O'Shanter," his best production. It is a picture of witchcraft in its fullest intensity, which makes one inclined to laugh, yet sends a shudder creeping over one at the bare thought of such dark dealings on this fair earth.

"The Twa Dogs," in which he compares the happiness of the rich with that of the poor, is full of shrewd maxims and close observations of human nature. His songs, however, have gained him the widest popularity.

Burns's writings show but a fragment of the possibilities that were in him ; brief glimpses of a genius that lacked many things for complete development : culture, leisure, a just appreciation of him, and that length of life which was lost through his own folly.

A certain rugged, sterling worth gives value to everything that Burns has written ; and a breath of green fields and mountain breezes pervades all his poetry. He has both decisive strength and a sweet gracefulness ; he is both tender and vehement ; tears lie in him, and a consuming fire, as we know the lightning lurks in summer rain-clouds. His very follies endear him to us, for we know how sincerely, sorrowfully repentant he was. He does not shine upon us in radiant glory, but walks our daily paths, shares our common thoughts ; loves, hopes, prays, sins, and suffers like us all.

TREES.

Like many another hard-pressed scribbler I had a dream, and here it is:

I was wakened from quiet sleep by a great noise, that was like a mighty thunder-storm. A vast, black shadow swept over the earth, darkening the light of early day. A deep, awful roar, coming from the heavens, at first half-stunned me, then grew fainter and fainter, and finally died away in a hoarse wail. As soon as I was able to distinguish one object from another, I saw a fearful sight; on every side was terrible destruction. I was in the midst of what, only the night before, had been my house and home, but now was a huge pile of ruins, out of which towered the chimneys, the only things that retained their original structure. The furnace, with its great, black mouth, yawned at me on one side, a heap of broken window-glass on the other. I was covered with blankets and mattresses; carpets, bricks, mortar, nails, and pieces of iron were scattered about in profusion. I was thinking in a frightened way of floods and whirlwinds, of western prairie-fires and potato-bugs when, just behind me, I heard a series of unearthly sounds that convinced me that it was nothing less than the judgment-day, and that Gabriel had come. I clasped my hands tightly, and, looking bravely around, saw, not the terrible angel with the trumpet, but a dear little friend of my youth, Chickenlittle. The story-book said she was devoured by Foxlox; of course, it was not true, for there she stood before me unchanged, except by a few extra pin-feathers. Gathered around her was the rest of the old familiar party.

"O Chickenlittle!" said I, "what is it?"

The little creature, with wings outstretched and mouth wide open, panting for breath, gasped out: "Oh, oh, it's something worse this time! The trees are all gone up to the moon, and they have taken every wooden thing with them."

"Yes, yes, it is true!" chimed in Henpen, Duckluck, and the rest.

"How did you know about it?" said I.

"Chickenlittle told us."

I turned to Chickenlittle. "Yes, I saw them with my eyes, I heard them with my ears, and oh, they nearly smashed me!"

"Do tell me about it," said I.

"Well," said she, "I was sitting on my roost, I heard a peculiar

noise out in the yard, so I stretched my neck and looked out of the window, that I might see and hear what it was. The yard was crowded with more trees than I ever saw before in all my life, which were all nodding their tops and flourishing their limbs and dancing on their roots around the old oak. They kept catching at his branches, as if they were trying to make him join their ring, but he seemed to be making some objections to their plan. Finally they quieted themselves, and this is what I heard him say :

“ ‘ Let them kill me if they will ; I have lived a long, happy life by this little cottage, and I had hoped that I might be left here to die in peace ; but now they want to widen the street and build new houses, and I am in the way. Well, it’s the way of the ungrateful world.’ ‘ Then don’t stay in such a world any longer,’ they all cried out, ‘ but come with us to the moon. There we can do just as we please, for there is only one man there to trouble us, and we can soon get rid of him ; let’s not stay another hour with such an ungrateful people. The more good we do them, the more they hack us down. Come, every tree on earth ; come, everything that was once a tree, or a part of a tree, let us go to the moon to spend the rest of our days, and see how well the wicked men will get along without us.’ Then they all began to dance again, and the buildings shook and tumbled and crashed until I was so dizzy that I could not see or hear anything. When I recovered myself the air was filled with flying trees and wooden things, and there was an awful roar, and then they were all gone, and the last that I saw was the hat-tree, which flung his hats off as he went, and left them to float back to the ground ; and my perch is gone, and everything is gone, and, oh dear, what shall I do.”

I was very much shocked and Chickenlittle very much exhausted when the story ended. As it grew lighter, it was evident that this time Chickenlittle had told the truth. The hot morning sun dried up the little brooks, and made the flowers hang their heads. The earth had somewhat the appearance of a long-haired school-boy who has just been sheared. I would have been thankful if Chickenlittle’s first story had been true as well as this, if only my head could have been sheltered from the scorching rays. I would have gladly, as she did, accepted the invitation of Foxlox, in spite of consequences. I sat down on a rock, and let my gloomy reflections have full sway.

“ Nevermore,” I thought, “ shall I have a house or a chair. Never again sit beneath the shade in the summer days or by the

fire on winter nights. No more wooden weddings; no more flag-staffs; no more guide-boards. No more fishing-rods and birch-whistles for the boys; nothing for them to climb. No lemonade; no palm-leaf fans," and I lifted up my voice and wept.

A hand grasped my shoulder; I opened my eyes, and lo! it was a dream.

DORR'S WAR. — MAY 23, 1842.

The midnight bells were tolling over the silent streets of Bristol; the people, never dreaming of treason, were sleeping peacefully in their beds, when, clanging out in the solemn stillness, bringing night-caps and candles to the windows, rang the Babbitt's big dinner-bell. Dismay and alarm spread over the half-awakened faces of the listeners.

"War, war, war! Citizens, to arms! The State arsenal is taken! War, war!"

As at the alarm of fire, men, women, and children flocked to the streets, where stood old Major Babbitt, ringing the bell and shouting like a madman. "What? Where? When?" came from the open mouths of the affrighted townsfolk.

This was how it was. Thomas Dorr had threatened insurrection, and had made an attack on the State arsenal with his troop of desperadoes from New York; and now the news came that he was marching on Providence by way of Chepachet Hill.

Terror made the blood run cold through the veins of the listeners; the women began to pray and weep, and the men to swear; for when war, with his bloody train, comes to ones very threshold, it is time to do something desperate.

Soon volunteers were crowding round the old Major; but somebody had to be home-guard; so by the next night the State was under martial law, and our fathers, brothers, cousins, lovers, all who could carry a broomstick, were saying good-by to the "near and dear ones."

Down to old Long Wharf they flocked. Jimmy Usher and Sam Thatcher playing the fife and drum as if their lives depended on it. A strange-looking crowd they were, armed with hatchets, carving-knives, ancient flint-locks, and blunderbusses, and dressed in decidedly undress uniforms. They crowded on board the packet "Julia Maria," and, with fife and drum sounding "The girl I left behind me," swung from the wharf, and gradually floated down the bay.

- One poor fellow hung over the stern till out of sight, literally swearing he would never leave his Nancy.

Poor old Nancy Daggett; he never came back to her! But under all this burlesque, ran a deep undertone of sadness, for "It may be for years, and it may be forever"; and "forever" rung drearily through the many hearts; for who could tell the list appointed unto death.

The friends turned home sadly and slowly. The streets were as quiet as the old North Cemetery; perhaps that cemetery was destined to hold some very dear ones before another week had flown.

Our volunteers reached Providence at noon, and the mayor with his council came down to the bridge to meet them. Loud were the cheers that greeted them as they marched through the streets to the State-house. Bristol had done nobly; she had sent every man in her limits, except those who were absolutely necessary for home-guard. The old Byefield blood always stirs up at the scent of battle; and the quiet old town has always stood among the first in her war sacrifices.

The rumors were groundless regarding the State arsenal, but it was true that Dorr and his mercenaries had fortified Chepachet Hill, and were ready to attack the capital. At day-break, on the morning of the twenty-fifth, our volunteers marched from Providence. It had been a terribly cold night, and many feet were frozen before Chepachet Hill was reached. And there on the summit were the muzzles of the enemy's guns pointing down, with a deadly precision, on the unprotected heads of our men as they filed round the base of the hill. But not a shot was heard till, in the wild scramble up the side, a blunderbuss accidentally went off, shooting poor Nancy Daggett's lover through the heart. They reached the top at last; but surprise and wonder lighted up their faces,—the host had fled. Dorr had said, "Fight till you can fight no longer, and then if you must retreat, go back in good order with your faces to the foe; but as I am a little lame, I guess I'll start now!"

They had vanished like a dream; yet they left substantial proofs behind. The hill was taken without a shot, the fortifications razed to the ground; and after discharging their fire-arms into the bushes, our doughty ancestors turned right about face, and came home again. What rejoicing among the watchers at home! what an absurd review on the training ground when our dusty warriors disbanded!

Roars of laughter, tears of joy, and general hilarity drowned poor Nancy Daggett's wail of despair, for the one sacrifice to Dorr's war.

LETTER FROM THE VINEYARD.

DEAR COURANT,

Some good fairy put it into the hearts of Arethusa and her mother to ask some of us girls to spend a week in their cottage, at the Vineyard. So Friday morning saw Hyperionia (Peri, for short), Draxy, Arethusa, and Minnehaha, with the latter's mother as a chaperon, on their way. Puss Pilgrim and I followed on Monday.

How shall I describe that journey from New Bedford. I can almost feel the sea-breeze on my face again, as I think of it. One only needs to *live* to enjoy oneself on the ocean—talking, even thinking, disturbs the strange, genial content that steals over one. I like to shut my eyes, and be conscious of nothing but moving through the cool, salt air, and then open them, to look through the depths of sea and sky.

Oak Bluffs at last! Where were the girls? We scanned the landing in vain, before we hurried down; but just as we stepped ashore and paused for a last look, we caught sight of them—all four.

"We're so glad you have come," said Draxy; "and the mothers are so good!"

"For pity's sake, what time did you leave New Bedford? Peri was so afraid we should be late, that she hurried us off right after dinner, and we have been sitting on the piazza of the Sea View for three hours."

Soon we were seated at the tea-table, laden with biscuits and strawberries, in a delightful little cottage, facing the sea.

"You can both have tea-spoons, because you are company to-night," said Arethusa, patronizingly. "Minnehaha, please butter your biscuits quick, so I can have the knife."

We stared a little at these remarks, and Arethusa went on:

"You wont be company to-morrow morning, and you will have to eat your breakfast with a fruit-knife. That's exciting!"

"My dear," began her mother, in a reproving tone, which was forced to change into a laugh in the general merriment that followed, as the girls explained how our hostess had sent for everything that could possibly be needed by her enlarged family; how she had heard that the things were duly started on their way; how they had lived in almost hourly expectation of their arrival ever since, and used their wits in devising all sorts of ingenious ways of living elegantly with a limited number of forks and teaspoons.

By and by the things did come, and we all tried to be thankful for the luxuries with which we found ourselves surrounded; but they put an end to much of our table fun.

The great delight of our days at the Vineyard was sea-bathing and trips to the post-office. If a day went by without these, we felt like saying with him of old, "Diem perdide."

There were so many things to do and places to visit, that we counted our days with the greatest care. Our first excursion was to South Shore. We did not patronize the new Katama railway, but procured a rather cumbersome vehicle, capable of holding all our family and the driver, a taciturn young man, who, to all our questions about the country, returned the unvarying answer, that he didn't know. Our road, for the most part, was by the ocean, till we reached Edgartown, which looked as if it had strayed from home, and was pining to get back; we afterwards concluded that it must have come over from Nantucket, on account of the strong family likeness which it bears to that island. Katama, with its queer, little hotel close to the shore, quite took our fancy. A short ride farther through the meadows brought us to the South Shore, where the waves come in from the open ocean,—grand, warlike waves, breaking on the sand with a wild, deep roar,—the voice of many waters.

The gathering clouds shortened our rambles upon the beach; and, after a hasty lunch, we started for home, which we did not reach till the rain began to fall.

Of course we visited Nantucket. The day was so cool, that we were glad to wrap ourselves up in cloaks and shawls, as we stayed on deck, and, after the manner of school-girls, fell to singing college songs,—

"'T was off the blue Canary Isles;"

so it might have been for anything we could say to the contrary. Suddenly the ghost of our unheeded words confronted us, in the shape of a flaming face, surmounted by a high, black hat, and holding between its lips a cigar. With the conceit natural to his species, he deemed our humble ditty a tribute laid at his shrine, and smiled and blushed and smoked away till he seemed in imminent danger of suffocation. We heard his sympathizing lady friend offer him her handkerchief, to screen his embarrassment, and we heard him bravely answer that he guessed he could stand it. That young man was of so truthful a nature, that, lest we should think it really was his *last* cigar, he consumed one after another, till our recollection grows hazy in the smoke.

And so we came to Nantucket. I do not know that any one ever used but one word to describe this island — quaint.

I have a fancy that the shades of Martha and little Nan still watch over their respective islands. Martha must have been pretty and coquettish, the sort of girl to have fluffy hair and wear jaunty hats, capricious, wilful, merry and religious withal. She is the guardian spirit of the Vineyard, her choice of the paternal property.

While Nan, to whose lot fell what was left after her sister's choice, in the name of her island leaves the simple record, Nan took it — dear quiet, homely little soul. She must have had a small angular figure, kerchief primly pinned across her chest, and strong, brown, little hands that loved to be busy.

We did not stop for all these reflections then, however, for we were hungry. We went at once to the one restaurant the place afforded, and made known our desire for lunch.

"What will you have?" asked the young girl in attendance.

"What could she furnish us?"

"Ice cream."

"What else?"

"Nothing, as you may say."

We looked at her aghast.

"We don't keep a regular restaurant, as you may say."

So homeless and hungry we wandered out into the street again to buy our lunch at the grocery stores, for our righteous souls revolted at the thought of hotel prices. We lived all our fun over again in telling our mothers about it when we reached home, and then settled down to an evening of games of the most mystical and scientific character.

I cannot begin to recount all our doings, — how we sat on the piazza in the cool of the afternoon with our books and writing, — how we sat there one morning for our pictures, in a blazing sun that brought tears to our eyes, vainly trying to look comfortable, — how we took our first look in a Claud Lorraine glass through the courtesy of a neighbor; how we went to evening sings at the good deacons, and, in short, enjoyed ourselves generally; and took a sail with a worthy Captain who promised to keep his boat afloat, though he declined the responsibility of the young ladies.

The days passed too quickly. Two left us on Saturday, and after a pleasant Sunday, Puss and I came away, to carry with us, ever, the memory of those joyous days.

Yours,

K.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

Our attention was attracted the other day by a newspaper paragraph to the following effect : that an extensive firm in one of the prominent cities of this state, engaged in the manufacture of "fancy letter-paper," had been obliged to close for a time as the market was flooded with that commodity. We confess a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure at this bit of news, and hope, though we wish no ill to any man, that the fertile geniuses that have been carrying on this industry with such alarming success, may find some better labor upon which to expend their energy. The production and spread of "fancy letter-paper" we consider one of the greatest nuisances that has sprung from that irrepressible spirit of invention which animates the bosom of every ambitious Yankee.

Human endurance will bear much ; but we wonder if that patient sage of old could have sustained his world-wide reputation, if his three friends, instead of coming to him, sitting alone in the midst of his afflictions, had sent their expressions of consolation to him upon modern parchment.

If this commodity continues to increase in popular favor, we tremble lest a hundred years hence archaeologists will be investigating the lost art of letter-writing.

We like the old-fashioned paper ; the good, substantial, sizable commercial note, or what is still better the generous fools-caps, upon which there is plenty of room for the spreading capitals of the school-boy, the injunctions of parents, the sentiments of lovers, and all the pleasant gossip of intimate friends. But what is the new order of things ? In place of these long, newsy letters, there is either the tantalizing bit of pasteboard, known as the postal-card, or, what is little better, an epistle inscribed upon the paper which we condemn. The outward appearance of this paper ! — but how shall we describe it ? It is fearfully and wonderfully made. Sometimes it comes to us "a bird of beauty (?), whose bright plumage sparkles with a thousand dyes." Sometimes the highly colored surface is relieved by fine, dark specks, thickly scattered over it ; again, it is divided into plaids by lines of various hues and widths. But worse than all, is that paper, patronized chiefly by persons who write a flowing or unsteady hand, the exterior of which is diversified by ridges and depressions, meeting at angles, right, obtuse, and acute, in readiness to trip the unwary pen at every stroke. Of all letters, these are the most trying to read. When a person is fairly hungry for news, to have one of the above sort put in his hands to be studied over like a piece of Egyptian hieroglyph, until he loses all interest from very weariness, is, to say the least, depressing.

We are familiar with all the various "brands" now bought and sold, and frankly acknowledge that each, in turn, seemed perfection to our

youthful eyes. We well remember the thrill with which we received our first letter written on narrow, chocolate colored note-paper, with large, square envelope to match. But that is a thing of the past; experience has removed the glamour from our eyes, and we only hope that the above-mentioned paragraph is an evidence that others have become similarly affected, and are ready with ourself to return to the good, old-fashioned letters on the good, old fashioned stationery.

For the first time since her connection with the school, Miss McKeen has taken a vacation from the onerous position, which she has filled for so long a time with such distinguished success. With Miss Phebe, she is enjoying a pleasure holiday across the water. Their letters, public and private, that greet us so frequently, afford glimpses of much that is delightful in foreign travel.

Though we miss them here, we rejoice with them in their pleasure, and meantime, congratulate ourselves that they have thrown their mantle upon such worthy shoulders. It seemed very odd at first to miss the well-known faces from their accustomed posts; but now we are becoming used to the new régime, and trust that under our brave commander, our ship will safely weather the storms of the year, and at the end, show a log-book to our returning Principal of which she need not be ashamed.

As our Christmas recess was extended this year to four days, by the fortunate intervention of Sunday, our numbers were made even fewer than usual, and much question arose in the minds of the thirty who remained, as to what we could do to keep away homesickness, and have a merry Christmas. A sleigh-ride was suggested, but the snow was lacking; we were denied the usual pleasure of entertaining friends from outside the school, as most of those friends were taking their vacation; so a "hen-party" seemed the only practicable plan. Accordingly, soon after seven o'clock, on Christmas eve, we all assembled in the kitchens of Smith Hall, to try our hands at pulling candy. The process proved a very severe trial of our hands; but we had so firmly resolved to "drive dull care away," that we minded neither that nor the slight burnt taste which we detected in the candy.

Having spent the requisite amount of strength, we withdrew to the parlors for a continuation of our festivities. A committee had been appointed to arrange some theatricals (if orthodox Andover will allow that name for our entertainment), and they first announced to us the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. A voice from behind the scenes read Saxe's touching poem, while the lovers through the hole in the wall (a shawl in which holes could easily be found), planned a clandestine meeting under a neighboring mulberry tree (a tall form enveloped in a green piano cover, from the top of which waved a feather duster, somewhat the worse for wear). The interest increased as the play continued. Thisbe, upon reaching the tree, was frightened away by a lion, which was certainly a "very ferocious beast," the part being taken by a young lady wrapped in the skin

of a wild-cat. When Pyramus appeared soon after, and discovered not his sweet-heart, but her veil, besmeared with blood,

“He made up his mind, in very short metre,
That Thisbe was dead, and the lion had eat her,”

and after indulging in much unrestrainable grief on a large handkerchief, he fell on his dagger (a dinner knife), and

“In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring.”

Thisbe, upon her return, finding her lover in this sad plight, could but seize the dagger, and fall dead by his side, and thus the curtain closed upon them.

Let it here be stated, that Pyramus was obliged to recover sufficiently to play an active part the rest of the evening, as the pains taken to array him in masculine costume could not be wasted.

Pumpkin proved a good word for a charade. The *pump* was represented by a girl with a long waterproof on, standing with one arm out at the side, for a handle. When this was worked, an operation accompanied by some squeaking, an imaginary stream of water filled various buckets and pitchers that were put under where the spout ought to be.

For the second syllable, a lady whose dress bore evidence of great wealth, found herself surrounded by a troublesome number of friends eager to claim relationship.

The whole word was represented by a squash, in lieu of a pumpkin, which could not be obtained.

Other charades followed; *inspector*, *marriage*, and several short ones, interspersed with games. After partaking of the refreshments which had been prepared, we were in good mood to wish each other a very merry Christmas, and good-night.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: Packer Quarterly, Amherst Student, Philomathean Mirror.

A contributor sends this bit of historical wisdom, by which she was highly entertained.

The question, “When did the Pilgrim Fathers come to this country,” was propounded to a large class of young girls. Various answers were returned, embracing a wide range of dates, no one of which came within fifty years of the correct time. At length, in sheer despair, the inquirer added, “How did they come?” No one dared hazard an opinion until one more venturesome, raising her hand, with a look of concentrated wisdom, said, “In the cars.”

This story reminds us of a similar answer given by a young lady, in a geography examination. When asked “How she would go to Japan,” responded, “Either by land or sea.”

The above stories are quite equalled by one told of an English lady, acting as governess in a loyal American family in Constantinople, during our late civil struggle. She had heard much discussion of the subject, and became greatly interested. One day during one of these animated con-

versations, she broke forth with this pertinent observation: "She did not see why the North should have so much trouble with the South. Why did n't they cut across the isthmus and let the South go?"

To show that these aberrations of memory are not peculiar to the feminine mind, we give this story related by a friend, who once listened to a sermon from a prominent divine, in which he described a Roman soldier found leaning upon his musket in the excavations of Herculaneum.

A youthful Candidate for the Theological Seminary. — A little boy much given to tears, was frequently remonstrated with on account of this habit. One windy day, his mother said to him, as he stood near the window, — Oh, Charlie! What does make you cry so much?"

"I don't know, mamma," he responded; "I suppose I should be crying now, in the dust on the ground, if God hadn't made me."

The mistakes made in animated reading are sometimes most amusing. A young miss in a class of elocution, reading about "Jacob's Well," came to the sentence: "The weary traveller still slakes his thirst at Jacob's well." Which she read, "The weary traveller still shakes his fist at Jacob's well."

Another, reading a piece, describing an enraged man, the effect of which was greatly heightened by the vigor and earnestness of her style, gave the sentence, "his cheeks seemed bursting with rage," thus, "his cheeks seemed bursting with rags."

HOME MATTERS.

The old year departed with mud-bedraggled garments.

Roundabouts predominate in Phillips Academy this year.

The new reading desk in the Town Hall is a decided improvement.

Why is the COURANT like the Night-blooming Cereus? Because it is so long coming out.

The studio fitted up in connection with the observatory, is much prized by the art students.

The oratory displayed at the last Mean's Prize Speaking was highly praised by those who were present.

Two levees have occurred this season. The first at Prof. and Mrs. Mead's, and the second at Prof. and Mrs. Phelps. Both were pleasant affairs.

The new Theological Chapel is being rapidly brought to completion. We wonder if it is designed to accommodate a larger congregation than the old one.

The mild effulgence diffused by the new street-lamps that adorn our drive-way, renders (k)nightly peregrinations much less difficult than formerly.

Miss Phebe McKeen has kindly sent a letter to our Magazine, relating a bit of her English experience, which we take pleasure in placing before our patrons.

The Trustees of the Academy have sent Miss McKeen three hundred dollars to spend on art, while away. We cannot expect her to bring back the dim old "originals" perhaps, but something very like them.

The Ceeilia Club, which afforded so much enjoyment to the lovers of music in the School last year, has been revived under favorable auspices; and we trust it will prove a source of profit, as well as pleasure, to its members during the present year.

This winter, the occupants of Smith Hall hope to accomplish the feat of eating breakfast without being swathed to the chin in blanket shawls. The balmy atmosphere that rises through the new dining-room registers fills us with confidence.

The Social Union of various Theological Seminaries, that took place here some weeks since, was, as far as we were able to judge, a success. The public services at the Old South were largely attended, and were very interesting. The pleasant signification of such a gathering cannot fail to be apparent to all.

Abbott Academy was described to a stranger, in search of it, as the first building on School Street which had a dome. The bewildered traveller paced the entire length of that arduous way, and was amazed to find, upon further inquiry, that his weary feet had passed it early in his search. We infer that he was near-sighted.

The Andover sidewalks are such very unique and useful institutions, that it is a constant surprise to us that the town does not get out a patent for them. A place, as noted as this is for being the centre of so much culture and learning, certainly ought to let the country at large know of its valuable improvements in this line.

The morning following her lecture in this town, Mrs. Livermore paid us a visit, and gave the School a short but earnest address. She laid down three points full of good advice to all. First, to care for the health; secondly, to have some object or aim in life which may be gained only by perseverance and industry; and thirdly, as women to love one another.

A pleasant surprise awaited the boarders at Smith Hall on their return at the beginning of this year. It was nothing less than the new set of furniture, of ash and black-walnut, that greeted each one as she opened her door. It is a change that has long been desired, and only those that have experienced the old, can appreciate the new order of things.

"There is nothing new under the sun"; but the young ladies of Abbott Academy are rejoicing in something new — a course of lectures in Astronomy, given by Professor Young of Dartmouth College. He tells wonderful things in a wonderfully delightful way, and we have come away from lectures amazed "That one small head could carry all he knew." Our interest is further heightened by fine stereoscopic views, that make those things clear to us that we would not otherwise understand. The morning lectures embrace the mathematics of astronomy which are miracles in the way of difficult problems; yet we listen with all our might,

and try to delude ourselves that we *do* understand all the spherical trigonometry.

The donor of the spectroscope will be glad to know that it has at last been used. With the assistance of Professor Young, we have been able to see the spectra of sodium, calcium, thalium and strontium, and trace their marking upon the solar spectrum.

It may be of interest to former contributors to the COURANT, to know the following fact. Many will remember a story which appeared in one of the early numbers of our Magazine, entitled "About Us," describing the career of two young women who went into the grain business in the West. This number fell into the hands of a young lady in Holland, the daughter of Dr. Stuart of Rotterdam. She was so much interested in this story as to translate it into her own language, in which form it was published in a Dutch periodical. Some copies of the translation were afterwards printed separately, one of which we have received through Dr. Stuart. Although it is "all Dutch to us," we are glad to know that the fame of the COURANT has extended so far.

The friends of the COURANT will doubtless be glad to learn that an Observatory has been placed upon the front of the Academy, in which our new telescope is mounted, and in working order. The expense was about twenty-five hundred dollars. Through the labors of Miss Belcher the fund for the instrument was collected from the friends and pupils of the Academy two or three years ago. It was manufactured by "Clarke and Sons of Cambridge," who indirectly owe to Andover their world-renowned success. When a son of Mr. Clarke was a student in Phillips Academy, the bell having been broken, he took it to his home and melted it upon his mother's stove, with the idea of an instrument for the eye rather than the ear. He went to his father for advice, who became so deeply interested that he made the manufacture of telescopes his study, and finally his profession.

MARRIAGES.

'73. Miss M. Delight Twichell, to Rev. A. H. Hall, at Plantsville, Ct., June 15, 1875.

'74 Miss Mattie E. Pillsbury, to Mr. J. H. Rollins of Minneapolis, Minn.

Miss Anna L. Blodgett, to Mr. R. E. Peabody, of Peabody Station, Nov. 9, 1875.

'69. Miss Mary H. Morton, to Mr. Clarence Whitman, Dec. 1, 1875.

Miss Ella M. Whitcombe, to Mr. H. E. Huntley of Fitchburg.

Miss Frances L. Wait, to Mr. Charles Comstock, at Littletown, Col., Jan. 26, 1875.

Miss Emma A. Keyes, to Mr. Mayhew P. Aiken, at Newbury, Vt., Jan. 23, 1875.

'71. Miss. Anna C. Smith, to Mr. Frederick J. Barnard, at Pittsfield, May 13, 1875.

Miss Cornelia L. Spaulding, to Mr. George Bixby, at Revere House, Boston, April 28, 1875.

Miss Isabella R. Hunter, to Mr. George W. Chase, at North Adams, May, 12, 1875.

'75. Miss Emma Trull, to Rev. James K. Ewer, Sept. 1, 1875.

DEATHS.

Emma A. Brigham, of consumption, Aug. 20, 1875, at Westborough.

'70 Emma G. Hathaway. Date and circumstances unknown.

Class Organizations.

'76.

<i>President,</i>	O. N. TWICHELL.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	J. H. PEARSON.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	M. J. COLE.
<i>Historian,</i>	S. B. GRIGGS.
<i>Sibyl,</i>	A. BILLINGS.
<i>Vine Orator,</i>	J. H. PEARSON.

'77.

<i>President,</i>	M. L. DOUGLASS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	K. S. BUSS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	S. L. FISKE.

'78.

<i>President,</i>	L. B. DIMAN.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	A. B. GARDNER.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	H. N. CHILDS.

CECILIA CLUB.

<i>President,</i>	M. F. WHEATON.
<i>Secretary,</i>	O. N. TWICHELL.
<i>Directors,</i>	{ K. W. DRESSER, M. J. COLE, L. M. FARNSWORTH.

The Abbott Courant Advertiser.

ABBOTT ACADEMY,

ANDOVER, - - - - MASS.

Offers Superior Instruction in

ENGLISH BRANCHES, LATIN, MODERN LANGUAGES, AND
MUSIC.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES, JUNE 28, 1876.

FALL TERM BEGINS AUGUST 31, 1876.

Whole Expense per Year, Board and English Tuition, \$276.00. Latin,
per Term, \$3.00 ; French, per Term, \$7.00 ; German, per Term,
\$7.00 ; Music, per Term, \$35.00.

Apply to the Principal, Miss PHILENA McKEEN.

GEORGE H. PARKER,

Has constantly on hand a full assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

ALSO,

FRENCH, GERMAN, AND DOMESTIC
PERFUMERIES AND COLOGNES,

Hair, Nail, and Tooth Brushes,

SPONGES, CUTLERY,

And all other Articles generally found in a first-class

DRUG-STORE.

Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

DRAPER'S BLOCK, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS

SMITH, MANNING, & CO.,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, ETC.

Essex Street,
ANDOVER, MASS.

J. L. SMITH,
A. S. MANNING,
I. S. CARRUTH. }

AT

**J. H. CHANDLER'S
DAILY PAPER, PERIODICAL, STATIONERY,
AND FANCY GOODS STORE,**

Can always be found a Good Variety of

Foreign and Domestic Fruit and Nuts,

Together with the best quality of

CONFECTIONERY.

OPPOSITE THE POST-OFFICE,

MAIN STREET, - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

J. E. WHITING,



DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELRY,

Silver and Plated Ware.

ALSO, DEALER IN

FANCY GOODS, TOYS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES,
SOAPS, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS, CONFECTIONERY,
AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS.

 FINE WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING. 

MAIN STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS

CARL PRÜFER,

IMPORTER OF, AND DEALER IN,

Foreign and American Music;

PUBLISHER,

30 West, Cor. of Mason Street,

BOSTON.

DOW & NEAL,

MAIN STREET (Swift's Building), ANDOVER, MASS.

Millinery and Fancy Goods Store.

The Latest Style of

HATS,

BONNETS,

RIBBONS,

FLOWERS,

NECKTIES, Etc.

STAMPING AND PINKING TO ORDER.

A Good Assortment of WORSTEDS, MOTTOES, and MATERIALS
for FANCY WORK constantly on hand.

Agents for "DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.

MAIN STREET

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,

Horses, Buggies, Carryalls, and Beach Wagons to Let at
Reasonable rates.

Hacks furnished for Weddings, Calls, Funerals, etc.

JOHN PRAY.

T. A. HOLT & CO.

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries.

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,

CENTRAL STREET, ANDOVER.

VALPEY BROTHERS,

DEALERS IN

MEATS,

VEGETABLES,

POULTRY, etc.

Cor. Main Street and Elm Square,

ANDOVER, MASS.

HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

PROVISIONS.

Constantly on hand

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Poultry,

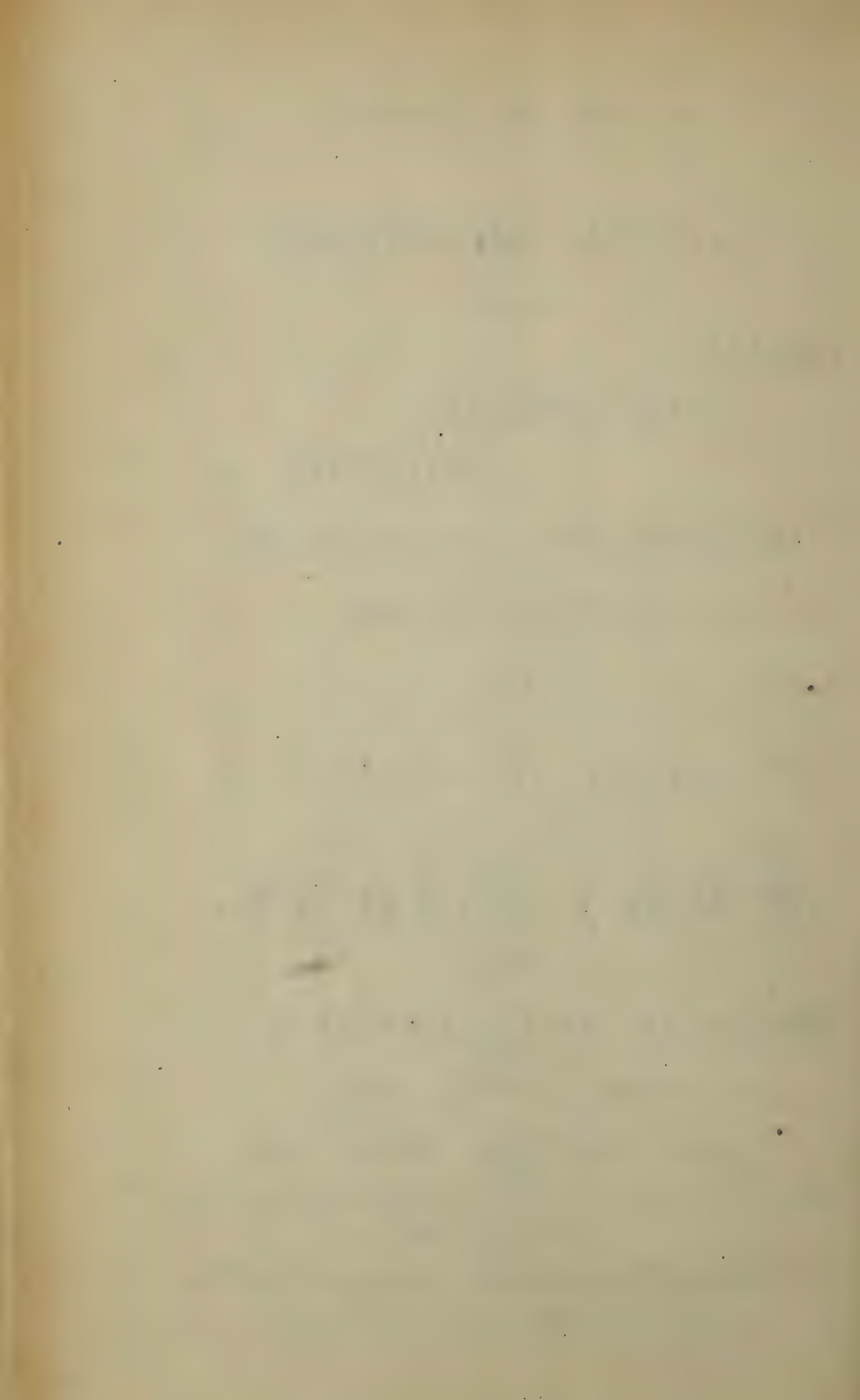
TRIPE, SAUSAGES, HAM,

Lard, Pigs' Feet, Liver, etc.

Also, FRESH, FRUIT and VEGETABLES of all kinds, in their season,
at lowest cash prices.

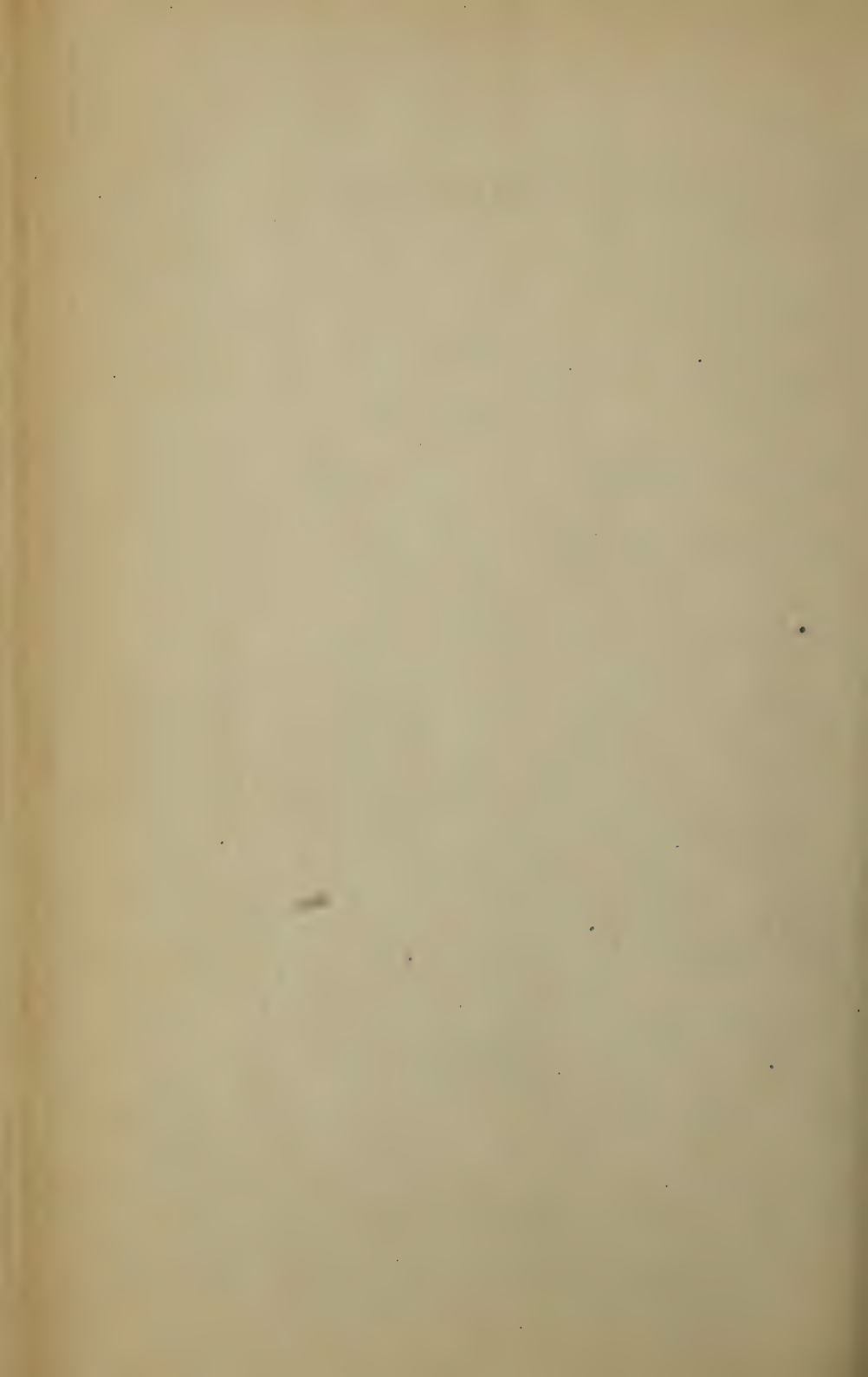
Cor. Main and Central Streets, South Andover, Mass.

*** Goods delivered promptly free of expense.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Poem, '75-'76,</i>	1
<i>Le Misanthrope,</i>	2
<i>The Pacific Calico-Mills,</i>	4
<i>Warwick Castle,</i>	6
<i>The Hand,</i>	10
<i>The 'Cads,</i>	13
<i>Robert Burns,</i>	14
<i>Trees,</i>	16
<i>Dorr's War,</i>	18
<i>Letter from the Vineyard,</i>	20
<i>Editors' Drawer,</i>	23
<i>Organizations,</i>	30



THE ABBOTT COURANT.

Edited by

Mary L. Douglass, '77.

Elizabeth A. Abbott, '78.

Annie M. Gilbreth, '79.

Emma F. Chadbourne, '80.

Business Editor, - - - - - Lizzie M. Farnsworth, '78.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

NO. 2.

A PLEASURE TRIP IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

EARLY one Fall, when we were living in China, we resolved to carry out a long-cherished plan of visiting the Great Wall and Ming Tombs.

Behold us, then, a party of four, jogging through the streets of Peking, a donkey leading the van, followed by three carts. These are vehicles peculiar to China, with no seats and no springs; in which, seated Turk fashion, the unskilled rider, although surrounded by comfortables and pillows, receives many a bump and bruise before he can learn to avoid or temper them. Our progress through the city was slow, being often blocked by a line of twenty or thirty camels, or some dignitary with his train of outriders. Opprobrious epithets frequently reached our ears: "Yang qua tsz," or "Foreign Devil," being a very common one, coming in many cases from little children just learning to talk, but prompted by the person in charge of them. Very often a mother will cover the eyes of her child as we pass, that it may not see us, for fear we shall bewitch it.

Our way lay through the imperial city and over the marble bridge, which is so thickly coated with the dust and dirt of years that the original material can scarcely be recognized. From it can be seen the pleasure gardens of the Emperor and also the walls, surrounded by a moat, of the forbidden city itself, and above them the yellow-tiled roofs, under which lives the Emperor, the "Son of Heaven."

Passing on, we soon reached the city gate, and, once outside the walls, we hoped to progress more rapidly; but how sadly were we

mistaken! We were forced to struggle on through mud and mire, sinking in at every step. Once our mule so nearly disappeared that we thought perhaps he was meditating a visit to America; but he returned to his duty, not at all improved in appearance by his attempted travels. We had hoped to reach the Nan Kan Pass by nightfall, but not many miles travelling convinced us that our undertaking was hopeless; so with a sigh we relinquished it. We were determined, however, not to go home without seeing something new; so being in the vicinity of the "Wan Sho Shan," a former resort of the Emperor, we turned our travel-worn procession in that direction.

The place was destroyed by the English and French soldiers in 1860, on account of violation of the flag of truce on the part of the Chinese; but were it not laid waste no barbarian would be allowed to enter its sacred precincts. The ruins are on so extensive a scale that we could see that it must have been magnificent in its glory. Following a covered walk, lined with trees, around the base of the hill, we came to an open space in which were the ruins of a pagoda, with temples on either side of it. At the rear of these the hill is faced with solid masonry, in which are built staircases in the form of a diamond, which originally had balustrades of green and yellow tiles. We clambered up these stairs, thickly strewed with broken bricks and tiles, and breathless, reached the top, where stands one building which escaped the destroyer's hand. It is a masterpiece of Chinese architecture. The roof is covered with yellow tiles and the walls also, broken at even distances by pilasters of green tiles. In each yellow tile — they are about a foot long and ten inches wide — is a little green image of Buddha of the same material. We estimated that there were about eight hundred of these figures.

Before us lay the surrounding plain, dotted with villages and solitary farm-houses, near which, on the threshing-floor, congregate the whole family, from the grey-haired grandfather to the child in arms. The fields were bright with their different colored grains, while here and there might be seen a clump of trees enclosed in the burying-place of some grandee. Toward our left, the outer wall of Peking, with its fifteen gates, and in the centre, like a citadel, the imperial city, were plainly visible. In the distance in front of us the "Wheng Ho," or "Muddy River," winds along its circuitous route; and, on our right, rose the mountains, range beyond range, growing fainter and fainter in the distance, till their dim outline was scarcely distinguishable from the clouds.

Having satisfied the cravings of the inner man, we began the descent; going down rock stairways, into caverns, over piles of brick

and mortar, through avenues of trees, traversing rustic bridges and stone walls, and arrived at the entrance too late to think of returning home that night.

In answer to our inquiries, the attendants at the gate told us there was a temple about a mile distant, where, in years past, foreigners had spent the summer, and perhaps the priest would take us in for the night. The place was easily found, and the priest being amiable and hospitable, we were soon established in two rooms, where the night could be passed with tolerable comfort. In north China the "kang," a brick elevation extending across one end of the room, answers the purpose of bedsteads. It is often large enough to accommodate the whole family, and in winter can be heated. On this we spread our bedding, and, tying up our mosquito nets, hoped soon to be peacefully resting in the arms of Morpheus. But our dream of repose was rudely broken. Hardly had our eyes closed before those nightly visitants, mosquitoes and sandflies, made known their presence; and, failing in our efforts to combat with these powers of darkness, we took refuge under our sheets; but emerged with the first ray of light to revenge ourselves on our tormentors.

Joyfully we started toward Peking, glad to exchange the discomforts of travel for the comforts of home.

THE STORY OF THREE OF THEM.

ON an apple-tree, early in that season when blossoms, those harbingers of fruit, appear, was a large family of buds, scarcely noticeable at first, but each day growing, until one morning all held up their faces to be kissed by their god-father, the sun. Away out on a little twig were three of the freshest, prettiest flowers imaginable; three sisters, each vying with the other as to delicacy of color, and of fragrance, though all were equally beautiful. There they sat, coquettishly bowing and smiling to the West Wind as he passed.

But this joyous time could not last forever; and one day their dainty mantles were rudely torn from them. They bowed their heads with shame; "for," said they, "our glory has departed; we have only green garments now. Who will notice us among the leaves?" But they did not once think of the good they would do in after days.

Many were their questions in regard to the future: "Of what use are we?" "What will be done with us?" "Are we always

to stay here?" To which the mother-tree answered: "No, my children, the day will come when, just as you are grown to be my pride, you will leave me of your own accord, or be stolen from me by human, or rather inhuman, hands. What your mission is remains yet to be proved. You may have to sacrifice your life for the pleasure of others; but think not of what is to come; embrace every opportunity for improvement, and trust for the rest."

Week after week was numbered, and the flowers were changed for the better; for now, round, rosy, and mellow apples, they were fit to be presented to a king. As they swung gaily in the breeze one morning, a shadow fell upon them, and when the sides of a basket rose above them they knew that their days of freedom were at an end. "Now where are we going?" said they. "To see the world," replied their brothers.

And sure enough! In a very short time they opened their eyes in a great market-place among hundreds of their kindred, golden, russet, and green. Their wonderment was not one whit abated when somebody said: "Give me a peck of thim rid ones," and they were transferred to the market-basket of Biddy McFlynn. From one street to another, from street to alley, did Biddy go, until again were the scenes entirely changed, and, in a poorly-furnished room, they were greeted with shouts of joy by little children.

"Jist see thim beauties!" cried Mike; "Aint they ilegant!" said Katie; "Iledant!" echoed the four-year-old Maggie, whose duty was to repeat everything said by her sister. Poor as Biddy McFlynn was, she had taught her children to share with those around them every pleasant thing, so now she gave each of her little ones an apple to give to one of her friends. Maggie immediately laid hers in her mothers hand, calling forth the ejaculation, "Bliss the darlin!" But what became of our friends?

In a garret lay a boy whose wasted face and hands told of the ravages of disease. A step was heard on the rickety stair, and he trembled at the thought of a drunken father. But how his face changed as Mike entered! It flushed with joy, and his hands were stretched eagerly to grasp the apple held toward him. In a moment he was alone, but not lonely; for had he not a treasure to gaze at, and an everlasting source of pleasure in the thought that *some one* remembered him? That night he slept with it under his pillow; but the next morning he ate it, all the time wishing that he could eat it every day, and have it to look at too. Thus did one of our friends depart this life.

Right across the entry from Biddy's rooms lived old Fanny, and

here Katie brought her gift. Well pleased was the old lady, and much did she tell her young friend concerning days gone by. Then the apple was carefully deposited in an ancient bandbox, which served as cake-box, fruit-basket, and receptacle for her Sunday bonnet. Every morning she took the apple out, looked at it, smelled it, rubbed it till it shone, then put it in its house again, until, at last, its lovely color faded, and she threw it away, exclaiming "Who'd a thought it would ha' gone an' spiled, and sich care as I've took on't, too."

And now our attention is drawn to a house in the upper part of the great city. Here everything is chosen for beauty and comfort. In one of the cosiest rooms imaginable, where heavy drapery and the bright fire burning in the grate lend additional warmth and cheerfulness, stands a young girl. She is graceful and commanding in appearance; and, though not beautiful, is very attractive. Her face is clouded for a moment, but brightens as she thinks of one of the amusements of her childhood. May not her mind be set at rest by what the apple-seeds will tell her? She counts aloud: "One, I love; two, I love; three, I love, I say; four, I love with all my heart" — As the last words are spoken the door opens, and, in time to hear them, enters a youth who regards the proceeding with intense interest — "Four, I love with all my heart." Then he speaks: "For whom was that apple named, Helen? May I dare hope that it was christened Maurice?"

Here we will leave them, for we have no right to remain. Glancing in upon them later, we see Maurice talking very earnestly, the four apple-seeds in his hand, and he is saying: "Ah, Helen, but for these insignificant little things we should both be in a state of dreadful uncertainty; we must keep them as a reminder of this day."

So this was the story of three of them.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

QUAKER CITY, October, 1876.

DEAR COURANT:

IN imagination I see the sun-lit town of Andover, its river reflecting the autumnal hues of the banks, and the distant hills bright with the glory of departing day. In reality, my eyes rest upon ivy-grown houses of brick and stone, upon spires of churches, and a park so filled with trees and well-kept paths as to

seem like a miniature Boston Common. Here the busy streets are thronged by thousands of "Centennial" sight-seers, and you can feel confident that you know the thoughts of the passers-by, or of your fellow-stander in the horse-car; for the exhibition and its joys and griefs at present are subjects of hourly interest to all. Yet the city itself holds forth many attractions, and frequent wanderings will reveal its wealth and beauties. Yesterday we entered the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, and found its walls to be covered with frescoes and paintings — copies of some of the oldest and best pictures. Colored lights fell upon the altars; and several "sisters" were overseeing the devotions of the school children, who were so small that they could reach the holy water only when they stood on tiptoe. As they passed out, the little ones marched down the long aisles with folded hands, and bowed their childish heads — half in awe and half in dread of the sisters' reproof — before a picture of Christ and the Virgin.

The Zoölogical Gardens contain not only the larger animals of great interest and value, — an enormous rhinoceros attracting special attention, — but also every creeping thing, and birds of many countries.

Fairmount Park, within which are the Centennial grounds, contains many statues and fountains, both in marble and bronze; and the exterior of the exhibition buildings is both picturesque and beautiful. The structure of Memorial Hall deserves special attention. Built of granite, glass, and iron, its several corners guarded by massive stone eagles, and having a central dome surmounted by a colossal zinc statue of Columbia, it is well fitted to remain as the National Memorial Hall for the free exhibition of art treasures from all parts of the Union. Within are found works of art from many lands, having every degree of merit. The French department, however deservedly criticised, can boast of tapestries such as no other country can produce. This celebrated Gobelin tapestry — made by hand, and more delicate in color and design than many of the finest paintings — is here represented by five or six specimens. Each is so wonderfully fine as to make it necessary to stand very near in order to distinguish them from oil-paintings. A room hung with such drapery would almost seem peopled by living beings; for the forms are so lifelike that should they step from the walls it could hardly surprise you.

In the British collection, which is superior to all others, there are too many treasures to admit of minute description. Fancy me not only viewing "the Eagle-borne Ganymede" and "Sampson

bursting his Bonds," but mingling with the guests at "the Banquet of Macbeth," and sympathizing with his horror as I perceive with him the unwelcome ghost, and wonder not that my pen fails.

Among the smaller, but needed, attractions, the Vienna bakery holds forth inducements to the faint and weary pilgrim to the Exposition. Go, then, when hungry, cross, and tired, to that brown house whose wide piazzas seem to say, "there is room and rest for all"; enter, and find every seat taken; stand patiently — can it be otherwise than mournfully? — behind the chair of one who has but just received hot coffee and the world-renowned Vienna bread. Watch as with keen relish he makes way with the delicious repast, and long for the time when you shall sit in the same chair and enjoy your hard-earned lunch. Patience has never failed of its reward, and so at length you drop exhausted into the vacated seat, with the soothing conviction that the "end crowns the work." And here I must leave you. Most sincerely, '78.

DESTRUCTION.

THE desire to tear or break is one of the first instincts of a child. The commonest toy or most delicate flower is to him simply something to be destroyed. How many slappings the little hands have to take before they learn that everything which comes in their way is not placed there for destruction!

In the boy and girl we see this same desire. Every curious thing, however pretty, must be taken apart to "see the wheels go round." There are very few persons who ever entirely "put away childish things." The love of destruction is as strong in a man as in a child. History gives us innumerable instances of the destruction of beautiful cities, temples, and other monuments of art; and explorers are constantly bringing to light treasures which were buried to escape the destroyer. It seems as though an inherent respect for the beautiful or valuable would stay his fierce hand. But no; the love of destruction is stronger: to satisfy the destructive propensity of one man the Alexandrian Library perished, and left the whole world to mourn the loss of an inestimable treasure.

Among the distressing incidents of war we are not so much astonished when we read that barbarous men sacked and burned rich edifices as when we learn that the soldiers in our own late

war often ruthlessly destroyed beautiful articles of furniture, family portraits, and household gods from no other motive than joy in destruction. It would seem in this enlightened age that men might be beyond such things.

Nothing gives me a more melancholy feeling than the sight of an old, ruined house, especially one which Nature's hand has dismantled. As I wander through the dilapidated rooms, and my feet tread the creaking boards, fancy calls to mind the time when all was life and brightness here. Then these old walls were firm and strong; this floor did not quiver at every step; in this spacious fireplace burned a cheerful flame; and at these paneless windows were seen happy faces. Now, how changed!

It is with a feeling of sadness akin to this that I look back upon the happy, innocent beliefs of my childhood. No days have ever been to me half so sweet as those in which I dreamed of fairyland, with its wonderful mysteries. But time, the great destroyer, shattered my bright dreams, and now I stand amid the ruins, and a yearning for my old idols comes into my heart which can never be satisfied.

It seems to me that the persons who make it a business to dispossess us of the ideas which are a part of our very natures can never have known what it is to suffer the pangs which it costs to give up the beliefs of our childhood. They tell us Homer never lived; that William Tell is only a myth; that the fire of genius never burned in Shakespeare's veins; that Columbus was not the rightful discoverer of our country; yes, they even dare to try and prove to us that our Saviour never existed, and they apparently take a savage pleasure in the discomfort which their work produces. They are listened to by many; and the cry which goes up, as one belief after another is taken away, is like the voice of Rachel weeping for her children, because they are not.

It is evident to all well-regulated minds that every effect must have a cause; and where this cause can never be determined with certainty, I see no harm in clinging to the one which seems most probable. If Homer did not write the Iliad, who did?

There is one form of destruction in which man takes an especial delight. I suppose there is no occupation which gives the majority of persons more enjoyment than pulling to pieces another's character; and it is not astonishing, for it requires no talent whatever; any body can gossip. Doubtless, if the commonest subject of conversation throughout the whole world could be ascertained, it would prove to be a neighbor's failings and defects. We are apt

to forget in speaking of others how cruel a wrong a word of slander may do.

“Who steals my purse steals trash;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.”

AUNT CHRISTIE.

Yis, Missy Mame, de quality comes to see Christie, jes' 'kase she's nothin' but an' ole nigger. I knows what quality is. Don't Miss' Colonel Jackson come? An' don't de Mandevilles come? An' don't Gin'al Wright's fam'ly come? 'Twas only las' week Miss Jenny came rus'lin' down here in her silk clo'es, as I was settin' here; an' she says:

“I've come to have you tell me a story, Aunt Christie,” says she, — an' de Wrights come ob de fust fam'lies. I says:

“Miss Jenny,” says I, “Ef dar's anything I can do to please you, I'll do it. Ef it's makin' you a cake, I'll do it; ef it's fryin' chicken, I'll do it; an' ef you want one of de ole woman's stories, she'll tell you one such as a'n't written in no book.”

Den I tole her how my boy went an' lef' his mammy. I nebber tole you 'bout dat? Reckon you like Aunt Christie's stories's much's you did 'fore you went away. Well, den, I'll tell it to you now.

You see, when your grandpaw lived down in ole Virginny, 'fore de bad times come, an' he bruck up, my ole man an' me we belonged to him. Ole Massa was always good to us, an' he built a cabin fur us close by de garden; fur Caesar was de gardener, an' I used to go in de house an' help Dinah when dar was parties or comp'ny; an' de chillen — your maw, Miss Mame, an' your Aunt Alice — was always comin' to my cabin to see me, an' have me bake cakes for 'em. Dey thought dey was better dan dose in de house

Caesar an' me liked dar in our snug little cabin, an' nebber was a pair ob sparrows happier; but when our boy Prince come, den dar wasn't nobody so proud's we was. O Missy Mame, you nebber see a boy so smart es our Prince; when he was young 'un he was jes' es chipper es he could be, an' was always so noticin'. When he wasn't more'n four months old, Massa he came in one day, an' says he, “Christie, whar's de baby?” I took him up in my arms, an' jes' es soon es he see de big buttons on Massa's coat, he reached out his little hands after 'em.

Well, Prince kep' on growin' an' growin', an' all de time growin' smarter, an' everybody liked him. Massa thought heaps ob him, an' said he was de bes' chile on de place, an' used to show him off to de gentlemen dat come to de house; but when dey offered him big prices for de boy he always shook his head; for he nebber sold his people. All de time Prince wasn't spoiled — no, he was always a mighty good boy to his mammy.

I said eberybody liked him. No, dar was one pusson dat didn't like him, an' dat was Sam, de groom. He nebber tried to harm him, but always scowled when Massa praised Prince; an' he said mean things about him, an' tried to get him into heaps o' trouble.

When Prince was 'bout eighteen, Massa went to Orleans; an' when he came back he brought a maid for Miss Alice. Rose, her name was, an' she was as pretty as any o' de pictures o' de great ladies in de hall; an' besides dat she was dat quiet an' modest like, you nebber see.

She tuck to Prince, an' he to her, from de fust; fur you see Miss Alice had Prince to wait on her an' run ob errands fur her, so he saw Rose ebery day. An' he wasn't de only one dat liked her. Dat Sam I tole you 'bout, he liked her too, an' he was always tryin' to get de better o' Prince. Rose didn't like him, an' it made him mad to hab her like Prince. Prince always gave her flowers when he brought Miss Alice's boquet in de mornin'; an' when Massa sent him anywhere he always brought home something to Rose. An' so things went on, an' ebery day when Prince came home he would hab somethin' new to tell me about Rose.

Wheneber dar was a camp-meetin' near our plantation Massa let de people go; an' it happened, 'bout dis time, dar was one in de grove by Cap'n Hollister's, an' we all went, an' Rose she went with Prince. One night he was walkin' home with her when, jes' es they got to a dark place in de woods, out jumped Sam from de bushes, an' caught hold ob Rose, an' was goin' to run off with her in his arms; but Prince put hisself before her, an' tried to keep Sam back. Den Sam took a great club, an' jes' struck my boy on his head an' face till he fell down like he was dead; but 'fore he could do any more he see some ob our people comin', an' plunged into de swamp, an' dat was de las' dey see ob him. Massa sent out de hounds nex' day; but dey nebber found him.

Dey took up my beautiful boy, an' brought him home, an' laid him on de bed. When I saw him lyin' dar so still, I thought de Lord had called him away; an' I was sittin' by him, cryin' sof'ly, when he turned his head, an' whispered, "Mammy." Den I fell on

my knees, an' t'anked de Lord dat he let me keep my boy a little while longer.

All de long summer he lay dar, so still and patient, it made my heart ache every time I looked at him. Ebery mornin' I thought would be de las' one dat I should see his beautiful smile, an' ebery night I thanked de Lord for lettin' me keep him one day longer. One evenin' he asked me to open de door an' let him see de sunset. He looked a long, long time, an' den shut his eyes, an' I thought he was asleep. I went out into de garden to pick some flowers for him to look at when he should wake, an' was goin' in at de door with dem in my hands, when I looked toward de bed, an' saw, in all de red light o' de sun, my boy lyin' dead. But it didn't seem as if he was dead. He had been lyin' dar so long, almost away from dis world, dat it didn't seem like dyin'; it was jes' goin' away. An' dat is de reason I always say my boy has gone away from his mammy.

COMMENTS OVERHEARD.

"A chield's amang ye, takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

As you enter Memorial Hall, at the Exhibition in Philadelphia, the first object likely to attract your attention is a huge figure of George Washington, sitting on an eagle with outspread wings. Only his head and body are visible above the wings of this our country's emblem. The figure is made of plaster-of-Paris, which has cracked and is filled with dust, giving a dingy look to his white coat and venerable head. The whole is mounted aloft on a pedestal, and has a commanding view of the entrance. With calm, unflinching look he watches the crowd streaming in. His fixed gaze at the passers-by is no less intently returned by them; for they never fail to bestow a passing glance, and often add an audible comment.

I was one day resting at the foot of this patriotic statue, and, nothing more entertaining presenting itself to my mind, I began to jot down in my note-book the criticisms of the people as they beheld the work of art above me.

First came an elderly man, leading a hungry-looking little boy, with staring eyes. The boy says:

"Papa, is that an angel?"

"No, son, that is Washington and an aigle."

Shortly two women walk in at the entrance, looking fixedly at the figure. One says:

"Look here, Jane, isn't that a monstrous thing?"

"Yes," says Jane, as they pass along, giving place to two rather old ladies, evidently good matter-of-fact persons, who had very few poetic ideas, and yet were acquainted with their country's heroes. Looking into the catalogue, one finds, with surprise, who it is.

"Well, that's George Washington. Now, really, I wouldn't 'a known him."

There was a lull in the crowd of passers-by for a time. Then came two or three children, who commented:

"That's horrible, — isn't it?"

"This is George Washington. 'Tisn't pretty, now, — is it?"

Then a lady, leading a child, appeared within my domain. The lady was intently looking at some work of art in another part of the room; but the child saw only our flying hero.

"Mamma! [nothing is said by her.] Mamma, what is it, eh?"

The mother does not know what "it" means, till the boy conquers, and, pointing it out, asks:

"Is it a man?"

"Yes," the lady slowly answers, to pacify the child.

Next came two sober youths, sauntering slowly past me, with hands in their pockets, a cane appearing from under the right arm of each, mouth beneath the budding moustache half open, brown eyes rolled upward as they gaze at George Washington's placid brow. Not a word was spoken; only the expression of the faces was irresistible. In them was wonder, and more than words could say.

As these passed on, a group of young ladies, with an older one who had a sweet, calm face and white hair, came by. Glancing up, one says:

"Who is this?"

"Washington," the lady replied, as they went into another room near.

Three boys then appeared, who had evidently been wanting to know who this was; for, as they came upon my field, one said:

"There's the name — Washington."

Soon followed two girls, arm in arm, evidently much pleased with all they saw, for they were giggling profusely. With sidelong glance they looked at the patriotic hero, saying:

"Did you ever see anything so funny?" Then they snickered themselves out of sight around the corner of the statue.

Who would be my next visitor, I wondered, but soon saw. It

was a broad, fat woman, with a kind soul expressed in her rather blooming countenance. By the hand she was leading a little girl, who was eating a cookie, and looked very contented.

"Well, now, what's this thing?" says the woman. "Oh, my!"

By this time I was rested, and went on to look at the statuary and paintings in other rooms, leaving my hero still soaring aloft and silently receiving the criticisms of the day.

ONE DAY.

WE were all congregated there; from east and west, north and south, to sit down together on the deck of the "Evening Star," and wonder what was next to become of us.

Some of us, furthermore, as Tine acerbiciously remarked, had already been "excursed" nearly into our graves; and if there were, for miles about, any corner which our blasé eyes had failed of beholding, we desired most earnestly not to see it. Yet, one bright August day, whose heat was deliciously tempered by an energetic little breeze, six precious souls of us, at the instance of Palinurus, were waiting until the steamer should swing out from her dock and head up the river, finally to land us at Star Island.

Six precious souls! Mrs. Mag, a staid matron of twenty-four; Palinurus, guide, philosopher, and friend, and an eminently jolly personage withal; Viator, the "young man eloquent," who wore out his days in the vain struggle to bring the party up to its responsibilities in the way of sight-seeing and general information. "Our Niece," a nondescript, mentioned in general terms by Mr. Longfellow as

"Standing with reluctant feet

Where the brook and river meet";

but practically speaking, fourteen years old, and the largest pickle in the family jar; Tine, a young person of small experience and wide observation; lastly, the scape-grace of the party, rejoicing in the appellation of Benjamin, and who, since becoming the partner of Mrs. Mag's joys and sorrows, had not ceased to daily disquiet her soul.

It was a party of good comrades, each wonted to the other by much going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down it — limitedly. A party, moreover, that daily thanked its stars it was well away from the heat and obligations of the great Exposition,

and where nobody was allowed to say "Centennial" under severe penalty.

By twos and threes the passengers had gathered, till at last the steamer loosed her moorings, swaying out into the warm, blue river, on and up, until the fair City of Straits lay behind, under its cloud of smoky haze. For a time conversation drooped, and the passengers mutely surveyed each other, after the fashion of polite society on its travels. Not far off sat a widow—a young widow in very mitigated black. As somebody says, it was as if mercy and truth had met together in her artistic raiment; and Palinurus allowed appreciative eyes to stray in that direction. "A thig of beaudy, ad a joy forever, um?" nasally remarked "Our Niece," sorely afflicted with a cold.

Now, if Palinurus has a weakness, it is that of shrinking from the faintest suspicion that he might, could, would, or should possess a tenderness for any member of the opposite sex. Therefore he hastily left his seat and went over to where Tine sat looking over the railing, softly crooning to herself bits of old songs:

"She counted the days on her lily hand
As he sailed, as he sailed,
Her lover true he'—

O Palinurus, isn't it just bliss enough to be alive in the beauty of it all? And think how, long ago, Cadillas with his Frenchmen came sailing up here, with this new, lovely land all about them, to make their home where never home had been before; how they dreamed, perhaps, that they had found here their Acadia, where"—"Where every prospect pleased," chanted Ben, in a mournful drawl, and, "My dear Tine," (from Viator) "I was acquainted with your powers as a comparative philologist, but this knowledge of United States history—it is wonderful to me, Cyclopaedia." Tine looked disgusted and vindictive. "But really the actual settlement of this region," pursued the last-named gentleman, "is a question of"—"My friend," interposed Tine, reviving, "don't exert yourself on our behalf; say its one of those things no fellah can't understand, even." And Viator succumbed to circumstances, and forgivingly took the party below.

Down by the bows the spray dashed over at the gangway, and the strong, fresh west wind was making the boat feel the white-capped waves. "But if one could only sniff salt water," lamented Mrs. Mag.

On and on, until across Lake St. Clair showed the tower of the little lighthouse at the end of the canal, built directly out in the

lake, that a clear channel may be kept. Passing into it, the boat slackened speed, and, for the length of a mile, went on between the green embankments, until the twin of the first light-house was passed. By the club-house, where ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the piazzas, on into the very heart of the sunset, as it seemed, touching at last at the Star Island House.

"But where's the island?" queried the uninitiated.

"Unavoidably under water, just at present," answered one of the three superior beings.

Water all around, up to the very steps; a precarious bridge of planks leading to the storehouse three rods distant. Even the croquet-ground was submerged; and the wickets raised their heads mournfully above the surrounding flood. "Oh, do let's go right out rowing," begged "Our Niece," the ubiquitous, hopping undignifiedly up and down. But the face of Palinurus was steadfastly set toward supper; and to supper we went. Fish, of course. There are fish of salt water and fish of fresh water, and one differeth from the other. But the attractions of even bass and salmon-trout fail at last; and the dining-room was deserted for the boats.

The sunset was crimsoning all the quiet water and the reedy marshes; and, floating on as they listed, it seemed good that the perfect hour might last forever. "To forget all before," said somebody slowly, "to live and be here in the golden sunsets and silver moonlights—the mornings—the warm indolent days—a life in Bohemia—and count the world well lost."

"Not to forget," said Viator, "for 'a sacred past has hallowed all Bohemia,'—say, 'not to desire the past again.'"

Just here Ben caught an uncommonly large trout, nearly capsizing himself and his much-enduring wife, and Palinurus sculled his solitary craft alongside with some highly chilling remark about the place in winter.

Very soon the exigencies of the toilet caused the withdrawal of the feminine half; but no sooner had the hotel-room been taken possession of, and manifold brushings and shakings begun, than a lack was discovered. Just then an impressive pounding heralded Ben's notice that the steamer would start in fifteen minutes. Mrs. Mag rushed to the door. "Ben! Ben! Benjamin!"

The individual addressed paused in his onward march, half-way downstairs, and looked attentive.

"Better hurry."

"We want some soap."

"Some what?"

"S-o-a-p" (intensified), and back came Mrs. Mag. Presently the sounds of approach again became audible, with the delivery, through the door, of a small, fossil-like substance, accompanied with the information that it was all there was in the house, that it belonged in the bar-room, and five individuals were even now waiting for it — we must hurry.

But in due time, through the good grace of the captain of the Evening Star, the six were upon the hurricane-deck for the homeward voyage. The sun had only left behind him one faintly golden cloud; the stars were slowly coming out as we on into the purple hazy twilight of the perfect summer night. Away to the left the low-lying Canada shore; ahead the few lights that could be seen; and beneath the dim river, that bore so tranquilly, so tenderly, the burden on its breast.

Won by the manifold attractions of the captain, who looked like a venerable Cape Cod skipper, Mrs. Mag and Our Niece sat by the wheel-house, listening to his hairbreadth 'scapes by field and flood. Ben roamed about like a restless spirit; while the remaining trio paced up and down, or sat and talked, till, finally, all were drawn to hear the last of our acting Sinbad's adventure at Thunder Bay.

"Thereby hangs a tale," said Viator. "There was a certain party, — indeed, two parties; for the first was a man, and he had a wife. Said parties fixed their residence upon an otherwise uninhabited island up in the bay. A boat touched there during its summer-trips, and from that they obtained all they needed; living mostly, as they did, upon game and fish. In the winter, of course, they were wholly shut away from the world. And at last, just as the season had set in in its severity, the male member of the establishment effected his decease."

"You narrow-minded wretch!" interrupted the vox femina.

"Tine knows it; let her tell."

"In all the desolateness," began the last-named, "the poor wife was left alone with her dead. Day after day, in its awful stillness, it lay before her. She had not the strength to bury it in the frozen ground. Storms came, bitter cold and drifting snow; and still she watched beside what had been all the world to her, living, and in whose room now stared at her the actual presence of death. Supplies failed, and starvation almost had her in its clasp; yet, with all the grief and bodily pain, she still kept a clinging hold on life, — that death in life, — until the spring came, and boats came to take her away."

There was silence in the little group for the space of half a minute. Then Ben, the irrepressible, thus:

"Seems to me, if she had had much sense of the eternal fitness of things she would have seen that it was the proper thing for her to die, too."

"It seems to *me*," said Mrs. Mag severely, linking her arm in his, and walking him off forward, "that if *he* had had much sense of anything he would have guarded against such awfulness."

"At least insured his life, my dear." But Mrs. Mag swept on; while Our Niece wondered pensively "what became of her."

"Married somebody else, probably," said Palinurus.

"After *that*? Never!" said Mrs. Mag, returning.

And now in the distance gleamed the city lights and the harbor alive with morning craft. The merry six stood silent, lifted above the tumult a little in the face of the still, changeless heaven above them, the strong, resistless force below. The boat glided slowly to her place, stopped, and the day was done. M.

A SONG.

Oh! the grass is green by the brook side,

The sky is blue o'er head;

A maiden comes to the brook side,

With light and joyous tread.

Oh! her song is sweet by the brook side,

Her image fair to see,

As she fills her pail by the brook side,

And laughs right merrily.

Oh! the grass is dead by the brook side,

The sky with clouds o'ercast;

No maiden comes to the brook side,

For the summer-time is past.

TELUMAH.

IN the central part of one of our Southern States is a large forest. It is a wild, strange place, with its dark groves of cypress and magnolia, and giant oaks, intermingled with the rich undergrowth and creeping vines. One is startled, in walking through it, to come suddenly upon a broad sheet of water, nestled down in the very heart of this great wood. De Soto came here when he was looking

for the fountain of youth ; and it would not be surprising if, looking down into the clear, silvery water, he thought he had found it.

I was visiting near this romantic spot one summer, and wanted, as all curiosity-seekers do, to see everything that had "a story to it"; so I was shown Telumah's Rock ; it was the summit of a steep, craggy precipice, and down below it was a dark chasm. In the spring, when the lake is swollen from the rains, the water rises and forms a pretty little cove ; but now there was only darkness, which might conceal all sorts of ugly things. The rock was covered with the graceful mistletoe, which drooped and hung in festoons for yards below. I asked how the spot had received its name ; and they told me that a long time ago an Indian girl had appeared in the village of Ocala, calling herself Telumah. They had questioned her whence she came ; but she only knew English enough to say, "Where is he — my Tuscawilla?" When they shook their heads she would turn away sadly, and go on asking the same question over and over again. They treated her kindly, and induced her to stay with them long enough to learn a little English. Having won her confidence, they drew from her this story :

Her home had been far away among the pines ; and long ago the great chief, Tuscawilla, had come from a distant tribe to woo and win the lovely Telumah, fairest of all the maidens in the Oclawaha valley. Very happy they had been ; but there came a change. She no longer plaited mats in the doorway of the wigwam, or listened for his footsteps in the rustling branches, and he no longer chased the wild deer. The pipe of peace was buried, and the hunting-ground of the red man became a bloody battle-field, where many a brave chief must fall.

Tuscawilla clasped his bride one moment to his heart, and was gone. Telumah, left alone, knelt and prayed the Great Spirit that he would protect her lover, and bring him back to her. But he never came. Day after day she looked and listened. Other chiefs returned ; and she eagerly questioned them, but could hear no tidings. They told her he must have died ; but she said No, for she had asked the Great Spirit to take care of him. At last she determined to go in search of him. For long years she had wandered from place to place. She said she had been to all the Indian tribes and many white people. She had asked the rabbit, and the wild deer, and the birds, and the winds and waters ; but none of these could tell her. Now, she said, she must go and ask the Great Spirit. One day some hunters found her lifeless body at the foot of the precipice ; and from that time the lake has borne the name of Tuscawilla, and the rock is called Telumah — the faithful.

'77.

FOR the first time, as Seniors, we retire to the sanctum, and take up the editorial pen. The situation is so novel that we exclaim, with the poor little woman in Mother Goose, "Lack a' mercy on me, this is none of I." We are brought to a fully realizing sense, however, that it is "I," when we are called to take upon us the duties which come with Senior dignity. We feel that we have already had enough experience in the graver affairs of life to be warranted in giving a little advice to our more youthful friends in '78. We do not like to see the spirit of pride which prevails among them on account of their numbers. We would remind them — for they are very fond of commenting on the small size of our class, as though we were not already equal to the Sacred Nine — that quality, not quantity, is to be desired. Goliath was bigger than David; but would they rather have been he? This spirit of self-complacency often prevails among the immature; and we have no doubt that by the time this class have reached the eminence to which we have climbed they will be much improved.

We congratulate '79 on having emerged from the long clothes of Juniorism. They promise to be a fine class, and we sincerely hope the promise will be fulfilled.

Gazing down from any great height always makes one dizzy; so we will not endanger ourselves by looking long at the class of '80. If we could get down there, we would pat it on the shoulder, and say, "Never mind; you will be a Senior class some day. In the mean time, do your little examples in arithmetic, and learn your United States history well, and you will be all the better fitted to enjoy the Senior year.

We, as a class, feel very well pleased with ourselves. We have already whetted our knives on Hume's argument, and are anxiously waiting to attack Bishop Butler's pleasantries.

'78.

WE, the class of '78, stand boldly forward. Like the modest sunflower, we cannot be hid.

The Seniors throw out disparaging remarks about large classes not being able to have cozy times together; and, worse still, intimate that we shall be likely to have more quarrels than if there were

fewer of us. But these little hits disturb us no more than the fly did the ox in the fable. Can it be that the grave and reverend Senior is guilty of jealousy? We do not expect to have smooth sailing all the time, but we have perfect trust in our president, and think that she will steer us safely round all dangerous places.

The class of '77 insinuate that though we may excel in quantity we are deficient in quality. We beg leave to differ from them. We claim some of the best musical talent in school, both vocal and instrumental. We have not been content to take the materials for our class simply from the States near us, but have brought treasures from Minnesota, Florida, and even from the opposite side of the globe. And all these elements are bound together by the strong affinity of class spirit.

Our elder sisters are conservative and cling to the old customs, while we are radical. They rely too much on their *position*, thinking that simply because they are Seniors every one should look up to them and admire. While we, being fully awakened by this new republican movement, know that it is *worth* that makes the man, and claim respect, not for our position, but for our own merit.

We have enjoyed our studies for the past term very much, and although they are not quite as high sounding as Psychology, or the Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion, yet we think them fully as interesting.

In connection with our Fall Term's work we wish to thank Mr. Merrill, of Phillips Academy, for his kind invitations to our class to witness his experiments in Chemistry. They have helped us to see more clearly things that we blindly believed in before.

There are some rather formidable studies before us, but we do not dread them. In fact, we are rather anxious to have them come, that we may try our mettle on them.

"Come one, come all, these walls shall flee
From their firm base, as soon as we."

'79.

BEING an editor is so novel an experience to us, that we smite our forehead in a "fine frenzy," and inquire, "What shall we say?" Wishing to follow exactly in the footsteps of our ancestral editors, that the avalanche of criticism may not overwhelm us, we pick up our spy-glass, and sweep the imposing array of Seniors, Senior-

middlers, and Juniors; judging, and being judged, with an impartial eye.

When we reflect that in three years we graduate, it seems incredible, Only one year since we entered Abbott Academy in the innocent pride and dignity of a Junior! It seemed then as if the eyes of the world were upon us, and I doubt not they were; for we are unanimously acknowledged to be the most enterprising, original, intelligent, and delightful class that ever sought the monastic seclusion of No. 3.

On our entry we were treated with extreme civility, even by the Seniors, who we augured were simply "Juniors of a larger growth"; but we soon found out our mistake. Many urgent invitations were extended to us by certain members of the Senior-middle class to join their number. We politely declined, however, wishing to be select. But they were unable to conceive of anybody refusing them, except through incompetency to fill such an exalted position, so they persisted in their patronage. At last "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," and we repeated in concert,

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

We are peculiarly one-minded you perceive,

"How pleasant a thing it is to see

A class of thirty-two agree."

We are remarkably fond of repeating in concert all we have to say as a class. This habit was acquired at an early age, by repeating together the preamble of the Constitution of the United States.

After a time, '78, dazzled by the brilliancy of our headlights, and fearing, lest our pugnacity should be contagious, sent ambassadors to us, and by their strategy and winning artlessness we were completely mollified. Their provident minds probably wander to the time when they shall canvass for funds, with which to purchase luminaries, manufactured by the heathen Celestials of the Flowery Kingdom, to brighten the lawns and miniature forest connected with this Institution when they shall take their flight. But when that time shall come we will repeat in concert, with the firmness, and good taste which has ever characterized us, "We will neither give them a quarter nor take one." Although that day is far distant we would suggest, in anticipation of it, that they adopt for their motto on graduating, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

We haven't much to say about the Juniors, although it is no more than fair that we should "give them their due." The class of '80 is rather puny, being so cast into the shade by our overwhelming superiority. A few around the edges, straggling out into the sun-

light of our approval, have thrived, and they redeem the class. They may be distinguished from the other classes by their distressing indifference to the dome, the ostentatious ease with which they invest and adorn themselves, and the amount of academical slang they use.

The Seniors are a brilliant class; in fact, they are a perfect Drummond light; and are happy in the possession of that invaluable article, a blow-pipe. It is feared, however, they will be unable to write a class hymn on account of a dearth of poetesses.

It is rumored among the Juniors that one attempt has been made, from which the following is an extract:

“ Our school days e’er were sunny
As June, that balmy month;
Our days flow swiftly onward,
Like ripples on a — hunth — sunth — bunth (strange
we cant find anything to rhyme with month!)

Old Abbott, we adore thee,
We love none but yourself;
We honor thee for matchless worth,
And also for thy — delf — self (we said that once) —
elf — pelf? Never!

• “ Old Abbott, now we leave thee
Thou hast taught us good and well,
Thou art our Alma Mater,
And also art a — pell — mell — sell? (Dear me! that
will never do in the world!) ”

As for our class, we do not wish to thrust ourselves into publicity. We have no need to praise ourselves. Who has not heard of the glorious class of '79? “Not to know us argues yourself unknown.”

The teachers are all eager to have us under their tuition, and “many a time, and oft” we have forborne, from purely disinterested motives, to recite as well as we could, fearing, lest we should create that pride in our instructor’s bosom, which “goeth before a fall.”

'80.

THE class of '80 would respectfully solicit a little space in which to thank their friends for showers of advice patronizingly poured upon them.

The hint of '77 in regard to Arithmetic examples and History lessons is wise and kind. We judge, however, that they speak

from a sad experience, inasmuch as the answer, "We know nothing of it," is generally all the information we can obtain from them concerning any puzzling problem, or disputed date in history. We wish to remind them that "the Ugly Duckling" in the end turned out to be the most beautiful of swans; and so, even we, who wear the pin-feathers of Juniorism, will issue forth fully-fledged Seniors able to compete with all classes of past and future.

'79 evidently forgets the depths from which, so short a time ago, it sprung; where, pale, weak, and puny as we, it struggled to gain the sunlight. It forgets the pruning and fostering care which proved necessary to aid it in becoming a healthful plant. "To see yourself as others see you," dear friend, '79, would indeed prove a blessing.

Each new term will doubtless bring additions to our number; and, when we enter the senior year, it will probably double that of '77, whose boast is that they are equal to the "Sacred Nine." As if any body cared for that!

'80 is yet in the rough; but after passing through the necessary friction and polishing, she will be regarded as one of the most precious stones in the cabinet of Old Abbott.

"HELEN'S BABIES."

THE little book which came out last summer, bearing this title, has made its way so rapidly that now almost every one in this part of the country has read it. It was written by a gentleman and his wife, living in Hartford, Conn. Some years ago it was sent to a certain publisher, and rejected by him. Nothing more was done about it until a short time ago, when a friend of the authors, hearing it read, urged them to try again. So it was sent to Loring's, with what success we all know.

Its popularity is due to its humor and its truthfulness to nature. The very names of the small heroes, Budge and Toddie, make us think of morsels of humanity endowed with the very spirit of mischief; and we are not disappointed as we read on. We do not blame poor "Uncle Harrie," who has charge of them while their father and mother are away, for being ready to give them up in despair more than once. Five year old Budgie, the little philosopher, amuses us by his rapid transitions from the angelic to the

mischievous. And who can help loving the dear, persistent little dragon, Toddie.

The spirit of rivalry, which runs all through our lives, from babyhood up, is well illustrated in the following little incident: "Uncle Harrie, in coming out of a store, saw by the brink of a deep gorge two yellow disks, which he recognized as the hats of his nephews; then saw between him and the disks two small figures lying on the ground. He was afraid to shout for fear of scaring them, so he bounded across the grass, approached them on tip-toe, threw himself upon the ground, and grasped a foot of each child.

" 'Oh, Uncle Harrie,' screamed Budge, as he was lifted up, 'I hunged over more than Toddie did.'

" 'Well, I—I—I—I—I hunged over a good deal *anyhow*,' said Toddie, in self-defence."

Forgiveness reaches its highest point when Toddie, after throwing away Uncle Harrie's beautiful bouquet, and making him send the rag doll instead to Miss Mayton, is not content with being forgiven and kissed himself, but desires to have that same dirty, ragged, offending doll kissed. In the little love story how unconsciously, and naturally the small boys manage things.

We can all appreciate Uncle Harrie's feelings when Budge explains the meaning of "espect" to Miss Mayton, and when Toddie repeats to the ladies the little sonnet to Alice. For though we may not have been in exactly the same position, yet, I think, nearly all of us know what it is to be completely abashed by children.

The book, from beginning to end, is full of little children's bright sayings. I have heard a good many people say that they thought these were incredibly precocious children. I think not. Children are always saying funny things. Here, for instance, are a few of the little anecdotes that I have heard related this term by school-mates about little friends of theirs.

A little boy got up pretty cross one morning; his mother said "Why Georgie, where are your dimples this morning." "Eh." "Oh, I see one; where is the other." "Gone in to tell the other not to come out."

One morning this summer, a little girl came down to breakfast radiant, and said, "Mamma, a little angel has been singing to me all night long." On investigation, the "little angel" proved to be a mosquito.

The other day a little three year old boy in drawing a horse forgot to put in an eye. His mother said, "Why Jimmie, you have forgotten to put in an eye. How can the poor horse travel without

any eye?" Jimmie said, "My horse don't travel with his eyes, he travels with his legs."

A little boy going to church one day saw a lot of men sitting on a doorstep. He said, "Mamma, don't those men hear the bells ringing?" "Yes, dear." "Then why don't they go to church? Oh, I know. I guess they are Democrats."

Andover possesses a bright boy; he had a new pair of rubber-boots given him, and much to his disgust, the weather kept pleasant. He had great faith in prayer; and one night he prayed: "Dear God, please make it rain to-morrow, and don't let the 'Fem. Sems.' pray to have it pleasant."

A small boy on seeing his baby brother for the first time asked, "Who made it"? "God made it. God made us all," was the reply. The little fellow put both hands in his pockets, and looked in amazement at the small object before him. At last he said, "It must have been an awful putterin' job puttin' in the eye-winkers."

FASHION AND ART.

WHAT men call art—the beauty that adorns speech and literature, as well as our homes and public buildings—has its birth in a human want, implanted by the divine Artist, who beautifies the tiniest flower and gives to each insect a glory all its own. If man were a being of intellect only, thought and reason would be sufficient for his happiness; but his love of the ideal and beautiful demands gratification. Art is the material representation of these ideals of the mind.

Nature and art are of near kinship; for nature satisfies the human craving after beauty. The most wonderful creations of art are but lessons taught by Nature, who can never lead astray; and the true artist is he who studies her varying moods, and seeks, through his workmanship, to give them a permanent life.

As art forsakes the simplicity and truth of nature, it falls into the empty shell we call fashion. "Fashion," says some one, "in the technical sense, is change, from which all trace of permanence is purposely, as far as possible, excluded. It is the symbol of a perpetual weariness and incessant unrest." And, indeed, when it introduces anything of permanent value or beauty, it passes from the fickle realm of fashion into the changeless world of art.

In olden times, when artists worked with brains as well as tools, and multitudes of things were not modelled from one pattern, articles

of real beauty adorned the homes of generations of men and women who had little knowledge and less regard for the requirements of fashion. It is in later years, especially, that art has become the slave of fashion. Our age multiplies and cheapens articles; the advantages of trade and machinery, when applied to art, become its vices. The spirit that maintains trade debases art; and what is necessary and excellent in mechanics is destructive in aesthetics.

Fashions in art originate in the same manner as the cut of our clothes, which are seldom made to satisfy any felt necessity. They more often create a need — the need of having them; for few of us can pass through Vanity Fair, as did the good man of old, thankful that there are so many things which we do not want. When this taste for things of mere superficial worth is once created, they will, of course, be abundantly manufactured. Chromos afford an instance of this cheapening of beauty by poor imitations of what ought to be held in high esteem among true art lovers. It is needless to mention the sorry burlesques of almost divine creations that may be daily seen in the homes about us.

The influence of fashion upon art is not so great in sculpture and painting as in architecture and its ornaments, house-decoration, and personal adornment, all of which might be made so truly artistic.

Architecture, as an art, is so comparatively new in our country that we have no style of our own. Our city houses are dreary rows of brick and free-stone, too often each the exact counterpart of its neighbor; while our country houses, even the simple New England homes, are indiscriminately ornamented in Gothic, Italian, or Eastern styles, often a hideous combination of all together. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Americans are more cosmopolitan than other nations, or that youth cannot create, but must adopt. There is a certain fitness in the modern ornamentation of our porches; for a pleasant entrance to a dwelling is like an agreeable title to a book, immediately recommending what lies behind it.

House-decoration is an application of art concerning which there are many and various opinions. To some the placing of furniture in a room is its furnishing. Mere tables, sofas, and chairs can only fill a room with furniture, and cannot in any way indicate the mind and character of its inmates. Money, leisure, and travel have opened our eyes; and utility is not the only recommendation an article must have, as in the primitive days of our fathers. The object of a home is to be the centre, the pivot on which the family-life revolves. It is much more likely that the household life will be lovely and virtuous if the surroundings of home are ennobling.

Now-a-days, people furnish their houses by picking up here a table, there a lounge, and somewhere else a chair. A studied ease is the aim, and pleasant chaos the result. It may be questioned, however, if the latest rage, the heavy old furniture that suggests an English manor-house centuries old is in keeping with houses built by the modern two months' contract.

At a late opening of a carpet warehouse there was shown one of gorgeous design — "a Sunset on the Lake of Como." Whoever treads this fabric may literally walk on clouds. But what taste is there in spreading a landscape on a parlor floor, where visitors must wet their feet in the streams, a table crush the life of a luckless swan, a footstool eclipse the sun, and two legs of the piano rest in a tree-top, while the others are breaking in the palace windows? Carvings and paintings of dead game in our dining-rooms are, I think, offensive; for no repast can be made more lovely by having pictures of lifeless meat or bunches of onions and carrots placed before one's eyes. If these sights are agreeable, why not hang up the real things till the cook is ready to put them over the kitchen fire?

In the things of which we have been speaking, beauty must subserve utility. Thus art cannot have an absolute rule, as in the wide field of personal adornment, where the object is to charm and attract. It remains yet to be seen what woman will not do in her slavery to fashion. We are at the mercy of Parisian whims, clothing ourselves in obedience to the fancy of a nation which we would scorn to follow in morals or religion. Yet, in spite of our readiness to adopt French fashions, we are a patriotic nation, and employ even our ornaments to manifest this characteristic. During the Rebellion we bloomed in tri-color ribbons and ornaments made from Bull Run bomb-shells; last year we sported miniature Bunker Hills and suggestive hatchets; this centennial year of grace finds revolutionary calicoes and ink-stands, toy banks, meerschaums, even a New York baker's bread, in similitude of the old bell that rung in our liberty one hundred years ago.

If appropriateness were more considered in selecting our different styles, there would be far less fashion and fewer cheap imitations of rich fabrics and costly ornaments, which are manufactured to supply the demands of the lower classes. In a recent daily paper, a Canadian servant advertised herself as wearing "plain hair and print dresses" — a sign of keen observation and a sense of the fitness of things that is unhappily very rare among servant-girls. In the higher classes, however, there is the same utter disregard of appropriateness. Fashions proper in themselves are so abused that

we condemn them altogether. The trailing dresses that our fashionable women drag over the city pavements were made for English and French ladies, who shop and visit in their carriages.

Countless little ornaments for our houses, also, are designed in open violation of all appropriateness. Vases of parian representing a woman's pretty hand holding an eggshell, pitchers of a basket pattern, gilded wings on the feet of tables, and marvellous creations in worsted are instances common enough to us all. You say, "We are a busy, hurried nation. In our race after fashion we have not time to consider whether styles are appropriate." Better, then, go without fashion; better to have no art than a false standard of beauty. Our history shows how great and good a nation may become without aesthetic culture. Future years will develop our artistic feeling; and the social life of America, as it gains in strength, will grow in its love of beauty.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

ANDOVER, Nov. 14, 1876.

DEAR OLD SCHOLARS :

We feel in a gossiping mood, so we are going to inflict a letter upon you. Let us warn you at the beginning, that you will get nothing but gossip; and if some of you ministers' and missionaries' wives do not like the idea, you had better stop right here, and not read another word. You more frivolous ones can go on if you choose. You can imagine our delight at the beginning of the year when we found Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe here again. Their wanderings through the beauties and wonders of the Old World have not spoiled them a bit; and you know what they were before. They brought back with them larger stores of knowledge, and many beautiful art treasures in the way of pictures and statuettes, all of which are a source of pleasure and benefit to the whole school. Two Saturday afternoons this term have been devoted to delightful descriptions of the Forum and Sistine Chapel. The Academy Hall and Smith Hall are quite resplendent with the pictures that adorn their walls.

We were much surprised not to find Miss Palmer at her accustomed post. She wrote that she was "unavoidably detained," there is an air of mystery about the whole matter which we do not quite understand. Miss Wilder of '74 has taken her place at South Hall. She was welcomed back to Andover very warmly. You will appreciate our feelings when we tell you that Miss Belcher has gone to California for the rest of the year. We are so fortunate as to be able to secure Mrs. Downs to take her classes, and Miss Carpenter of Boston to take charge of the painting; but we shall keep the warm place which she holds in our hearts ready for her when she comes back to us again. Her address is, care of Judge Belcher, Marysville, Cal. Miss Learoyd is now teaching in Lake Forest, Ill. We wish her as much success there as she enjoyed in Andover.

There have been other changes in connection with the Institution; one a very sad change. On coming back we missed Mr. Buck's pleasant face, and felt very badly to hear of his death. His kindly interest in the girls and his efforts to give us pleasure will long be remembered. Mr. Frank Johnson has been elected to his former place upon the Board of Trustees. Mr. Swift has retired from the office which he held so long, and with so much efficiency, and Mr. Draper has taken his place.

Oh dear! we have begun at the wrong end, and told you this year's news before last year's. Of course you want to know about anniversary. The graduating exercises were fully worthy of the year, the school, and the class

that took part in them. One of the best addresses we have ever had was given by the Rev. W. W. Newton, of Newark, N. J. He began by telling us that when he was requested to deliver it he did not know what to write about; so he took the Catalogue, and went through the items to find a suitable subject. You can judge from the following how amusing it was.

"Then, for the sake of the anxious parents present, it seemed to me that a practical and very fatherly talk upon certain items found upon the twenty-second page of the Catalogue would be best, such as 'Each young lady should come provided with a gymnastic suit, thick shoes, rubbers, waterproof, and an umbrella,' or the other italicised fact, so clear to those who pay the bills, that 'Teachers will gladly second parents in securing that simplicity of dress which becomes school-girls,' or the suggestion which follows, viz. that "in providing a carpet room-mates will arrange as is most convenient to themselves.'" It was very funny to hear these familiar items from the pulpit. But though Mr. Newton began so humorously, he continued and ended seriously; taking for his subject a passage from the *Novum Organum*, "Idols of the tribe, idols of the den, idols of the market-place, and idols of the theatre." It was an able and interesting address, and we left the church, feeling that we had many valuable and useful thoughts to carry with us. '76 was a noble class, and we realize that we met with a great loss when they left us.

This term has been a very quiet one; nothing to take attention from our studies but the political excitement and one levee. The latter was given by Mrs. Prof. Mead, and, in spite of rain, was a very pleasant affair. How those Theologues do love solitude! They like to walk home from a levee alone — leaving us to do the same — and meditate on the frivolity of "Fem. Sems."

The new Theological Chapel was dedicated on the second of October. We girls, as well as everybody else, attended the dedication. The services were very interesting; all the Professors of the Seminary taking part. Professor Smyth preached the sermon. The chapel is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. The hangings and carpet are of deep crimson cloth, making a rich contrast with the ash carvings and pillars. Ages ago we had a faint hope that we should be allowed to go to this house of worship on Sundays; but inexorable fate has decreed to the contrary.

The young ladies at Smith Hall have presented that worthy building with a handsome black marble clock, which stands on the mantle-piece of the back parlor, and is a reproach to all wicked Theologues or Phillippians who stay after quarter of ten. When the clock was bought we made an effort to get one which would say as the bell strikes, "Elevate your golgotha to the summit of your pericranium, and allow me to present to your ocular demonstration that scientific piece of mechanism which constitutes the egress portion of this apartment." They were "just out."

The cabinet has been enriched this Fall by several donations of minerals, and among them are some rare petrified woods from Miss Bryant of California. The alumnae of our Alma Mater are scattered so far and wide

that we ought to have no trouble in getting a large collection of minerals and curiosities. Mrs. Buck has presented the school with some valuable astronomical plates.

Abbott Academy girls now enjoy the pleasure of written examinations. The happy times when we only had to recite the topic or two which should chance to befall us on examination day are of the past. Now a grim blackboard, with questions upon the whole book written on its mocking face, confronts us, and something whispers in our ears, "If you do not answer these you will not pass"; and we sit armed with paper and pencil, while despair tugs at our hearts. We suppose time will familiarize us with this dreadful trial, and we hope familiarity will "breed contempt."

It is time for us to bring this epistle to a close. The fire has gone out, and the office is getting cold. We shall always be glad to receive contributions from any of you, if the spirit should move you to send us something. We hear grand stories of the old scholars writing for newspapers and magazines, and we think you might give us some of the inspirations of your muses.

Yours in Sisterly bonds,

EDITOR.

ITEMS.

The Centennial has breathed its last.

High-chairs are used for recitations in Phillips Academy this year.

Hazing (Hayes-ing) was introduced into Abbott Academy on Nov. 7th.

A member of the class in Church History has been talking about "all the Patriarchs down to modern days."

A Smith Hall girl, on her way to the lamp-room, armed with pitcher and lamp, announced that she was going up to encompass Jericho.

A Junior, who has been studying Latin, remarked the other day, "I am going on from bad to worse: bonus, melior, optimus."

Physiology Recitation. Teacher: "How do you account for the fact that the brains of a woman weigh less than those of a man?"

Scholar: "Better material."

We were pleased to notice the gentlemanly behavior of the Phillippians at the Political Meetings in the Town Hall.

New Scholar: "What are those things they call Fem Sems?"

Absent-mindedness furnishes us with some very amusing incidents; one occurred in our midst a short time ago. A member of the school, whether teacher or scholar I say not, on getting into a carriage and taking the reins, addressed her astonished steed with, "Come in!"

Punctuality is a trait we like to see in any one; especially in those whose duty it will be to guide the footsteps of others. It pleases us to observe that our distinguished neighbors, the "Theologues," are resolved to be at church in season for the benediction.

The Fourth-of-July procession of "Antiques and Horribles," which occurred, contrary to custom, on the evening of Nov. 8, was a very

amusing and well-conducted affair. The brilliant light of the torches lent additional beauty (?) to the graceful forms of the bearers.

This winter we are to enjoy a short course of lectures from James T. Fields, on Literary Characters.

Wit is wisdom masquerading.

Granting our wish, one of Fate's saddest jokes is. — *Lowell*

The elephant is happy and the fly is happy too; only the elephant has a larger proboscis than the fly. — *Auerbach*.

That was an observing man who said he had always noticed when he lived through the month of March he lived through the year.

At a negro ball, instead of "not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it remains and the deeper it sinks.

Justice: "Are you married?"

Prisoner: "No, your honor."

Justice: "That is a good thing for your wife."

"Dogmatism is puppyism come to maturity." — *Sidney Smith*.

"A child must have its mother; my soul must have its God." — *Eugenie de Guerin*.

"Mamma, the Catechism is too hard: why doesn't somebody write a Kittenchism?"

A judge about to adjourn court, being reminded that he had neglected to pass sentence of death on a convicted criminal, exclaimed, "I beg the gentleman's pardon!"

Exchanges: Amherst Student; Packer Quarterly:

The number of our exchanges is very small, and we are not surprised; for the Courant has come out irregularly. Nevertheless, we are always glad to welcome our school contemporaries, and will try to do better by them in the future.

We have had the pleasure of seeing two attractive and readable Magazines, published by two of the English Schools visited by the Misses McKen — Milton Mount, Gravesend, and the North London Collegiate School for Girls. We should be proud of such transatlantic exchanges.

Just as we go to press the Philomathean Mirror reaches us. It looks very bright and attractive in its new frame, and our interest in it does not lessen as we turn the first pages. But presently we chance upon something which we think does not add to the "School Honor." Rudeness is easily pardoned in small boys; but we have sometimes thought the Editors and Contributors of the Mirror might be old enough to share the instincts common to gentlemen, and to know that ladies — whether teachers or school-girls — hold it a low-bred impertinence to make a public use of their names, even to point the brilliant jokes of this periodical.

Tuesday afternoon, November 7th, the Abbott Academy girls assembled in the Academy Hall to exercise an imaginary right of suffrage. The voting was carried on in a most systematic, proper manner: With much dignity, Miss Gardner presided over the meeting; two girls were selected to distribute the ballots. The young lady who had charge of the Democratic ballots was heard to ask, — when several minutes had gone by, and she had disposed of none, — “Where are all the girls?” A few appeared in a little while; but the Republicans carried the day, by ninety-six to thirteen. The amount of latent throat-power which was developed by the Republicans when the result was made known was worthy of a veritable Town Meeting. It was motioned on the spot that a letter should be written to Governor Hayes, apprising him of the result. The motion was acted upon the next morning. It is a comfort to us in this trying suspense, — and we doubt not that it is a comfort to Governor Hayes also, — to know that Abbott Academy acquitted herself so nobly.

A VERY enjoyable affair occurred here on Monday, Nov. 13th. The occasion was the planting of a Centennial Tree, which was to be planted on Election Day, but on account of the inclement weather the exercises were postponed. The fires of our enthusiasm were, to tell the truth, somewhat low; but the sight of our rostrum and the American flag draped at the south end of Smith Hall piazza, rekindled them into their wonted vigor. The young ladies having assembled, the chairman, Miss Josie Richards, made a few appropriate remarks; then characteristic letters from President Grant, His Excellency Gov. Rice, and Dom Pedro, regretting that they were unable to attend the festivities, were read by Misses Emily Clark, Nellie Emerson, and Annie Gilbreth. Miss Mollie Wilder then favored us with a fine selection, entitled “The Rising of 1776.” Miss Addie Brainerd was appointed toast-master. The sentiment “The Successful Party,” was responded to by two young ladies of opposite politics, who met on the rostrum, each seeming quite surprised that the other should regard herself a representative of the “Successful Party.” A quarrel seemed imminent, but the timely interference of the chairman prevented such a dire calamity. However, precedence was given to the Democratic representative, Miss Annie Barron, whose short speech, showing forth to the opposite party that “He who thinketh he standeth should take heed lest he fall,” met with hearty applause. The Republican representative, Miss Daisy Douglass, being given the floor, gave vent, as usual, to some spicy remarks. The toast-master then proposed the sentiment, “The Woman of 1776.” “Mrs. Triphenia Sparks (she that was a Huggins)” was called upon to respond. Whereupon a mighty calash appeared, under which was discerned the face of Miss Julia Twichell. Her wise admonitions were followed by the sentiment — “Abbott Academy.” This met with a hearty response from an enthusiastic Senior, Miss Bird.

The exercises at the piazza being finished, we repaired to the fine young tree which was waiting to be planted on the south side of the drive. Each one put on a handful of earth, and a Catalogue was buried. It was noticed

when the hole was half-filled that our worthy Treasurer lifted out a large stone and clod which obstructed the way. Let us moralize! The company then formed two rings, one within the other, around the tree. "America" was sung, followed by "Auld Lang Syne." Three rousing cheers were given for Abbott Academy, and three more for Hayes and Wheeler. After suggesting that the Junior Class teach the young tree "how to shoot," we departed. May its course ever be like that of the members of Abbott Academy, "upward and onward." G.

The annual "Draper" Reading was held May 23, 1876. The evening was clear and cool, and the young ladies well prepared.

Promptly at eight o'clock the entertainment commenced, and we were conducted to the bottom of the ocean by Miss Douglass, whose acquaintance with the "Diver" permitted us to do it with safety. As we turned away, grieved to think we should never see the diver's face again, Miss Cole greeted and introduced us to her friend "Briggs." Then Miss Dimon vividly pictured to us the burning of the Lawrence Mills on the 10th of Jan. 1860. The awfulness of the scene was only dispelled after Miss Farnsworth's delightful rendering of "Paradise and the Peri."

We laughingly attended Miss Billings to "Keziah Butterworth's wedding, thinking "its too ridiculous for anything"; and the memory of Jim Fenton is still fresh in all our minds.

We visited the grave of the "The Lady of Little Fishing" with Miss Twichell, and listened to an account of her life; but soon hurried with Miss Dresser as she followed Kit Carson on his eventful ride.

We accepted an invitation from Miss Gilbreth to "Bob Sawyer's Party," and found ourselves laughing at his trials. Miss Wheaton read us "Joe's last Will and Testament," and we wept with the rest, over the death of our little friend. Finally our sad thoughts were interrupted by Miss Mollie Wilder, who called us to hear Hamlet talking to his mother. It was a closet scene; but we listened without the feeling of intruders. So it ended, that delightful evening. And we turned away with the wish that we could hear *one more*.

Our only regret, as the evening passed, was that our hall would not accommodate more, and that many had lost what we had enjoyed so much.

PERSONALS.

'69. Emily Means is studying art, practically and theoretically, in Paris. Her teachers give her great encouragement.

'69. Martha Goodwin has returned from a year's study of languages in Europe.

'66. Mary Wheeler is studying water-colors in Oxford, England.

'72. Anna Fuller is still studying music and German in Dresden. She has made a very successful beginning as a writer. A letter which she sent to the New York Post was copied by several city dailies, and she was requested to become a correspondent of the Post.

'72. Abby Mitchell has become a teacher in the High School at Springfield, Mass.

The editors of the Courant will be much obliged if the old scholars will send them items concerning either themselves or their classmates.

MARRIAGES.

'74. Feb. 16, 1876, Miss Phebe M. Sykes to Mr. George D. Reid. Newton Centre.

March 8, 1876, Miss Hattie L. W. Clark to Mr. R. C. Baker. Residence, Appalachicola, Fla.

April 5, 1876, Miss Helen Douglass to Mr. William McMurtrie. Residence, Washington, D. C.

June 25, 1876, Miss Minnie L. Baker to Capt. Benjamin F. Berry.

Sept. 20, 1876, Miss M. Louise Hart to Mr. William Bradford Homer.

'70. Sept. 21, 1876, Miss Anna W. Ladd to Mr. R. Roscoe Drummond, of Bath, Me.

'68. Oct. 3, 1876, Miss Hattie E. Abbott to Rev. Frank E. Clark. Residence, Portland, Maine.

'67 Oct. 5, 1876, Miss Catherine E. Mills to Mr. E. Riggs Forsyth, of Greensburg, Ind.

Oct. 25, 1876. Miss Elizabeth P. Abbott to Mr. T. Frank Pratt. Residence, 15 Berwick Park, Boston.

'71. Oct. 26, 1876. Miss Mary P. Tarbox to Mr. F. F. Raymond. Residence, 15 Montrose Avenue, Boston Heights.

Oct. 1876, Miss Emily E. Smith to Mr. George H. Babcock. Chachapacassett, Barrington, R. I.

'69 Nov. 20, at South Newmarket, N. H., Miss Ellen M. Bartlett to Mr. Frederick Hodgdon, of Portsmouth, N. H.

DEATHS.

At North Adams, Mrs. Isabella Hunter Chase.

At Lowell, Mrs. Mary Fielding Fiske.

At Cambridge, Nov. 3, of pneumonia, Rev. Robert Beals Hall, pastor of the Chapel Congregational Church, aged 30 years. (Husband of Sadie D. Lord, '66.)

At Derby Line, Vt., in September, Mrs. Gurtrude Spaulding Haven.

No one who was a member of the family at Smith Hall in 1868 can have forgotten "Gertie Spaulding"; for we all loved the winsome, black-eyed gypsy. Who could have guessed then that her bright life was to be so soon and so cruelly ended!

It was the old story, too often told, of a young orphan heiress infatuated by a worthless man, who loved her with a love more cruel than the grave — a wilful, stolen marriage — a gay life for a little while — then years of enduring all the indignities and wrongs that the brutal selfishness of a drinking man can inflict upon a timid young wife. It is a sad enough

tale at any time; but it seems peculiarly pitiful to think of that gentle, playful, kittenlike creature, silently bearing the heaviest burdens that can be laid upon a woman's heart. At last her life became intolerable, and she took refuge with her sisters. They carried her to their early home, Derby Line, Vermont. Mr. Haven, her husband, followed her, and demanded that she should come back to him. She refused. He threatened her life; but she was used to that, for he had been in the habit of extorting her property from her, like a highway robber, with his pistol at her head. A few days later, he forced his way into her presence, giving a dangerous wound to her brother-in-law, who was trying to defend her.

"For God's sake, don't shoot!" she cried, with an appealing gesture; but he "had come two hundred miles on purpose" to kill his wife; and he did it.

We hear that she went through hours of mortal anguish with great sweetness and fortitude, and that she left a message of forgiveness for her murderer. He had sent from his prison to ask it.

They laid the young wife down in the grave, where love and hope had been already buried, and the guilty husband awaits the process of the law.

At Exeter, N. H., Sept. 22, at the house of her uncle, Rev. George Street, Minnie E. Lewis, of Harrisburg, Pa.

Among those of that happy family in Smith Hall during the few years following 1870 is a name spoken always with love, a face we well remember; so sweet and sad in quiet hours, so bright and fascinating in our times of joy; a name which now is spoken with tears, a face which to-day is glorified in our thoughts; for a few short weeks ago God took a beautiful spirit from this earth to himself, and dear Minnie Lewis is a saint in heaven. Our hearts are full; but, remembering what she was, we can ask no questions. She was the Lord's; is it not lawful for him to do what he will with his own? But we have walked side by side with her, we have been blessed with her friendship, and to us is left in these sad hours her dear memory. And how precious now is our sweet remembrance of her: of her cordial greetings and pleasant companionship; of her vivacity and unaffected drollery; and, more than all, of her ever-ready, earnest, helpful sympathy. We all remember that in her which is ever the true token of an unselfish heart: that she welcomed friends, but did not seek them; that while her constant thought was to make others happy, and not to wound any heart, she received every kindness shown to herself with surprise, as something she ought not to expect, and guarded so carefully all her pain, all her sorrow, lest she should ever cloud the joy of another. When she first came among us, though so young in years, how her keen and mature penetration looked straight below the surface into the heart; how quickly she knew where a cheerful word or a little favor was needed, and we who loved her sunny ways found it hard to believe that within a little while the last good-bye had been said to both father and mother; and few of us knew of the heartaches and bodily pain that made night after night so restless and wakeful. The interest we felt in her could not

grow less after the school-days were ended, and we saw from time to time, without disappointment, the developing of her beautiful life. We heard of her amid new scenes, seeking strength for mind and body by foreign travel; then at home again, drawing many friends to her, and working with heart and hand for Christ's church and for God's poor children all about her. Harrisburg, her chosen home, was the scene of a great religious movement during the Winter and Spring months of 1875, and we heard of her there earnestly working in the Sabbath school, going to different parts of the city to hold special meetings among railroad men, firemen, and others, and giving herself up to a people who grew to know and love her; whose messages of sympathy came flocking in upon her as she lay sick, and who deeply mourn her early death. With abundant wealth and unusual personal attractions, with an amiable, loving heart and a noble Christian character, she seemed entering a glorious womanhood, when — a sudden prostration, a few short weeks of suffering, and she is called to meet her Master. But through all that quiet waiting she showed no fear. In her first sickness she said to her friends, "Do not be alarmed; whichever way it turns, I am ready." And on that last morning, when she had almost ceased to breathe, with great difficulty she whispered to those about her, "He has prepared me for himself; and though I dread the pain, the mere pain of dying, I have no fear for the beyond." Then in a little while she quietly passed away; but those who looked upon her body, as it lay dressed all in white for its burial, saw no trace of sickness and pain, but a peaceful, triumphant look which seemed to tell of fear and dread forever gone; a radiant, happy expression, as if the soul in its last moment here, looking through the shades of death into that "beyond," had seen the glory of the Lord, and had struck the first note of the heavenly Hallelujah.

At Andover, Nov. 16, of pneumonia, Mrs. Sara Knowles Jackson.

The sweet, faithful school-girl had, for a few years, graced her husband's home, by uncommon loveliness and devotion. When summoned she did not want to die; how could she, and leave her husband and two little ones? But she quietly gave herself and those whom she tenderly loved into the keeping of the Good Shepherd, and cheerfully followed his leading, even into the valley of death-shade.

At the funeral it was indescribably touching when the little babe was brought in to receive the baptismal seal, administered in the words, "In the presence of this sacred dust, and in memory of thy sainted mother, I baptize thee, Sara Knowles, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The entire service, which was conducted by Professor Churchill, was of singular fitness and beauty.

At Holliston, Nov. 17, Charlotte C. Adams.

While our eyes were still dimmed by tears for Mrs. Jackson's death, letters brought tidings that this dear old scholar had also gone to her

reward. She was slowly recovering from a typhoid fever, when pneumonia suddenly transferred her to the heavenly world.

Few of her many friends knew that she had consecrated herself to the missionary work, and that her plans were already matured for entering upon it, in a few months, as a teacher in Syria.

The Lord of the harvest must have had much need of her where he is, thus to call her away from the whitened fields of earth.

Class Organizations.

'77.

<i>President,</i>	J. E. RICHARDS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	S. W. BIRD.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	H. H. BOWERS.

'78.

<i>President,</i>	A. B. GARDNER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	E. D. GOODRIDGE.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	H. E. COBB.

'79.

<i>President,</i>	J. E. TWICHELL.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	E. C. HARRIS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	M. M. PARSONS.

'80.

<i>President,</i>	C. L. WELLES.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	E. C. WILLIAMS.

CECILIA CLUB.

<i>President,</i>	E. D. GOODRIDGE.
<i>Secretary,</i>	A. B. GARDNER.
<i>Directors,</i>	{ L. M. FARNSWORTH.
	{ E. A. BEADLE.

The Abbott Courant Advertiser.

ABBOTT ACADEMY.

The WINTER TERM opens on December 2, 1876, and closes March 6, 1877.

The SUMMER TERM will open March 29, 1877.

Application for admission, catalogues, etc., should be made to the Principal, Miss PHILENA McKEEN, Andover, Mass.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES

— OF —

HATS AND BONNETS,

NOW OPEN AT

DOW & NEAL'S.

Orders promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

A good variety of SMALL WARES, and NOVELTIES in WORSTED
and FANCY WORK always on hand.

SWIFT'S BUILDING, - - - MAIN STREET,
ANDOVER, MASS.

JNO. W. DOUGLASS.

GEO. L. DOUGLASS.

J. W. DOUGLASS & SON,**Law Office, 1418 F Street,***WASHINGTON, D. C.*

J. M. THOMPSON.

R. P. SCOTT.

**THOMPSON & SCOTT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BUTLER, PA.**

JOSEPH ABBOTT,
MAIN STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER.*DEALER IN***PICTURES, FRAMES,****Brackets, Mirrors,****STEREOSCOPES AND VIEWS,****TASSELS, CORD, CURTAINS, FIXTURES, ETC.**

N. B. Framing done to order, and at reasonable prices.

THE ABBOTT COURANT.

Edited by

Ellen M. Emerson, '77.

Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, '78.

Annie M. Gilbreth, '79.

Emma F. Chadbourne, '80.

Business Editor, - - -

Lizzie M. Farnsworth, '78.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1877.

NO. 1.

AMERICA AND SPAIN.

THE American continent and the Spanish peninsula have so little intercourse at the present time that it is interesting to recall how intimately they have been connected in the past. This relation, begun by the discovery of America under the patronage of the Spanish king and queen, has, in fact, never wholly ceased, and has been of great mutual benefit.

Spain gave liberally for discovery and colonization in the new country; but when America had grown in strength and wisdom, full nobly did her literary sons pay the debt by shedding new light upon Spanish history, thus adding to the nation's glory. Never were crown jewels put to a better use than those which Queen Isabella pledged for the cause of the Genoese discoverer. The discovery of San Salvador and other islands, the Isthmus of Darien and the continent of America, together with the subsequent occupation of large territories in North, Central, and South America by Spaniards, soon raised their kingdom to the front rank among the powers of the earth. The whole nation was fired with a desire for discovery and conquest in this new and strange world. Marvellous stories were told of it; it was a country where pearls the size of robin's eggs could be gathered on the shores; where there were lofty mountains, on whose sides were glittering the topaz, the ruby, the emerald, and the diamond. Here also was the fabled fountain of sparkling waters, of which if a man drank he would be endowed with perpetual youth and strength. Led by the desire to find this fountain, Ponce de Leon, governor of Porto Rico, an old man of seventy years, set out in the spring of 1512, with several ships and

a goodly company of men, and, though he did not find the fountain of immortality, discovered the land of flowers — our Florida.

Balboa, the Spanish governor of a town on the Isthmus of Darien, set out with an Indian guide in search of gold; but found instead the broad Pacific. It was by a Spaniard, Fernando Magellan, that the first voyage around the world was made. After this occurred the cruel conquest of Mexico and Peru by Cortes and Pizarro. In the army of Pizarro in Peru was a captain, Ferdinand de Soto, who had grown rich from the spoils taken from the Peruvians. A desire for conquest of some portion of this new country was kindled in his mind by the stories of the latest discoveries, and he finally bought the governorship of Florida from the king of Spain.

“The eagerness with which the Spaniards set out on their new expedition,” says Bancroft, “was wonderful. People of the noblest birth and best estates assembled as volunteers; houses and vineyards, lands for tillage, and rows of olive trees in Seville were sold to obtain the means of military equipment. The port of San Lucas was crowded with those who hastened to solicit permission to share in this enterprise.”

From the numerous aspirants, De Soto selected six hundred men in the bloom of life, the very flower of the peninsula. With this band he commenced his wanderings through Florida, and on, until he at last reached the Mississippi River, at the point where it is joined by the Arkansas, and there he perished. Under the leadership of Melendez, St. Augustine was founded, by more than forty years the oldest town in the United States.

These discoveries in the New World, and the final introduction of American productions, — coffee, sugar, tobacco, and potatoes, — was a great event in the history of Spain. The vast quantities of precious metals, yielded by the Peruvian mines, and those of Western North America, influenced all their relations in life. There were many developments in the natural sciences; geography was entirely changed. Trade also took a different direction, as formerly the Italian towns, so now the Western States led the commerce of the world, and foremost among them, Spain. In addition to these benefits which have resulted to Spain from all her outlay in America, there are others not so readily to be perceived, yet of great value to the nation.

Among American writers are many whose names should be remembered by Spain for their literary labors in her service. What treasures George Ticknor has preserved, and introduced to both nations in his “History of Spanish Literature?” A work in which

he gives us not simply a statement of the facts in the lives of authors and their various works, but a picture of Spanish society.

William Prescott, in his "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," chose a subject of interest to both nations, — the establishment in Spain of one grand monarchy, the overthrow of Moslem power in Western Europe, the discovery of the New World, and the many events resulting from these great changes. It has been remarked that no one has shown more clearly the great military glory and extraordinary skill in arms of the Spaniards than he, in his "Conquest of Mexico and Peru." As a proof of his appreciation by Spanish minds, it need only be mentioned that his works have been translated into their own language, and are much read by their people.

It is Washington Irving, however, above all others, who is especially esteemed and cherished by the Spaniards, for the lasting monument he has raised to their early adventures and prowess in arms, and the glowing scenes he has laid in their own country. The great discoverer of the continent was unappreciated by many until Irving, by patient labor and a sympathetic imagination, gave us a clear account of his strange life. Where else do we gain such an idea of the magnanimity of his character and his great religious zeal as in this writer's account of him?

'77.

EXTRAVAGANCES OF GIRLS.

YES, we have heard about them from all sides, and meekly borne the censure of the wise and learned whose opinions in other things are always correct, yet, for fear of the theory becoming established as a law, we feel like rising in a body, and saying:

We are girls; and, although you, our critics, may look severely over your glasses at us, yet be pleased to listen patiently. We think our cause fully as important as that which the boys of Boston presented for redress to General Gage with such good success.

The presumption appears to lie in your favor, for, by *petitio principii*, you have gained your point, while we, not expecting such treatment, have seemingly lost ours. Would it be fair to allege that all young men smoke because a few are foolish enough to do so? that all young men wear eye-glasses to look intellectual and carry a cane for manliness? that all young men of to-day are spendthrifts because some are? Such far-sweeping statements might justly be criticized in themselves. Yet such things are said of us many times

a day; and it is hard, very hard, after we have gained a point to have you turn away with a half disgusted, half amused look, and say, "she's a regular girl, after all"; as though a "regular girl" were not as good as an irregular one!

When you enumerate our extravagances you usually begin with those of speech, perhaps with the feeling that you can certainly make us hang our heads at the thought. We admit our fault. Having unconsciously fallen into the habit, it is hard to break away. Would we had some glorious examples to encourage us in leaving it off! Would that we could be checked in our extravagant stories! Both our imagination and our sense of the ludicrous is strong, and by the use of them we know we can amuse you and win your applause; but alas! what you outwardly encore you secretly condemn; we know not when to believe you. We have the heart to do right; "the spirit is willing," but, like Elijah of old, we lose courage because we fear we stand alone.

Then there are our school expenses which are so often considered extravagances. Here is a fact: the current expenses of a student for one year at Harvard would pay current expenses of a four year's course at Wellesley; yet there are many girls who cannot afford this whose brothers are in Harvard. Such girls would care very little for outside affairs, provided they were able to gain the knowledge which they need, and which really belongs to them. Above all, no one seems particularly anxious to endow our schools as richly as those for the opposite sex. And yet a great cry is made over our graduating expenses. Will you for a moment compare them with the cost of college class-days and regattas, or class-suppers, where wine and tobacco are used as freely as cake and coffee; with the ball-clubs and secret societies, and all the other "sundries" essential for the honor of the student. How do the bills for our simple white dresses and flowers compare with these? A late newspaper paragraph expressed surprise over a young lady who wore her graduating dress all one season for evening wear, then looped the skirt and wore it to church several summers,—as though it were an act never heard of before, instead of an everyday occurrence. Beware, Mr. Critic, lest some of these exemplary young ladies whom you praise so much in the newspaper are, without your knowledge, in the list of your own acquaintances, and so subject to your severest criticism.

Again, we are credited with caring more for lockets and chains, for pins and ribbons, than for books. Ah, you do not know how we are longing to own those standard works which we are so happy to

see on your shelves; how we have hopefully worked, watching for the time when, side by side with you in examinations, we could prove the contrary of your accusation to be true: nor have we been unsuccessful, for already the morning star appears, the sky reddens, and the day draws nigh.

There are none of our extravagances which you have treated with greater injustice than those of dress. These you have criticized, have laughed at, have scorned, derided, and reviled. There is nothing which could be said against them which has been left unsaid; here the bars of politeness were lowered, our feelings unspared, and the laws of good society disregarded. In these days, when last winter's dresses can be cut over, and, with some changing, made to look new, when a few yards of fringe will cover a good deal of piecing, when a fifty cent tip will make a hat of two seasons ago look stylish, we resort, as a matter of course to these devices, and we are repaid for these economies by having — our fathers pitied for supporting "such expensive families." Now this appeal is not made because we feel that we can bear your criticisms no longer, but from kindness. Since society is as much made up of women as men, it seems ridiculous to us to have you talk so; for it shows a feigned knowledge amounting to total ignorance.

If you were to choose our clothing would it be plain like your own? Would you have us discard our bright ribbons because you do not wear them? Would you have much that adds to the world's beauty put one side to gratify a whim? Ruskin says: "No good historical painting ever existed where the dress of the people of the time was not beautiful; and had it not been for the lovely and fantastical dressing of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries neither French nor Florentine nor Venetian art could have risen to anything like the rank it reached" . . . "Still, even then it did not depend on its being costly, but much more on its being beautiful." The beauty of to-day is far from depending on costliness: a little knot of ribbon, which cost only a few pennies, will often entirely change the appearance of the dress; for, like Chaucer's parson, we can "In little things have suffisance!" and we may be "brave in ribbons which make a goodly show for a sixpence." As the hard times press upon our country our dresses have grown plainer and plainer; yet you hardly give us credit for it.

However, we thank you for the interest you have taken in us, and we hope now to have your sympathies too. You probably remember that Carlyle said: "It takes the artist to interpret the artist. It takes the sculptor to interpret the feelings of Michael Angelo in

planning the dome of St. Peter's. It takes the scholar to interpret the scholar"; and if he had put right here, as probably he intended, "it takes the girl to interpret the girl," we should feel that our great obligation to him was deepened.

We are only school-girls; but yet we hope that we are even now exerting an influence against extravagance. We respectfully ask you to reconsider what you have said, and, if possible to sustain and encourage us, so that ere the sun has passed the meridian of our lives you will see, by our growing practice, that what we have said is only the true interpretation of our hearts. '77.

Schicksal.

BY E. M. C. TRANSLATED BY E. W.

Wie das Hauchen des Windes,
 Wenn er Blümchen küßt:
 Wie das Plätschern der Wogen,
 Die das Sonnenlicht grüßt:
 Wie duftende Blüthen,
 Vom Regen erneut:
 Wie die Ankunft des Frühlings,
 Wenn Alles sich freut:
 Wir glänzende Sterne,
 Erleuchtend die Nacht,
 Wie der Regenbogen
 In herrlicher Pracht:
 Das ist dein Leben.

Wie das Seufzen des Windes
 Im einsamen Thurm:
 Wie das Brausen der Wogen
 In Nacht und in Sturm:
 Wie sterbende Blüthen,
 Den Sommer beweinend:
 Wie die Ankunft des Frühlings,
 Zu spät nur erscheinend:
 Wie fallende Sterne,
 Verdunkelnd die Nacht,
 Wie Gewölk vor der Sonne
 Verbergend die Pracht:
 Das ist mein Leben.

GILDING AND GOLD.

THE fact that our Patent Office is stocked with multitudes of ingenious contrivances for making the imitation pass for the genuine shows that this age of tireless invention is in many instances one of misdirected power. The public taste is degraded and the public standard lowered by such manufacture and sale. The evil effects of "sham" are everywhere seen. The love of display, joined with a small income, leads many "would-be-genteel" people into the snare of deception. Many stores advertise wonders in the way of cheap counterfeits, — laces which cannot be distinguished from real; jewels which, though glittering to the eye, can be "sold for a song," because this grand and glorious age is able to make the false appear as the true. It is no "philosophers' stone" we have found, by which the humblest things are turned to purest gold, but rather a spell, by which grace is lent to ugliness, gilding to brass, and lustre to paste.

In this "independent age" everybody wants to look like everybody else. To come "dressed as a village maid" is quite out of date, even if such are your fortunes. The heiress and her humblest seamstress can now wear fabrics and gems in color and form apparently the same, yet differing in value by thousands of dollars. Not that the laborer has less right than her employer to desire and love the beautiful; but she has no right to bring down these things to her small income, and so content herself with imitations. Let these longings to be surrounded by fair and delicate things be grafted into a love of reality and simplicity, and her home will blossom into a marvel of taste and true elegance. Gay colors and startling pictures would be disregarded, and softer tints of plain, real textures and good engravings and photographs would be her choice.

That there should be improvement in this respect rests largely with women who have others in their employment. They should let their whole lives show that however simple or plain an article of dress or bit of ornament may be, yet if it is what it seems to be, it is worth having. Those ladies who make holiday presents to those dependent upon them for work or aid should give always those things which will help and strengthen regard for tasteful and appropriate things.

We know that this is also an age of haste — that each one has little time except for his or her duties; but we must take time; for it surely is in our power to turn the current of false ways if we begin at the streams nearest us. Yet here is another difficulty. Is there truth and sincerity in the high places of the world? In the

circles where wit and learning are found, where wealth can provide all outward adornments of the purest gold, are there always hearts that are honest with themselves and towards others? This reformation must be one in principle, as well as in outward living. When truth no longer looks over the shoulder as his guardian angel, it matters little to the merchant if the pounds are light and the yards short; the banker need not tremble because of the few odd dollars he has borrowed from the safe; the mason does not feel called upon to lay every stone with care, if the structure only look firm; the humblest teamster feels no need to hasten his horses, if he is working by the hour. Into the midst of Mrs. Grundy's "ring" must come this love of sincerity, and shame down the "polite lies" which hide disagreeable truth — gracious words when the heart is full of hate, compliments to keep one's neighbor good humored and entice him into sharp bargains, and devotional acts when the brain is filled with worldly schemes.

This is an age of change. Do we not need change here? Unveil the goddess of truth, and see if before her pure eyes the whole world of fashion and art does not bow down in shame. Weigh our acts and words in her true balance, and see if we are not found wanting. If this is not done now, at some time in the world's history it must come to pass that the "meek-eyed Truth" shall be re-enthroned, and then all our present glory and fame will be overshadowed by our present sin — deception.

'78.

MOTHER GOOSE'S PARTY.

So you want a story, do you? Well, children, your old grandmother aint no great hand at story tellin' but she'll do the best she can. Did I ever tell you 'bout the family party I went to, way back, afore any of you young things can remember? No? Well then, you shall hear 'bout it. What's that you say, you think family parties are oninteresting? Why lack-a-day, child, no they're not, only you don't know how to enjoy 'em now-a-days. 'T wa'nt so when I was young. Then we went to 'em expectin' to have a good time, and gener'ly had it. We didn't sit round stiff and onsocial like, and pick to pieces the other relations who wa'nt there. But then that was in the old times; we don't expect as much o' folks now.

Did you ever hear o' Mrs. Goose? Didn't? That's queer. I should think you'd a heard me a speakin' o' her. She and me were real good friends; many's the day we've spent together, talkin' over

the good old times; but land sakes! how I do go back to old times. Well, this Mrs. Goose I was a speakin' of had about the biggest family you ever saw; good children, too, well mannered. She brought 'em all up in the way they should go, but after a while they refused to go it — wanted to start out in life for themselves. So they did; and Mrs. Goose was the loneliest creetur you ever saw. It was really affectin' to see how she mourned for 'em. One day she says to me, says she, "Don't you think it would be a good plan to have a family party, and bring all my family together once more under the old roof-tree? (That 'bout the roof-tree was a figger o' speech o' which she was uncommon fond.) I told her it struck me favorable; so she writ invites to the whole of 'em, tellin' 'em as how her heart yearned for 'em, so to speak, and would they come and cheer her lonely hearth once more? There were a great many invites, and she seemed quite sot up when she was a writin' 'em to the king and queen, to think how some of her children had riz in the world. She had a hän'some house, had Mrs. Goose; none o' your modern structur, all winders, walkin' right out, bay-winders you call 'em, and doors openin' nowhere. It was shaped like a shoe, kind o' pinte at one end and square at the other. The door — there war'nt but one — was in the pinte end, and opened into a good, sensible room, with a fire-place in it. Openin' out o' this were two more rooms; back o' these three more, and so on, gradually increasin', until in the square end there were six comfortable rooms. That's the way to build a house. I never could see the special use o' pilin' rooms on top of each other, and reachin' 'em by stairs, for old bodies like me to wear themselves out over, and little folks like you to fall down — but I'm wanderin' agin.

Of course Mrs. Goose invited me to her party, and of course I went. Want to know what I wore? Well, it was one o' the hän'somest dresses you ever sot eyes on: a black silk, the skirt gathered very full, and not all covered up with ruffles and flounces and strings and streamers. It had a real pinte bodice, thirteen pints, and each one ornamented quite genteel with a velvet bow. Then I had some lace in my neck and sleeves that your grandfather brought from China; and folks said I looked well, but o' course I didn't believe 'em. 'Bout eight in the mornin' the company begun to come. We was a settin' in the parlor when all to onct we heard a whirrin' sound, and a little wizened old woman on a broom came sailin' right in through the winder. "Oh my dear, my dear," cried Mrs. Goose, "so you've come at last! Du take your things right off and stop to dinner." But while she was a sayin' of it, the ongrateful creetur mounted her

broom again. "Bein' as I was the oldest," said she, "you allus brought me up to sweep. I've swept all my life, and the habit has growed upon me so that I aint happy doing anythin' else." So off she started, but I called her back. "Old woman, old woman, old woman," says I, "whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?" "To sweep the cobwebs from the sky; but I will be back again bye and bye," said she, and with that sailed out o' the winder.

"She never was a very comfortin' offspring," said Mrs. Goose, wipin' her spectacles; and I'm afraid she'd a gone on makin' more onchristian remarks of a like natur, if she had'nt been interrupted by a rumblin' sound outside; and goin' to the winder we saw a wheelbarrow. In it sot a kind of stuck-up lookin' miss, and behind it, a rollin' of it along, was a boy. He was a singin' to himself, and looked as proud and happy as ever I see a boy look. We overheard somethin' of his song 'bout rats and mice, and London and wife, but we had'nt time to hear much, for just then the wheelbarrow broke, the wife had a fall, down came the wheelbarrow, wife and all! It was very sad, but the little wife bore up beautiful, and soon they was a settin' in the parlor as though nothin' had happened.

Pretty soon I saw a man comin' up the road with a sort o' jumpin' gait. He come along mutterin' to himself, and of all mournful lookin' men you ever see he was the mournfullest. He looked as if he was a singin' his own funeral dirge. When he got near enough I saw he hadn't no eyes. I remarked this to Mrs. Goose, and all the family come to the winder to see him. "Why, bless your heart," cried the little wife, "he's a man of our town, and he is *wondrous* wise!"

So when he come in, Mrs. Goose said, "My dear son, where's your eyes?"

The poor creetur heaved a heart-rendin' sigh, and he says, says he, "You see, Mother Goose, when I was on my way to this felicitous spot [them were his very words], I was pondering in my mind as how I should soon be in the bosom of my family again; and before I knew it I jumped into a bramble-bush, and scratched out both my eyes. And when I saw my eyes were out, with all my might and main I jumped into another bush, intending to scratch them in again. But I jumped the wrong way; and though I kept on jumping I was unsuccessful; so I was forced to leave them."

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Goose, sympathetically, — she was a very sympathetic woman, — "set right down, and I'll send some one for your eyes." So down he sot, quite contented.

The next arrival was one of the likeliest gals I ever see — dressed

all in white, with leaves and vines a twinin' round her as though they'd growed there. One thing I noticed 'bout her dress that was kind o' peculiar — over one arm hung about a dozen little lambs' tails.

"Come in, my dear Bo-Peep," said Mrs. Goose; "but where's your family?"

"They ran away, and left their tails behind them," she replied; "but I expect them along soon."

And sure enough, while she was a speakin' we heard a sound just like a hail-storm, and those twelve lambs came trottin' along, waggin' their poor little stumps o' tails, and lookin' the sheepishest you ever saw lambs look.

Well, by this time most all the folks had come, and were scattered all over the house. The king was in the parlor, countin' out his money. The queen was in the kitchen eatin' bread and honey. Humpty Dumpty (an uncommon interestin' child, by the way) sat on a wall side o' little Boy Blue, and he was a brushin' the hay off the little creetur's coat; showed he'd had a good bringin' up.

But the folks kept a comin' and comin'. Never did see such a big family. I e'n a'most larfed when the three wise men o' Gotham came sailin' along; for you see when they got to dry land they kept right on a rowin', their minds bein', as it were, kinder preoccupied; and they looked clean tuckered out.

After we'd talked awhile, Mrs. Goose says, says she, "It's most time for dinner." So while she was a gettin' of it ready she sent Jack and Jill up the hill to fetch a pail o' water. They hadn't been gone long, when back they come, bringin' between 'em a poor little half-drowned kitten. Jill was weepin' quite sad, on a little yellow handkercher; but Jack was a singin' to himself, "Ding dong bell, Pussy's in the well. Who pulled her out? Great Jack Stout."

By the time they got to the door dinner was ready; so we all proceeded into the dinin' room. Sech a dinner as it was! Up to one end o' the table sot the king I told you 'bout; and in front o' him was a big dish o' baked somethin', we couldn't tell what until it was cut open, and inside of it sot four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie. When the pie was opened the birds began to sing: Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a king? This pleased the young uns (and there was an awful sight of 'em) amazin'; and while they was a lookin' at it we old folks sot down. Up to the tother end was Jack Sprat and his wife. They warn't hard to suit, 'cause Mr. Sprat could eat no fat, and his wife could eat no lean; so Mrs. Goose she gave 'em a dish o' meat 'bout equally divided, and they fel right to, and 'peared to enjoy it. Next to them sot the old woman

with her broom standin' beside her — I forgot to tell you she come back ; and what *do* you think ? She lived upon nothin' but victuals and drink. Next sot little Miss Muffet eatin' curds and whey ; but along came a spider, and sot down beside her, and frightened Miss Muffet away ; so she went and sot down side o' little Jack Horner, who sat in a corner eatin' a Christmas pie.

'T warn't long 'fore little Tommy Tucker called out, " Grandma, here comes another man." Sure 'nough. The man o' the moon came down to inquire his way to Norwich. He said he guessed he'd sot awhile ; but I reckon he wished he hadn't ; for he burnt his mouth eatin' cold plum-porridge.

We should 'a' had a real good sociable time after that, if the young ones hadn't made such a racket. They rummaged all over the house, and into the pantry, seekin' what they might devour ; and Mrs. Goose she got that fidgety she couldn't sit still no longer ; so up she jumped, and says she, " I can't stand this." Then she gave 'em some broth without any bread, and whipped 'em all soundly, and sent 'em to bed.

'79.

ONLY.

It is only a mountain brooklet, that hurries to the sea,
 Yet it mingles its note of music with the ocean's symphony ;
 It is only a cloud at sunset, of faintest gold and gray,
 Yet it offers its mite of splendor to the closing of the day ;
 It is only a life of beauty, of joyousness and prayer,
 Yet it makes our earth-home fairer, our crosses light to bear.

THE ART OF TEASING.

TEASING might justly be ranked among the fine arts : certainly none have attained greater refinement of skill than this. In fact it can claim the glory of a birth on Olympus. If great Juno had enough of the teasing propensity in her to send a gadfly to nip and worry poor Io, what can be expected of mortals ?

'Tis a characteristic universally distributed from childhood to maturity. It is not inconsistent with the greatest character or profession : the theologian in his study must have his joke as well as the clerk in a country grocery

Older brothers seem to take the utmost delight in hectoring the little ones. Sometimes, however, vengeance overtakes them. Well do I remember the delight we used to take in harassing our older brother while he was practising his declamations. No matter how interesting a game we might be engaged in, "the sound of his 'spouting' voice afar was our tocsin of war!" We would creep stealthily up to his door, and when he was in the midst of his most thrilling passage — "Down the long, dusky line teeth gleam and eyeballs shine"; for instance, we would give an exultant shout and pound on the door, which would immediately be opened by our irate brother. Making a grab for us, — which we always managed to elude, — he would exclaim, "Now get away! Can't you leave a fellow alone? Don't let me catch you here again, or I'll give it to you!" Then we would depart, only to come back after he had got fully under way again, this time making our assault from the vantage ground of the porch roof, on which his window opened. In desperation our mother's aid would be invoked by the poor, persecuted orator, and our attacks were then peremptorily forbidden.

Alas, for an older sister if she chance to be favored with "a beau!" She must needs be as wise as a serpent and wary as a fox if she would take any comfort in him; and, even with all precaution, need not be astonished if, in glancing over the back of a sofa, she see a curly head, or if, when the swain begins to get just a little tender, she hears a well-known giggle from some hidden retreat.

What a pleasure some teasers find in little inuendos and sly hints which bring their luckless victims to plead "Oh please don't!" I think there is a great likeness between vivisection and teasing: in the perfection of each the victim is handled delicately, and yet exquisitely tortured.

COBWEBS.

THE most delicate cornice or the rudest rafter furnishes a foundation for the home of the busy weaver, and there his draperies may be found at almost any hour of the day. The speed with which he erects a house is amazing; for after demolishing one another soon appears. No matter how general the search may have been, as soon as a caller comes the careful Martha is apt to discover a veil over the face of some cherished statuette, while the author of the mischief sits calmly, "the observed of all observers," in some prominent position — perhaps on Venus's nose. Alas, for the day that

that spider came into the house! The visitor remarks to her dear intimate, "How can such an elegant man as Mr. G. be contented to stay at home? His wife surely does not make it pleasant for him. Why, the parlor was full of cobwebs; and of course the rest of her housekeeping corresponds." As this report passes from one to another of the circle of acquaintances it does not decrease, and in a short time Mrs. G. has an unenviable reputation.

Cobwebs look well out-of-doors, sparkling with dewdrops; but as we approach one we find it filled with insects, some of which have already served to break the fast of their captor; others are dangling hopelessly by a leg or wing, unable to escape from the death which is staring them in the face. With one motion of the hand their prison is brushed away; and one wishes that he could as easily destroy those of stronger web, scattered through our land, where hundreds of youths are fatally entangled.

There are laces the intricate meshes of which convince us that the art of weaving cobwebs is not confined to insects. It seems impossible that they are the work of human fingers; we are more willing to think that they come from fairy land. But a glance at the pale workers in garrets and cellars dispels this romantic idea.

Then the cobweb of fancy. It is slight; but we are willing to be held by it, never thinking of the moments that are lost as we trace a single thread back and forth through the mazes of the future; only returning to the present as our clew, snaps without warning. More substantial cobwebs of this class are found in the works of our best poets. How wondrously is the thread of imagination woven throughout the web of verse. Even stubborn facts become attractive when a strand of this thread.

But cobwebs are not confined to this earth, as proved by the answer of a certain little old woman who left the world in a manner peculiar to herself.

"Old woman, old woman, whither so high?"

"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky."

How did they get there? Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, who presided over arts, excelled in embroidery; and she instructed a class of women, among them one Arachne. In process of time she became so proficient in the art that she challenged her instructress to a trial of skill. Minerva, finding no flaw in her work, yet enraged by her presumption, struck her upon the head. Arachne, filled with grief or anger, hung herself.

"Remorseful Pallas stayed

Her falling weight; 'Live, wretch, yet hang,' she said."

And so the spinner was turned into a spider by the goddess.

Whether or not she is the cause of celestial cobwebs we cannot tell; but many assert that Minerva sent her to Jupiter as a curiosity. If such be the case, how much better it would have been had she kept her children and grandchildren with her, instead of letting them scatter over the land. For, of course, our earthly spiders are her descendants. Strange that it does not add one whit to their standing in society though they can trace their genealogy back through the centuries to so illustrious a being as Arachne, rival of Minerva.

'80.

AMERICAN SCENERY PAINTED BY AMERICAN POETS.

EUROPEANS who visit America say that no country presents a greater variety of scenery than this.

We cannot all be travellers, and see for ourselves the "monarchs of our native land," "the great lakes of the North," that "mirror the bright face of heaven," the "dark groves and sultry savannas of the South," the great Western prairies that "lie so silent, with a silvery haze upon them, and fire-flies gleaming and floating away in mingled, infinite numbers"; nor the grand old hills of New England that "so proudly lift their kingly forest robes to the sky."

But, as in every land, whatever is most beautiful in nature, or most noted for its historic or legendary association, has been made the subject of song, so in our own America the poets have painted many a true and beautiful picture, imprinted upon their minds as they held converse with nature in all her various moods. Mountain, stream, and valley have become familiar and endeared objects, and many a spot has gathered a certain reverence, as though the ground were holy. The poets who for this reason are best known to us and best loved are Whittier, Bryant, and Longfellow. Others, too, deserve a place in our hearts, especially Lowell and Alfred Street.

Whittier loves to depict the "noble mountains that lift their lofty summits to the sky," the sea-like lakes, the rivers "overhung with forests," and valleys "lovelier than those the old poets sang of." Right noble is the tribute he has paid to the White Hills of New Hampshire:

"Piled to heaven,
And the vast rocks against whose rugged feet
Beats the mad torrent, with perpetual roar."

"The wind comes burdened with the
Everlasting roar of forests and of far-off waterfalls,"

He gives us a sweet picture of Lake Winnipisogee, the lake of the "opal hue," and "the smile of heaven reflected." In his poem "Monadnock from Wachuset" we have a vivid picture of a "mountain mystery":

"First, a lake,
Tinted with sunset; next, the wavy lines
Of far receding hills; and yet more far,
Monadnock lifting from his might of pines,
His rocky forehead to the evening star."

"Sharp and clear
The purple-zoned Wachuset."

then

"The great woods; and in their skirts
The brown old farm-house like a bird's nest hung."

In "Snow Bound" we have a good picture of New England in December, when the snow transforms everything, till "we look upon a world unknown."

If we knew of New Hampshire only from the poets, it would seem like Arcadia, and a sojourn there would be like the "romance of a summer's day." One poet has said:

"The busy echo
Of cascades, and the voice of mountain brooks
Stole with such gentle meanings in my heart,
That where I stood seemed heaven."

Bryant's most beautiful poems are those offerings to nature suggested by some of the objects most familiar to us; as "A Scene on the Hudson," "Green River," "Monument Mountain," "Forest Hymn," and "Autumn Woods." He loves all nature. One cannot doubt he speaks the truth when he says:

"The sunshine on my path
Was to me as a friend."

"The everlasting hills, with quiet dells retiring far between,
..... Were a calm society,
That talked with me and soothed me."

again:

"While I stood
In nature's loneliness, I was with one
With whom I early grew familiar."

His autumn and winter pieces show that he was well acquainted with these two seasons in New England. He describes the gorgeous coloring of the trees when the

"Woods are all flushed with their many hues,
And all nature is glorified."

“The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.”

Then come November winds.

“The brown fields are herbless.”
“The brook
Bordered with sparkling frost-work.
Clouds had shaken down their feathery snow,
And all was white.”

The Green River

“Glides along
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.”

Let us imagine ourselves at the top of his “Monument Mountain.”

“We shall see
The beauty and the majesty of earth
Spread wide beneath. There, as thou stand’st,
Thou shalt look
Upon the grove of rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens
And streams, that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze at once,
Here, on white villages, with tilth and herbs
And swarming roads, and there, on solitudes
That only hear the torrent and the wind
And eagle’s shriek. There is a precipice,
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate the nations, and thrown
Down when the flood surrounded them.”

“The scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads;
The fields swell upward to the hills beyond;
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mountain columns with which earth props heaven.”

Longfellow gives us many beautiful word-pictures. The scene of Evangeline is transferred from Arcadia, where the little village of Grand Pre

“Lay in the fruitful valley, vast meadows stretching away to the eastward,”
to the southern portion of Louisiana, where

“The banks of the river overspread by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and mystic mistletoe flaunted”;

then to the West, where mountains

“Lift through perpetual snow their lofty and luminous summits,”
and

“Through the Sweet-water valley, precipitate leaps the Nebraska.”

Where

“Fretted with sand and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents with ceaseless sound descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp in solemn and ceaseless vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies —
Billowy bays of grass, ever rolling in shadow and sunshine.”

The scene of Hiawatha is laid among some of the most interesting portions of our country; and to all who read it the “Pictured Rocks,” “Little Falls,” and “Grand Sable” are inseparably connected with the rhyme and rhythm and the Indian legend of this charming poem.

’78.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

The Editors ! Yes, we've a troublesome calling,
And sometimes our duties appear quite appalling ;
For to gather or write matter suited to please
Is a thing very few can accomplish with ease.
Promiscuous subjects, arranged with great pains,
Oft make us quite anxious, and stir up our brains.
They haunt us by day, and they haunt us by night,
And wake us at morning before it is light ;
Forboding our friends the COURANT will espy,
And look it all over with critical eye.
And yet we are daring to offer again
To take up, with courage, the editor's pen,
And give information of present and past, —
Of all that has happened since writing you last.
We have told of the lectures and concerts and cheer
Which we in " Old Abbott " have welcomed this year.
We have given you a glimpse of the things that betide,
Of pleasures at home, and of pleasures outside.
But should you be looking for fashion news here,
Or to see whether bibs follow " high chairs " this year,
You would find with these styles we were through long ago.
Just a word of good will : for our pages will show
That Phillipian honors we're happy to name,
And we cry " Go ahead," to those young heirs of fame.
Should you think it proper that here should be found
Some notice of sermons from neighboring ground,
We would say that the Seniors have all done their best,
And Juniors and Middlers have followed the rest.
We, as Editors, only would venture to say,
" May the world approve in a practical way
The discourses, in all of their depths and heights,
Which are costing their writers some sleepless nights."
For their fourthlies and fifthlies must come by toil
And the diligent burning of midnight oil,
That a little parish may listen some day
To the gospel preached in the modern fine way !

Their renown is known both far and near,
And from us, of course, they have nothing to fear.

We have touched on subjects old and new,
In this our Summer term's review;
Which we submit, with may fears,
To you, our critics and compeers.

'77.

THE "old scholars" will rejoice with us in our new acquisition of a Concert Grand Piano, which Professor Downs determined to christen by a series of recitals which would give his music scholars an opportunity to hear some of the finest music, played by some of the best artists in America. This plan was speedily executed, and we are indebted to it for three very fine concerts, given by Mr. W. M. Sherwood, Madame Madeline Schiller, and Mr. Ernst Perabo.

The concerts took place in the Academy Hall, which was well filled by lovers of music, including townspeople, members of the Theological Seminary and Phillips Academy, in addition to our own school. The first was given on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 7th, by Mr. Sherwood, assisted by Miss Julie Thornton as vocalist. We are wholly incompetent to criticize; but we can justly say that many and difficult compositions were rendered by Mr. Sherwood with great ease and spirit, to which we listened for more than two hours. Miss Thornton's good selections and her sweet voice gave a pleasing variety to the programme.

On Monday, Feb. 19th, Madame Schiller gave the second recital. Her selections were choice and very beautiful. Three of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" were given by her with so much feeling and delicacy of touch that she seemed to take the audience into sympathy with herself as she caught inspiration from the great musician. Chopin's "Grand Polonaise" was very brilliantly rendered, and the last piece upon the programme, Liszt's Transcription of "Midsummer Night's Dream," was so wonderfully executed that the audience would willingly have listened an hour longer. But such delightful occasions, like all others, must have an end, and we left the hall charmed with the grace and dignity of Madame Schiller's attractive manner, as well as her beautiful and expressive playing.

The third and last recital was given on Wednesday, April 4th, by Mr. Perabo, assisted by Mrs. J. W. Weston as soloist. Mr. Perabo's selections from Rubinstein, Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, and others, were all so beautiful, one could not fail to enjoy them. In reply to a compliment given him upon his rendering of Rubinstein's "Prayer," Mr. Perabo said, "I ought to play it well; it is my 'Lord's Prayer.'" That and the piece following, "Mélancholie," also one of Rubinstein's compositions, were given for the first time in America. Mrs. Weston's singing was heartily appreciated.

We regret that the recitals are over, for they have been a source of great pleasure; and we offer many thanks to Professor Downs for his kindness in securing them to us, and hope that he will be able himself to give us a recital before long, in compliance with a request made by the school.

"FINE ARTS."

Not long ago might have been observed, wandering about the grounds of this well-known institution, a person of singularly disconsolate appearance. His countenance bore an air, not of deep-seated melancholy, but rather of a temporary sadness caused by some mysterious care and trouble. One would have supposed that some romantic history was connected with this pensive individual; but on inquiry no more touching reply was elicited than that he was "the photographer." Yet what a volume is contained in this word! We never can forget the history of the few days he spent in our midst. From morning until night the minds of the community were agitated by the question, "To be or not to be" — taken. And many were the discussions and plans in regard to this all-absorbing subject.

The gentleman previously mentioned made his appearance regularly, rain or shine (mostly rain, however), and submitted with commendable patience and resignation to the numberless questions which were put to him. Many of us can testify to the trials that we went through in the gymnasium — how when we had succeeded in assuming an attitude of peculiar ease and elegance, and had resolved to maintain it or perish in the attempt, our hopes were dashed to the ground by the laconic remark that we "couldn't stand that way long enough." And we reluctantly submitted to be "stood" some other way, and again be inspected.

In return for our Herculean efforts we beheld a group of young ladies with countenances of inky blackness; over whom, to judge from the expression which they had assumed, some dreadful fate was impending.

Some of us were seized with an ardent desire of having a picture of our rooms; and accordingly, after much tribulation, succeeded in making arrangements to that effect. We fondly imagined that our presence in the room would lend an additional charm to the picture. So we assumed our most pleasing expressions, and actually remained motionless during five minutes, only sustained by the firm conviction that the picture would prove an ample reward for all our efforts.

In some cases these attempts were crowned with partial success; but in many more the result was not — to speak in mild terms — as charming as had been anticipated. In one picture the artist had evidently intended to produce the Rembrant effect. The end of the room where were the two fair occupants was entirely plunged in the deepest shadow, from which emerged in the most startling manner two faces of chalky whiteness. The expression — well, there was no particular expression; so no one could have found fault with that. Yet one was forcibly reminded of Bluebeard's wives, as there seemed to be no bodies attached to their heads. In another the two owners of the room were staring with the calmness of despair at the remains of a repast. It made one sad to gaze upon the portrayal of this melancholy festivity, and glad to turn to admire the smiling faces of the next two, who were blandly regarding each other with great amiability.

But the pictures of the grounds were good, as also those of the hall;

although we could have wished that the "grand piano," the pride of our hearts, had been conspicuously shown therein.

However, though many were our trials and tribulations, and many the ludicrous incidents connected with our photographic mania, they will long serve as reminders of the many happy days we have spent in Old Abbott.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Blanche S. It is rather hard to tell you how to look "bewitching." However, we would advise you to wear a robe of total blackness, fastened at the throat with an arrow from Cupid's quiver, midst a circular cloud of crêpe lisse. Bang your hair in front (not with a pistol, but with domestic scissors), and frizzle it. Then carefully draw it all over your eyes and forehead, so that you look through like "love in the mist." Open your eyes wide when you look at any one, especially if he looks at you, and you will be sure to make an impression.

Don Domey. We hardly think you can stir a feather-bed sufficiently by poking it underneath with a broomstick. As you are probably a student with some muscle, it would be far better to shake it vigorously back and forth with both hands, then turn it over. Freshman year is always the hardest; but you will soon learn. If you wish to avoid hazing, the best way is to acknowledge the wit and wisdom of the Sophomores, and not even think that you are one of the "lords of creation."

Gipsev A. Considering the circumstances at your boarding-school, we advise you to walk about half-past four, P.M.; for, though the air is not so pleasant then, you may enjoy the walk more than you would earlier.

Old Scholar. We felt highly honored to receive your letter. There are many good recipes for cocoanut cake; but we give the following, which was tried for the Senior Reception, and proved good:

Four cups of flour; whites of seven eggs; two cups of powdered sugar; one cup of butter; one cup of milk; two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in layers, spreading each with frosting and grated cocoanut, and sprinkle cocoanut over the top layer.

"*Cad.*" Yes; modesty is always commendable in the young. But don't be too humble. Remember that in time the little acorn becomes the great oak, and perhaps, if you are a good boy, and mind your book, you will grow to be a Theologue, and can call at the Fem. Sem.

Younger Sister. If you are "just dying" to see what is going on in the back parlor, sit opposite the mirror which reflects the scenes there enacted.

Belle of the Season. Croquet is in vogue once more; the novelty being to wear a grotesque or fancy hat.

A Musical Friend. Yes, sing if you want to. "Sunshine and song gladdens the day." If you are at boarding-school, and the song should float to your opposite neighbors' windows, all the better; it may gladden their hearts too. And should they respond, it only shows how much they appreciate cheerfulness. Evening is the most effective time.

'77.

Class motto, "FAITH IS STRENGTH."

Warren and Vickery class photographers.

"Variety is the spice of life"; so thought the class when they ordered their unique class-pins, which all admire.

By virtue of their superior age and position the graduating class would offer the following precept to their immediate successors: "Let another praise thee, and not thine own lips."

The hearts of the Seniors rejoice at the new cabinet which graces No. 1. This handsome piece of furniture is well worthy to be the receptacle of the art illustrations, comprising literature, photographs, and engravings.

We Seniors were happily surprised on the evening of our Reception by finding on our table, from the class of '78, a beautiful basket of flowers. We only regret that they could not all have been present to enjoy the pleasure which they gave us, and for which we extend a united "Thank you," and cry, "Long live the class of '78!"

We, the art class, are enjoying the rich harvest of knowledge which Miss McKeen stored for us while away last year; and we heartily congratulate those who are to pursue this delightful study under her guidance.

We have also spent two pleasant, as well as profitable afternoons, wandering, in imagination, with Mrs. Prof. Mead among the ruins of Athens. So now we feel that when it shall be our privilege to stand on the "Acropolis" it will not be an unfamiliar spot.

Another hour Prof. Bancroft was so kind as to find the time to give us an interesting talk on Rembrandt.

We are also indebted to Rev. John P. Taylor for a lecture on Van Dyck, which took the place of the usual Saturday afternoon Hall exercise, April 15.

The reception given last term by the Senior Class at Smith Hall is still fresh in the memories of those who were present. Much praise was certainly due them, not only for the good management of the evening itself, but also on account of the quiet way in which all preparations were made. None except those concerned knew anything about it until the week of its occurrence, and there seemed to be no confusion or excitement whatever. We know nothing of the mysterious workings of the budding process, but in truth we can say that its unfolded petals produced a brilliant flower.

The guests invited were about seventy-five in number. These wandered through parlors and halls, talked art over pictures, and at length sought quiet nooks for tête-a-têtes. There was music during the evening by several young ladies. About ten o'clock the dining-room doors were opened, and the guests assembled to partake of refreshments. Many

compliments were paid the "sacred nine" for the delicate cake of many kinds made by their own skilful hands. At a reasonable hour the guests departed.

We, the undergraduates, who were fortunate enough to be invited on account of our holding the envied position of Senior's room-mates, would thank the Senior Class for the pleasant plan so creditably executed by them. Perhaps we, in coming years, remembering their success, may go and do likewise. '78.

Barnabee!

Fast day observed as usual.

The "Centennial Tree," like the class of '80, shows signs of life.

"The Mosaic" is the name of a literary society recently organized by the members of '78.

Since the reporting of sermons has been revived the galleries lend listening ears to the Sunday discourses.

The locks of '77 are whitening before their time in consequence of undue solicitude in behalf of '78.

A new rendering of an old line broke in upon the monotony of a Junior Middle recitation: "Silent arrectisque auribus adstant," "They are silent, and stand rivetted by their ears."

Lest the old scholars should be startled by the changes in Andover, should they visit us this summer, we would break it gently to them beforehand: Main Street boasts of a new clothing-store.

Wind, rain, snow, and hail united their forces to keep us from attending the levee at Mrs. Professor Phelps's. But in spite of their attempts a goodly number of us assembled in her pleasant parlors, and passed a very enjoyable evening.

A future "Fem. Sem." has expressed her opinion that the name of "Theo-logue" should belong only to the gentlemen of the Senior Class. She further suggests that the Middlers be called "chips," and the Juniors "splinters."

Our interest in the far-away "Isles of the blue Pacific" was heightened in the winter by a lecture delivered by Mr. Bonnell. It was illustrated by stereoptican views, which made it more vivid. We thank the speaker for the pleasure of the evening.

We are visited weekly by a "Pop-corn man," who has even dared to insert prizes in the depths of the well-filled, paper bags. We are unable to report as to the magnificence of these gifts, as our influential position as Editors requires us to frown upon lotteries in high places.

A teacher of a public school, endeavoring to explain to her scholars that the bulk of the earth was the same in spite of apparent changes, was interrupted by a very small and ragged boy, who earnestly asked: "Please, ma'am, wasn't Enoch taken up?"

Another teacher asked her class what was inside an apple, intending, when the answer, "Seeds," was given, to moralize upon great results from small causes; but was somewhat nonplussed when, instead of the expected reply, a little girl said, "Worms!"

The "Familiar Talks" at the Theological Seminary have been unusually interesting this year, and the students have been kind enough to allow us to pack their small lecture-room to overflowing, that we might hear with them Drs. Cuyler, Behrens, Withrow, Gordon, and others.

Scene — Old South Sunday-School — Little Girl in Infant-Class.—

"Teacher, please tell us a story."

Teacher (Senior Fem. Sem.). — "I don't know any, my dear."

Little girl. — "Can't you make one up?"

Teacher. — "I can't, possibly."

Little girl. — "Then please tell us the story of 'Butler's Analogy.'"

Teacher. — "It may be answered distinctly, first, that this is in no sort necessary, and consequently, not natural in the sense in which it is necessary and therefore natural, that ill or mischievous actions should be punished."

Little girl subsides.

Miss Payson is enjoying a trip to Europe with her uncle and family. She expects to return in the course of six months. In the meantime we have been fortunate enough to secure the efficient services of Miss Strickland.

With pleasure we announce that the Rev. James H. Laird has entered upon his duties as pastor of the Old South Church. The installation services occurred May 10th; the sermon being by the Rev. William M. Barbour, D.D., of Bangor, Me. We, as a school, would offer a most cordial welcome to our minister.

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospel books."

Such we found in Miss Willard, on the morning when she spoke to us in our Hall, several weeks since, "as one who had been a girl." In the short address, touching, as it did, upon many things apt to occur in a lifetime, each found something to help or strengthen her. The good words would have been welcome from any one; but coming from one whose earnest life is rescuing hundreds of other lives from ruin, we were doubly glad to hear them.

That great reading public which has been touched, entertained, or amused by the writings of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps cannot have fully

known her charm. But we count ourselves more highly favored; for we have listened with delighted interest to four lectures given by her, in our Academy Hall, on "Modern Fiction." To these delicate and scholarly productions, originally prepared for the Boston University, she gave additional force and beauty by her clear sympathetic voice, and the grace and dignity of her delivery. And it is not alone because we are school girls, but because we are women, that we proudly say, we have heard Miss Phelps!

Through the efforts of one of the Andover ladies a course of lectures was delivered in the Town Hall, during the winter, by James T. Fields, on the subjects, "Tennyson," "Christopher North," "Modern Fiction," and "Rufus Choate." Not only the students of literature among us, but every one, felt a new inspiration from the enthusiasm of the speaker, whose personal acquaintance, in almost every instance, made us feel nearer the author of whom he spoke. We, as a school, are much indebted to Mr. Fields for the pleasure of hearing two of his best lectures in our own Hall: those on "Wordsworth" and "Shelley and Keats." Mr. Longfellow also allowed him to bring and read to us a poem which has not been given to the public. It was a lovely little thing, called the "Descent of the Muses"; and we are very grateful for the double treat which we received.

A very pleasant feature of Andover society this year has been the "Hill-tonic Club." Contrary to the usually instructive tendency of Andover entertainments, this has been simply for rest and amusement. The meetings have been held at the houses of different members in Town, where about thirty people have usually been present to enjoy the entertainment prepared. Sometimes it was character, again, a shadow pantomime; then a bright little play. One evening was devoted to Dickens; Pickwick himself presided. Sam Weller and Tony his father, were there also, Dora and David, Betsey Trotwood, Dolly Varden, and, indeed, some character from almost every book. Pickwick (Prof. Churchill), favored us with readings from David Copperfield, Pickwick Papers, and Oliver Twist, which were peculiarly impressive with the characters immediately before us.

We clip the following from the "Boston Advertiser."

"FOREIGN CITIES AND ANDOVER HILL. — Mr. John L. Stoddard of Boston has just favored Abbott Academy at Andover with some interesting and valuable lectures on European and Oriental cities. The lectures were four in number. The subjects were Venice, Florence, Paris, Cairo. On themes so hackneyed Mr. Stoddard fascinated his select auditory, and gave an aesthetic surprise to teachers and pupils and the few ladies and gentlemen who were so fortunate as to be present. Mr. Stoddard possesses many of the qualifications of an orator. His person is elegant. His voice is rich and sympathetic. His elocution combines distinctness and delicacy with manly force. In his action you see something of the ease and life of the antiques which he brings before his auditors photographically. Nor is he less gifted mentally. His word-painting of desert and

dervish has touches reminding of Taine or Stanley. There is an atmosphere about his sentences. He has mastered the best school of German art-criticism before praising or blaming famous pictures. If not fertile in original thought, his mind shows, at least, rare quickness of observation, and no less rare aptitude in research. He has the art of citation at the exact moment needed. He plays on the keys of sentiment with the brilliancy of an artist. The hour you roam with him through gallery and grot is an hour of new insight into the beauty, the pathos, the humor, the grandeur, and the mystery of alien climes and civilizations. Such a speaker need only to be heard to be appreciated. We congratulate other schools on the prospect of listening to him, and Mr. Stoddard himself on the career opening so invitingly before his young manhood.

A HEARER."

We acknowledge among our exchanges the Philo Mirror, Amherst Student, Harvard Crimson, Packer Quarterly, Vassar Miscellany, The Dartmouth, Cheltenham Record, The Jewel, The Berkeleyan.

On the 17th of April a comedy was given by the senior French class of this Academy, which to those understanding French proved very enjoyable. An instrumental duet by Mlles. Welles and Parsons preceded the comedy, which was entitled, "Le Dejeuner de l'Empereur." The characters were faithfully represented, especially those of Marcelle, Jeannette, and Mme. Maillard (Mlles. Southworth, Welles, and Cobb). La Baronne de St. Leger (Mlle. Foxcroft) carried herself with the dignity belonging to one in her station. Her daughters Emilie, Ernestine, and Alice (Mlles. Fellows, Mack, and Page) gave proof of excellent home-training, and of charity for others; with this all were impressed when Germaine (Mlle. Parsons), pleading her brother's cause, met with such perfect sympathy. The exercises were concluded with a piece of instrumental music, rendered by Mlle. Mack.

Friday evening, February 23d, a number of us wended our way to that architectural gem, the Town Hall, for the purpose of attending a concert given under the auspices of the Senior Class of the neighboring Academy. We were much pleased with Mrs. West and Mrs. Barry, also with Wulf Fries's substitute, though we were sorry not to hear the great artist himself. But the Swedish Quartette! In hearing it only, though, with one exception, we understood not a word, were we not fully repaid for going? The echo of the verdict unanimously rendered upon our return that night answers "Yes."

Some time after welcoming "Nature's sweet restorer" we were roused from our slumbers by voices which we joyfully recognized as those of the Quartette. This second edition was as fully appreciated as the first; and the originator of the plan of serenading, whoever he may be, will please accept our hearty thanks.

Another Friday evening, May 11th, was pleasantly spent at Phillips Academy in listening to the Draper Prize Speaking. The speakers were ten in number. The selections were, as usual, interesting and well rendered — so well, in fact, that the Committee with difficulty selected the trio upon whom to bestow the honors ; but the decision announced was in favor of Messrs. Holder, Rogers, and Gregory.

“Honorable mention” was made, by the unofficial committee which met directly after in our halls, of Messrs. Ladd and Bliven.

Wednesday afternoon, April 18th, we attended a Prize Exhibition at the Gymnasium of Phillips Academy. The exercises were varied with music by the Phillips Glee Club and, taken as a whole, were interesting. The prizes were awarded to Messrs. Bradford, Higgins, Green, and Swazey.

“THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.”

“Oh, my brothers, life is earnest ;
And it rests with us to act ;
We must spread abroad our precepts,
Make our lives a temp’rance tract !”

Spake one bravely, spake one boldly
To five comrades standing near ;
Fired them with his own ambition,
And they answered, with a cheer, —

Hark ! the classic shades resound it,
And the welkin rings again, —
“We will to the temp’rance meeting,
Win some convert, though it rain.

“Though the night be dark and dreary,
Though the east wind loudly roar,
We will turn our backs on pleasure ;
We will close our books of lore ;

“And on foot, like ancient pilgrims,
We will to the shrine ascend ;
For perhaps our *very presence*
May support and courage lend.”

Now they reach the motley gath’ring ;
Now they hasten through the throng,
Take their seats among the foremost,
That their influence may be strong.

When the speaker loudest praises
Sparkling water, clear and bright,
Soft they whisper to each other,
“He will see *we’re* for the right.”

But, alas, the dreams of manhood,
 Like our riches, oft have wings;
 And, alas, our greatest effort
 Oft the greatest downfall brings.

When the speech at length was ended,
 And the speaker near them came,
 Did he praise their bold endeavor
 Thus to come through wind and rain?

Did he say his work was lighter
 With such helpers close at hand;
 And that wrongs would soon be righted
 When they lectured through the land?

No; ah, no! his words were warnings, —
 Friendly words, yet grave and stern, —
 "Oh, young men, your faces tell me
 You have yet the right to learn.

"Turn ye from the path of folly;
 Drop the dazzling wine-cup now;
 Sign the pledge; and date your rescue
 From the hour you make this vow!"

Speak, oh, speak, bewildered students!
 Say your hearts beat one with him.
 'Tis too late; he turns to others.
 Life is cruel! Fate is grim!

"Abbott Academy, already the happy possessor of many interesting and valuable works of art, has lately been presented with a pedestal of the choicest Lisbon marble by our generous townsman, Hon. Geo. Ripley. Of the soft, warm color which characterizes that variety of stone, about four feet in height, with a slab of white marble at top and bottom, it receives the approbation of all who have seen it; among whom are several whose critical judgment is widely acknowledged. Of course, so beautiful a pedestal should support a statue equally beautiful in design and execution, and of suitable material. Only marble or bronze would seem to be admissible. The statue the Abbott possesses not as yet; but let her be hopeful, and remember the old proverb: 'Get the spindle and distaff ready, and God will send the flax.'" — *Lawrence American*.

For several weeks mysterious sounds have been issuing from our basements, trunk-rooms, grove, to say nothing of the recitation rooms, while the Academy Hall has been infested at all hours with people of divers tongues. It has been a great source of amusement to watch the passers-by, looking with expressions of wonder and terror at the windows, and hurrying on, not knowing what to make of the noise within. But truly "great oaks from little acorns grow," all these inarticulate moanings and

bursts of laughter resolved themselves, last night, into that very enjoyable event, "The Draper Reading." Since the custom of giving prizes has been abandoned, very few people know that we are still indebted to Mrs. Draper's kindness for this delightful entertainment. Mrs. Draper, who was herself once an Abbott Academy girl, at first gave, each year, forty dollars to be awarded, in different amounts, to the most successful readers. After two years this plan was changed for that of using the prize-money to employ Professor Churchill to give private lessons to the young ladies elected for the Reading. This arrangement has proved very satisfactory to every one; for, owing to Mrs. Draper's kindness, these young ladies have, in addition to the lessons given to the whole school by Professor Churchill, this rare opportunity for elocutionary training. The programme at this tenth Reading was as follows: The Maid of Domrémy (De Quincey), Miss Farnsworth; "In Fayre Forest" (Howells), Miss Barron; The Fate of MacGregor (Hogg), Miss Roundy; The Insanity of Cain (M. M. Dodge), Miss Page; How the Old Horse Won the Bet (O. W. Holmes), Miss Smith; Lady Geraldine's Courtship (Mrs. Browning), Miss Douglass; Jimmy Butler and the Owl (Anon.), Miss Butters; The Spanish Duel (Waller), Miss Webster; The Last Day of Pompeii (Bulwer), Miss Wilder; Mr. Bumble's Wooing (Dickens), Miss Gilbreth.

By not a few, it has been pronounced the best yet given; but it may be said, for the solace of the heroines of former occasions of the same sort, that this never fails to be remarked. The selection was very happy in the adaptation of the pieces to the special talents of the readers, as their successful rendering showed. In short, as some one was heard to remark, "Every single one of the girls did just perfectly elegantly." The looks of pride on the faces of their school-mates must have shown the readers how pleased we were; and who could help being proud? The funny pieces were so irresistible, the sad so pathetic, and all so well done, that we felt we had reason to glory in each. We are all glad that Miss Douglass was not allowed to resign her place as she proposed, on the ground that it was her fourth election, for we could have ill afforded to lose "Lady Geraldine," the crowning triumph of the evening. Now we can once more settle down into the even tenor of our way. We can walk where we wish without the danger of intruding on dying gasps, hysterical sobs, or some touching passage in a love-scene. We can study in the reading-room again, uninterrupted by that pitiful "I *must* practice my piece now; can't you go somewhere that you won't overhear me?"

MARRIED.

Miss Carrie H. Ayer to Dr. B. K. Ludwig, of Philadelphia, Penn.

Miss Mary J. Bryant to Mr. George A. Crosby, of Manchester, N. H.

Miss Anna Hodges to Dr. Claude Wilson, of Waterville, N. Y.

Miss Lilly C. Perry to Rev. Edward Y. Hincks, of Portland, Me.

Miss Lizzianna St. C. Creighton to Dr. A. W. French, of Portland, Me.

Miss Evelyn A. Fellows to Mr. Charles H. Masury, of Boston.

Manchester, N. H., April 7th, 1877, Miss C. E. Palmer of Concord, N. H., to Rev. Mr. Lyon of Newbury, Vt.

We have missed the face of our old teacher this year in many places, but all unite in sending congratulations and best wishes as she enters upon her duties in the country parsonage. Knowing how much she contributed to our happiness, we feel sure she will still be found faithful.

DIED.

Died, in Concord, N. H., Feb. 1877, Miss Katie T. Fiske, daughter of Rev. John O. Fiske, D.D., of Bath, Me.

From childhood she had been more or less an invalid ; but the limitations of her own life had been borne with such a sweet and lovely faith as made her heart exquisitely tender. The same love which made her sympathy quick and full towards other sufferers, gathered to her also the pleasures of others as if they were her own. So her life, for all its chastening, was not a sad one, because she lived in the joy of her Lord, and in the joy of every happy creature near her. The cruel asthma which exiled her from her own dear home gave her rest in Andover air, so that her school became her second home where, she spent most of her time, even after graduation, always finding opportunity for all the service which her feeble body would allow to her vigorous mind. Her daily life was the embodiment of her Class Motto, "*Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.*" Her health, always so frail, was declining through the last year ; her loving trust in the Redeemer growing all the while more absolute in its peaceful joy. It was a great satisfaction to her to be able to come on from Bath in the autumn, to greet us all, and then to pay a good-by visit to Miss Palmer before her marriage. A good-by visit it was, indeed ; for the Master came and called for her. Her mother was with her at the last. The pains of the mortal sickness were borne with that meek fortitude we knew so well ; and one night, or ever she was aware, she found herself in heaven.

We share the bereavement of her own home ; but the hallowing memory of her gentle life abides with us, and the answers to her prayers will descend on us still.

Class Organizations.

'77.

<i>President,</i>	JOSEPHINE E. RICHARDS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	SARAH W. BIRD.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	HELEN H. BOWERS.
<i>Vine Orator,</i>	CARRIE E. HALL.
<i>Historian,</i>	ANNIE A. BARRON.
<i>Sibyl,</i>	ADDIE BRAINERD.

'78.

<i>President,</i>	ALICE B. GARDNER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ESTHER D. GOODRIDGE.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	HARRIET E. COBB.

'79.

<i>President,</i>	JULIA E. TWICHELL.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	EDITH C. HARRIS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MINNIE M. PARSONS.

'80.

<i>President,</i>	CARRIE L. WELLES.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	MINNIE A. WELLES.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	E. C. WILLIAMS.

The Abbott Courant Advertiser.

ABBOTT ACADEMY,

ANDOVER, - - - - MASS.

Offers Superior Instruction in

**ENGLISH BRANCHES, LATIN, MODERN LANGUAGES, AND
MUSIC.**

EXAMINATIONS JUNE 25 AND 26.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES, JUNE 27, 1877.

FALL TERM BEGINS AUGUST 30, 1877.

Whole Expense per Year, Board and Tuition, \$300.00. No extras. Apply
to the Principal, Miss PHILENA McKEEN.

GEORGE H. PARKER,

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

FANCY, AND TOILET ARTICLES, SPONGES, Etc.

Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

DRAPER'S BLOCK, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

CHAS. H. GILBERT,

DENTIST,

DRAPER'S BLOCK, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

Office open daily from 8.30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

J. E. WHITING,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

ALSO, DEALER IN

FANCY GOODS,

TOYS,

PERFUMERY,

BRUSHES,

SOAPS,

LAMPS,

CHIMNEYS,

CONFECTIONERY.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS.

FINE WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING.

MAIN STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

VALPEY BROS.,

DEALERS IN

Meats, Vegetables, Poultry, Etc.

Cor. Main St. and Elm Square,

ANDOVER, MASS.

BENJAMIN BROWN,

DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES, AND RUBBERS.

Also, **BOOTS** Made and Repaired at Short Notice.

Swift's Building, Main Street, - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHN PRAY,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,
MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

Horses, Buggies, Carryalls, and Beach Wagons to Let at reasonable terms. Hacks furnished for Weddings, Calls, Funerals, etc.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,
BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,
CENTRAL STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

J. H. CHANDLER,
DEALER IN
Periodicals and Stationery,
FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY,
OPPOSITE THE POST-OFFICE,
MAIN STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

SMITH, MANNING, & CO.,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,
ESSEX STREET,
ANDOVER, MASS.

Copies of the Courant

can be obtained at any time by sending to

Miss LIZZIE M. FARNSWORTH, - - Business Editor.

The Terms are, One Dollar for the Year; Fifty Cents a Copy.

We would be glad if old scholars would offer Articles for publication, or Letters, as it pleases them. We would also be glad of any bit of information concerning themselves or school-mates, that we may not lose sight of those who were once members of this Institution.

THE ABBOTT COURANT.

Edited by

Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, '78.

Sara F. Barnes, '78.

Isabel Parker, '79.

Cherrie E. Blackinton, '79.

Business Editor, - - - - -

Helen B. Heywood, '80.

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1878.

NO. 2.

MUSIC AMONG THE GREEKS.

THIS people in whom ardent susceptibility was combined with high culture and refinement, must have had a love for the "concord of sweet sounds." Let us look at those mysteries of their religion with which music was connected. All history of the existing Greek literature begins with the Homeric poems; but these, from their beauty and finish, indicate that they are not the beginning of poetic development.

It has been said that vocal music is of so high antiquity that it must have been coëval with mankind. Indeed, we know that the laws were first sung to keep them better in mind, and prayers were chanted; and, in fact, the first public use of music was in the service of religion. It would seem that in the early ages the chief employment of the princes was to tend their flocks and sing their Arcadian songs. When men were no longer content with the natural productions of the earth, and resorted to other means of making the soil fruitful, we learn that

"The ploughman, then, to soothe the toilsome day,
Chanted in measured feet his sylvan lay."

Tradition records the names of poets previous to the Homeric period, and music added to the civilization of mankind.

The gods held the highest rank in this order of poets, and Apollo was considered the ruling divinity in the whole realm of music.

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged 'round her magic cell."

This shell was probably like that which Mercury invented. One day he found a tortoise, from which he took the shell, and, making holes in its opposite edges, drew cords through them, thus forming the lyre which he presented to Apollo.

“ Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.”

In the Iliad, Apollo charms the Olympian deities at their repasts. He was the source of all the power in art or song possessed by the Homeric bards.

The syrinx of Pan, with its several pipes, had through its clumsiness become distasteful to Minerva, who discovered that by the introduction of holes the same sounds could be produced from a single pipe as from the eight of Pan's instrument. Thus to the ingenuity of the skilful goddess is attributed the invention of the flute. Athene was once playing upon this instrument, when she was so disgusted on seeing in the river the reflection of her distorted features, that she threw the flute away. Some time after, Marsyas, a mortal, picked it up, and no sooner did he begin to play upon it than, inspired as it was by the goddess, it gave forth the most enchanting strains. Marsyas, overjoyed at his success, had the audacity to challenge Apollo to a musical contest. The Muses were chosen umpires. Apollo was jealous of his dignity, and little thought that this assuming individual could compete with him. The god played upon the lyre, and the man upon the flute; and it was only when Apollo added his voice to the music of his instrument that the contest was decided in his favor. Marsyas was sorely punished for his presumption.

Different varieties of the flute and lyre were the instruments of the early days, and all the Olympian divinities participated in musical feasts. The Muses, who in this day are invoked almost exclusively by the devotees of poetry, were then no less besought for help in the sphere of melody. Not alone for public pleasure was musical talent displayed, but in domestic life it was extensively cultivated; both Achilles and Paris being taught to play upon the lyre.

Nor did the vocal powers remain uncultivated during this time. The voice of Orpheus was of such sweetness as to move the very rocks and trees, and even to charm the soul of Pluto and the shades of the infernal regions.

We see the ancients in a later time no less influenced by the effect of harmony. They even attributed to it the power of an antidote; so when slaves were scourged the masters thought to lessen the severity of the law by giving the poor creatures a chance to lose the

thought of self in the melodious sounds of the flute. Not much of the practical nature of the nineteenth century had those early Greeks.

Leaving this mythical age of gods and heroes, let us glance at another period. The ante-Homeric songs were probably the natural outpouring of the souls of the enthusiastic peasantry; the earliest referring to the seasons, and sung at their harvests. Following these were various kinds of songs and choruses, some of which were dedicated to the gods, and especially to Apollo. It was customary to have songs adapted for seasons of mourning and festivity. The bridal hymns were particularly joyful, the chorus taking part in the dancing which accompanied the music.

Previous to the seventh century B.C., all poetry was accompanied by several instruments; but the elegy now arose, with which the flute alone was used. Succeeding this was the period of lyric poetry, over which music exercised such an influence that its measure decided the style of the poem. Pindar, in the fifth century, united music with his poetry, and his odes are often sublime. After this period, history tells us little of the further cultivation of the art among this people; but thus far we have seen that the Greeks had a love and appreciation for music.

“The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of love and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung, —
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set.”

F. L. H. '78.

A PETERKIN COUNCIL.

MR. and Mrs. Peterkin had received a telegram from Mrs. Cyrus Alexander Smythe, Elizabeth Eliza's cousin, saying she would arrive at seven o'clock the following Friday evening.

The Peterkins had finished their fall cleaning and painting, and were at last, as Mrs. Peterkin said, “in apple-pie order,” “and brown on the outside, like the pies Elizabeth Eliza burnt,” said the little boys in their india-rubber boots. So now, Mrs. Peterkin thought, was the time to invite company, while they were in good order, for they probably would not be in such an immaculate condition again until the next Spring house-cleaning. Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza could hardly wait for Mr. Peterkin, Solomon John, and Aga-

memnon to come home to supper, they were so anxious to tell them that Elizabeth Eliza's cousin was really coming.

"Perhaps we had better keep it a secret, and surprise them Friday," suggested Elizabeth Eliza.

"Don't, Elizabeth Eliza, don't speak of surprises! I am scared most to death of 'em every time I think of the story you read about Josiah Allen's wife's surprise party."

"Oh ma, do have it a surprise," plead the little boys; "and we'll all hide behind the door, and hear what pa 'll say to her."

"No, Elizabeth Eliza, your pa 'll act like a cow; he don't know her from Adam."

"Well, let's not tell them till the last minute, anyway; say Friday noon," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Since you're all so set on it," said Mrs. Peterkin, "Friday noon it is; but mind you give your pa time to change his collar."

At last Friday noon came, and they were hardly seated when the little boys said, "Say, pa, who do you s'pose is coming to-night — seven o'clock train — lives in Boston — 's got a husband — Elizabeth Eliza's cousin — looks just like Aunt Dorcas?"

"Sho! you don't say so! Mrs. Cyrus Alexander Smythe and her husband, too, I suppose. Why didn't you wimmen folks tell, and I wouldn't let old Craggin a' had my horse and wagon to drive over to the Flat with."

"Why, pa, of course she can't walk way up here from the station, with that great baby, too," exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

"Cyrus Alexander will bring the baby well enough, if he's any kind of a man."

"But we did n't invite Cyrus Alexander," said Mrs. Peterkin, dejectedly.

"Could n't we telegraph for him to come?" asked Agamemnon.

"Neglecting to invite him in the first place was a breach of etiquette, and to send an invitation now would be another breach of etiquette," said Solomon John, severely.

"A pair of breeches," said Agamemnon, facetiously.

"Beside, she's started by this time," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Dear, dear, I do believe Friday is the unluckiest day, for us, leastaways! Don't you recollect, pa, how that red heifer died on a Friday?" said Mrs. Peterkin, disconsolately.

"And Solomon John found a can of tomatoes spoilt last Friday, too," said the little boys.

At last six o'clock came, and Mrs. Peterkin looked out of the window until it grew dark. She and Elizabeth Eliza were discuss-

ing the feasibility of putting the lantern on the gatepost to make it more inviting, when Mr. Peterkin came in. "Craggin's come with the horse, and I'll drive her right down to the station, and meet Cyrus Alexander's wife," he said.

"Wall, make haste, pa, or she'll get here 'fore you do," said Mrs. Peterkin.

But while they were talking, in walked Mrs. Cyrus Alexander Smythe with baby and nurse.

"For pity's sake, how did you get here so soon?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin.

"I rode up in the coach," said Mrs. Cyrus Alexander Smythe.

"La! why didn't we think of that before?" said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Supper's ready," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And so are we," said Agamemnon.

They seated themselves, and Mr. Peterkin passed the butter. "Where's the baby and that — lady?" he inquired.

"Who? nurse? Oh she never comes to table with us," explained Mrs. Cyrus Alexander Smythe.

"Don't, hey? too stuck up, I suppose, for such plain folks as we be. If she stays here long we'll fetch her round all right. Run in and invite her out, Elizabeth Eliza, and set her right down beside Solomon John. We'll make her feel at home if anybody will."

Elizabeth Eliza thought Mrs. Cyrus Alexander smiled incredulously, but nevertheless she ran to do her father's commands. The nurse smiled graciously, and suffered herself to be led to the table. Elizabeth Eliza feared her cousin had overrated her aristocratic notions.

"Where's What's-his-name?" inquired Agamemnon.

"Yes, where is he?" said the little boys in the india-rubber boots.

"Who? the baby?" said nurse. "Asleep on the sofa."

"Don't you call him anything but Baby?" asked Elizabeth Eliza.

"No," said Mrs. Cyrus Alexander, "He isn't old enough to have a name."

"How old is he?" asked the little boys.

"Three months to-day," answered nurse.

"Three months old, and hasn't got a name; Oh my!" said the little boys, holding up their hands in surprise.

"That's nothing," said Mrs. Peterkin; "I never called my children anything but baby till they were a year old, for, say I, 'they aint babies always, and they might as well take the good of it while they can.' But now I think of it, I did call Solomon John 'Birdie'

until he was quite a youngster. Why he'd sing every tune agoin' better'n any canary bird you ever set eyes on. But after a while pa said, 'Ma, you're making a fool of that boy a birdie-in' of him. He wont be worth a tow string when he's a deacon, or may be president, with that name hitched onto him.' 'Nough said, thinks I; and so we called him Solomon John"; and the little boys giggled at the thought of President Birdie Peterkin.

"Why don't you name him while you're here?" suggested Elizabeth Eliza.

"I should want my husband's aid," said Mrs. Cyrus Alexander.

"We'll send for him, then," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Why could n't we name him to-night, and surprise him when he gets here?" said the little boys, who were always ready for a surprise.

"That's so," said Agamemnon.

"And we'll talk to him, and his father wont know who we mean," speculated the little boys.

After tea was over and the dishes washed up they assembled in the parlor. "Now let's all think of some names. I'll think of some beginning with A, Elizabeth Eliza with B, Solomon John with C, and the little boys D, and —"

"Take the spelling-book, why don't you?" interrupted Mr. Peterkin.

"Oh pa, those are awful old-fashioned names," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"I know it; and, for my part, give me a good old square name for all o' them new-fangled things. Aint that what you say, Mrs. Cyrus Alexander?"

"I would prefer an euphonious name," Mrs. Smythe replied.

"Wall then, how's — Moses — or Elijah or — Ezra? any of them is good."

"Oh pa, them's horrid ones," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"But if you want an appropriate name, and if you intend to have him go into the foundery with his father, you might call him Tubal-Cain," thoughtfully suggested Solomon John.

"Or if he's going into the butchering business with his grandfather you might leave off the Tubal, and call him Cain," said Agamemnon.

"I have heard of people who named their children this way," Mrs. Peterkin said, taking down the family Bible: "open it three times, and choose one of the names you find in the verse under your finger."

"That's a lucky way, I've heard," said Elizabeth Eliza. "Why not let the baby do it himself, it is going to be his name."

So the Bible was brought, and baby slapped his fat hands on the leaves in high glee, till Elizabeth Eliza had to hold his finger for him.

The first one proved to be one in Numbers: "For Mahlah, Tirzah, and Hoglah and Milcah and Noah, the daughters of Zelophehad, were married unto their father's brother's sons."

"Girl's names those are," said Agamemnon, "and only one man's name in the whole lot; try again."

The next trial was a failure. "Now," said Elizabeth Eliza, "the third time never fails"; and she triumphantly read, "And Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life."

"Samuel! Oh deliver us!" groaned Agamemnon.

"Samuel is a good name, I'm sure," argued Mrs. Peterkin, feeling that she ought to convince them that her plan was not an unfortunate one.

"I'd as soon be called Daniel," said disquieted Agamemnon.

"Samuel was Mr. Cyrus Alexander Smythe's father's name, and I aint so sure that it aint just the name for him," said Mrs. Peterkin, triumphantly.

"That's the thing," cried the little boys in their india-rubber boots; "we'll call him Sammy! Want to come? Hullo, Sammy! want to come?" they said, holding out their hands.

"Do stop your racket, boys, and hear what Mrs. Cyrus Alexander has to say," said Mrs. Peterkin, anxiously.

"I was going to say," Mrs. Cyrus Alexander murmured, for she was rather fatigued from trying to make herself heard when the little boys were talking, "I was going to say, that Mr. Smythe wished him to be christened Fitz-Herbert Virgil, and I am a trifle prejudiced in favor of it myself."

A. M. G. '79.

SONGS FROM THE FOREST.

A mad cascade am I, am I,
 I dance, I dance,
 I fly, I fly,
 Down from the mossy rocks so high,
 Down to the stream below.

A sparkling brook am I, am I,
 I laugh, I laugh,
 I glide, I glide,
 To lose myself in ocean's tide,
 And mingle with its song.

An ancient pine am I, am I,
I grieve, I grieve,
I sigh, I sigh,
The sunbeams pass my branches by,
And sad winds dwell with me.

A flower fair am I, am I,
I give, I give,
I smile, I smile.
And breezes sweet my hours while,
And steal a kiss from me.

E. M. C. '78.

THE SPRING BY THE ROADSIDE.

THE unused road was of soft green turf, over which pine-needles were thickly strewn from the trees just over the stone wall on either side. There were some beech trees among the pines; and after I had been sitting very still for a few minutes the squirrels ventured out of the crannies in which they had hidden themselves when their quiet had been so rudely broken in upon, and frisked along the wall from the trees to their holes, and back again to the trees, intent upon heaping up their winter-stock of nuts. A little way down the road, a woodbine was climbing over the wall, its leaves already changed to a brilliant scarlet, and one spray had fastened itself to the trunk of a tree close by, and mingled its brightness with the yellowing beech leaves.

Under the wall grew spikes of golden-rod and tufts of purple asters, and one single stock of milkweed stood up like a sentinel, stiff and straight, its brown pods just burst open, showing the downy contents all ready to take their flight. At my side was the spring itself,—the never-failing water running through a mossy spout into a round stone basin; the musical drip, drip, drip making a pleasing accompaniment to my thoughts.

Behind the bench and the basin rose a high, rocky bank. On the rocks were bright yellow and soft gray lichens, and in the crevices grew ferns and mosses, hiding the rough rocks with their graceful beauty. Ferns were growing, too, around the edge of the basin, and nodding to their beautiful counterparts in the clear water. A couple of sparrows were hopping about, and, seeing this, *they* got on the edge of the basin, nodded at *their* reflections, and then saucily dipped their heads into the water, scattering the bright drops in every direction, and marring the smooth surface, to the sorrow of the ferns. A little breeze was stirring the leaves on the trees, and over

everything played flickering shadows; sometimes a ray of sunlight falling on the red leaves of the woodbine, sometimes surprising Master Bun in the busy performance of his domestic duties, and sometimes playing hide-and-seek with the ferns. Soon the shadows grew darker, the air chillier, and I, unwilling, left my seat on the rough bench and the spring by the roadside. C. N. P. '79.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

THIS ancient city is extremely interesting. Though I was but a child when I saw it, I shall never forget the feeling of reverence with which I looked upon its dilapidated walls, its ancient cathedral, and nunneries.

As you approach the town from the river, you see long lines of buildings, the tops of which are almost on a level; for the country there has not the undulating surface which makes our northern cities so picturesque. Here and there we catch glimpses of church spires, and among them that of the old Roman Catholic cathedral. Almost the first thing which attracts the eye is the stone wall that nearly surrounds the city. We must not think of this wall as towering into the air fifty or sixty feet, like those we sometimes read of. It is only about the height of a common hedge. When the city was first built this wall was doubtless much higher, in order to afford the protection necessary in time of war. We may infer this, also, from the broken remains on the north side of the city, which are two or three times as high as that on the east, facing the river. The top of the wall is wide enough for two persons to walk abreast upon it. You can mount by little steps placed at intervals along the side. This is one of the most popular promenades of the city, and is usually thronged, especially in the evening, when the cool breezes from the sea and the music of the band on the plaza near by invite to refreshment after a hot, sultry day.

Another object of interest is the old fort. The material of which this is built is a natural formation of broken bits of shell, closely matted together, making a hard, durable substance. The fort is now overgrown with moss, and from long disuse wears a neglected, desolate aspect. We are not afraid of the great guns, with their wide, gaping mouths; for the rust upon them seems to tell us they are harmless, and the little birds perch upon them, and warble their songs in perfect security. In one of the walls of this fort, a small room was discovered, some years ago, in which was found the

skeleton of a human body. It is supposed that some person was walled up there alive during the Inquisition in France, as the entrance was closely sealed, and found only by accident.

As you land on the wharf, you are immediately surrounded by a crowd of negroes, all of whom are anxious to be employed in carrying your baggage. You select one or two of those nearest you, and start off towards the city.

Immediately in front of the dock are the old markets. We must not picture these to ourselves as being like the magnificent markets in our modern cities. They are merely roofs, without walls, and ranged around under them are counters, where fish, beef, and vegetables are placed for sale. It reminds one of the pictures of the Chinese shops which we sometimes see. You have to approach them in the same way, from the outside, to do your purchasing.

The streets on either side of the markets are lined with stores and dwelling-houses. Many of them have been modernized, so that they do not attract any special notice; but there are numbers of the old buildings still standing, which look as if they had been put up in the Middle Ages. They are built mostly of brick and stone, two, and some of them three, stories high. There are no basements to the houses, and they are built low on the ground, with the front door opening on the street. You merely take one step from the sidewalk into the parlor. Over the front door, on the second story, is a small porch, surrounded by an iron railing. Around some of the buildings are high stone walls, almost as tall as themselves. These are much dilapidated, and overgrown with moss and vines.

The narrowness of the streets, together with the height of the walls, give to them an exceedingly dark and gloomy appearance. Some of the more modern streets are wider, prettily laid out, and lined on either side with oleander and oak trees. In passing through the different streets of the city, one is struck with the contrast between the old and the new. In some of them you see only these ancient buildings, in all their darkness and gloom. You may step out of one of these into a modern street; and it makes you feel as if you had just waked from a "Rip Van Winkle" sleep to find everything new and strange.

Walking up Main Street, you come to the cathedral. This is made of stone, like the other buildings. It looks centuries old, and is extremely homely — not at all like the splendid edifices which the name suggests. Across the street, on the left, is the convent. Here you see the white-veiled nuns going forth on their daily round of charities.

If you continue your walk, and then turn to the right after passing

the cathedral, you will come to the ruins of the city gates. Only the portals are now standing, and these, like the other ruins, are overgrown with moss. Carts rattle through them, and ragged little urchins play around them in the most commonplace way.

After passing through the gates you come out into the open country, where of late years many fine residences have been erected, surrounded by luxuriant gardens and orange groves. During the last ten or twelve years the city has rapidly increased. Railroads have been built, while before the only means of transportation was by water or coaches; this, especially, has been the means of the rapid growth of the town. To appreciate fully this our most ancient city one should go there, and let these old ruins speak for themselves, before they are torn down to make room for modern buildings.

A. B. K. '78.

EXAMINATION FOR FRIENDSHIP.

Dost thou know the brooklet's song
 Among the ferns?
Dost thou know the robin's note
 When spring returns?
Dost thou hold the mountain's height
 A friend most dear?
Dost thou love the stars of night,
 So bright and clear?
Dost thou greet the autumn days
 With welcome meet?
Dost thou count the daisy white
 A flower sweet?
Dost thou look from nature fair
 To Him above?
Dost thou read on every leaf
 That God is love?

E. M. C. '78.

"A MEMORY."

THERE is one little scene that often comes to my mind as I think of the past. I have only to close my eyes, and I sit once more on the broad piazza at the back of the square, white, country house. On one side is the great brown barn, with its smaller satellites about it — hennery, corn-barn, and carriage-house. From one little window I can see old Fan looking out, anxious for the welfare of her colt, which, in company with half a dozen hens, is taking an airing in the enclosure outside. How unconscious they seem of his presence, yet how careful they are to keep at a safe distance from his active feet and inquisitive nose !

Just beyond the barn is a little brook, running along the foot of the hill to the creek, which flows through the meadows below. Back of all, the hills rise one after another, in gentle slopes with little valleys, till they reach the woods. Behind the woods, with their autumn glory of scarlet and gold, tower the grand old mountains in their beauty and strength, giving thoughts of God and eternity. To-day the sunlight throws its radiance over all, adding intensity to the gorgeous coloring and new beauty to the soft neutral shades of grass and rock. On the slopes this side the wood we still see the golden-rod and aster, and along the low wall trails the wild grape-vine, with its changing leaves and purple fruit. The sky above is of that clear, peculiar blue we see only in October days, and subduing and refining all is the faintest shadow of the haze which Autumn brings.

With this same scene for a background, I see another picture ; only the season has changed, and the Autumn splendor has softened into all the thousand shades of green upon the earth, while in the sky the blue is softer and more unfathomable, and hidden here and there by soft, white clouds. By the little brook, which seems merrier now than when so near its long imprisonment, we see a happy little bit of child life ; a boy and girl at play, sailing their make-believe ships down the make-believe river. The boy is a dark-haired, bright-eyed little fellow of about ten years. It is pleasant to see the care he takes of his little playmate, how he warns her as she comes too near the bank, and how he always goes to the rescue of the stranded vessel if farther away than she can safely reach with her stick. The girl is younger than the boy, her hair golden, and her eyes soft blue. She looks trustingly up at her guide and protector, says little, except in answer to his words, and gently acquiesces in all his plans. They start their ships, each a

broad, white chip from the wood-pile at the farther end of the yard, and watch them as they sail down through the whirlpools and rapids to the harbor this side the fence, which divides the yard from the meadow. They each have a long, light pole, with which to guide the vessels and dislodge them, if they are stopped by any of the many hinderances by the way. The brook seems to feel that it has a responsibility in the matter, and, on the whole, carries the little barques very carefully; but sometimes a refractory current brings the boat too near the over-hanging shore, and it is caught in the long grass, or driven into a little bay. Sometimes it is stopped by a snag in the middle of the stream, and then what trouble and anxiety ensue before it can be started on again! But the poles are long and the pilots persevering, and it is seldom that a ship fails to reach its port. Keeping close by the side of the children are two pet kittens, round white balls, with blue-gray eyes and bright, piquant little faces. When all goes well, and the ship sails swiftly along through the clear water, they race madly through the grass, their little tails erect, and their little feet hardly touching the ground. They can't wait for play now; but when the boat has stopped, and the little master and mistress are exerting all their efforts to get her on again, then the snow-balls have a regular frolic, tumbling over and over in the green grass, hiding and jumping out at one another, biting, hugging, and all the rest. The journey done, all sit down on the bank by the harbor and discuss the voyage, its perils, narrow escapes, and strange incidents. But the mother calls, and all four come trooping in, with plans for the same fun another day.

S. F. B. '78.

IN BLOCKADE.

It was Tuesday night, and I had locked my schoolhouse door. I was very tired, and, it may as well be confessed, rather 'cross. There is poetry, as well as prose, in a country-school teacher's work; but it was pretty much all prose which fell to my share that Tuesday, and I turned from the door with a sigh of relief. I boarded with Mrs. Leighton, whose four little olive-branches were under my care. Willie, Freddie, and Asa had run on before, and only my curly-headed pet, Georgie, had stayed to walk home with "Teacher."

He was so small! I took him in my arms, and carried him across the street to his mother, who stood in the doorway to take him from me, and reprove me for carrying "that great boy so far." I stood

on the doorstep a moment to watch my sturdy little German boys pass out of sight over the hill; and my thoughts went with them to the log-house and the rosy-cheeked mother who would greet them in their native tongue. No wonder they thought English hard to learn, when they spoke German to their parents and baby brother out of school!

With a very sober face I turned to open the door,—a whiz, and a snow-ball, aimed by Fritz the man-of-all-work on his way from the barn, struck the door, and, breaking into a thousand pieces, came down on my devoted head. There was no use in being angry, and so we did the only other thing possible—laughed.

A few feathery flakes were floating down, and Fritz shook his head ominously: "Mr. Leighton will not come to-night." Mr. Leighton had gone to the town, seven miles away, to look after some necessary business, and do some errands for the family. The last commission, given by his wife, was, "Be sure you remember the lamp-chimnies." For, you must know, we were seven miles from a store, and were now reduced to one lamp-chimney.

Men are forgetful; and what are lamp-chimnies, when compared with "business"? Three successive evenings, when Mr. Leighton had come home, he had only said, in answer to our inquiries, "There!" being interpreted, "I've forgotten the lamp-chimnies."

That night it grew dark very early; the snow came thicker and faster, and the thermometer began to fall. We all felt that there was an impending crisis.

"What should we do, if our one lamp-chimney should break!" I suggested, after looking into the glowing coals for five long minutes.

"Is you been thinking of that all this time?" said little Georgie, as he raised his head from my lap, where it had fallen while I was manufacturing a marvellous story for his pleasure.

Fritz looked up from his book: "You had better improve the shining hours, if you fear such a calamity; for there will be no getting to town for two weeks, if this storm keeps on a few hours."

I tried to read; finding it a useless attempt, I went to the window, and looked out into the storm. There never was a darker night. It was only six o'clock, and if it had not been for the name of it I would have gone to bed at once. As it was, I settled down on the lounge in the corner, to imagine how it would seem without a light; for I felt sure that our lamp-chimney was destined to break.

There was an ominous hush outside, as if the demons of earth and air were planning a new assault, and then they came with such force as to throw open the door. The snowflakes went whirling toward

our lamp. In a second there was a snap, and one crack surrounded the chimney; snap again, and out flew a piece of glass; then followed cracks and snaps innumerable. We stood in dismay over the ruin of our Penates. Mrs. Leighton resorted to the principle of the ancient lamp, and we soon had a shallow dish of oil, with numberless little wicks spitting and smoking. What a time we had! Our hearts sank, when we remembered that people had been snowed in three months at a time.

When we rose in the morning, which was as soon as it was light enough to see, we found that the storm was raging ten times more furiously than the evening before. No school for that day, and four little boys to be amused. I told them stories about the dogs of St. Bernard, and how they go out in the storm to carry life and hope to the lost. Freddie thought we ought to send Rover out with a bottle of milk fastened about his neck. I told them how sometimes whole flocks of sheep are buried under a shelving rock where they have taken shelter, and very often are not found for several days, then only because the warmth of their breath makes an opening through the snow.

"Now tell us some lion and bear stories, and make 'em big," said Willie. I hope that those lions and bears which I described will never meet me; for they would be justified in punishing me severely for my wilful misrepresentations.

When we went to the window, and cleared a little spot from frost, we could not see ten rods; and every hour the storm grew fiercer. "Our eyes," as Willie called our little look-outs, were given to collecting a film of frost, and we took turns in clearing this away.

Mrs. Leighton had gathered the fragments of glass, and was about to throw away the remains of our lamp-chimney, when I meekly requested permission to try a surgical operation. The anatomy was very simple. I had a chimney in shape; but whereas it had been composed of glass, it was now made up of cracks — a difficult question of identity.

That storm lasted three days; and it was my work to dissect, wash, and put together that lamp-chimney. I had reduced it to a science, and got on famously. At the end of the week we saw the master of the house coming across the snow-drifts on horseback; we were overjoyed.

When we were comfortably seated about the fire in the twilight, and had listened to Mr. Leighton's adventures, Mrs. Leighton said: "How good it will be to have a sound chimney and a bright light!"

Mr. Leighton sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "There! I thought I had forgotten something!"

DISADVANTAGES OF BEING TALL.

THEY began when I was about three months old. "Land sakes," said old Nurse Pecksniff, regarding me reproachfully over her glasses, "how that young one grows! She does beat all the babies I ever see; but then, poor dear, she aint to blame; we must all trust in Providence!" with which pious ejaculation she took her departure. By the time I was two years old I had been inconsiderate enough, my mother tells me, to outgrow all my dainty white dresses, and, in consequence, was clothed in the outgrown garments of my next older sister. On this account I was frequently subjected to the mortification of being taken for her, and was often stopped while at play in the front yard by inquisitive neighbors asking how "the baby" was, said title referring to myself. To this inquiry I gave one unfailing reply: "She's a growin'," and then resumed the business in hand, generally shovelling sand into my little, clean, white apron, and then shaking it out again; trying to illustrate, as I think now that I am older, the principle of molecules of matter adhering to each other. I certainly succeeded in proving it beyond a doubt, as the appearance of my aprons always testified. The full extent of my misfortune first dawned upon me when I began to attend school.

"Don't know your letters, you great, big thing, you!" exclaimed a mature little maiden, a year older, but a head shorter, than I. "Poh! I've known mine's much 's a year."

I felt my inferiority; but retorting, indifferently, "I don't care," was led into the presence of the teacher. After making inquiries as to the extent of my knowledge, she said gravely, "I fear, my dear, your education has been neglected."

"Yes 'm," I replied, meekly, looking hard at the toes of my boots, and wondering what on earth those long words meant. After this I was consigned to the a, b, c class, and given a primer.

How well I remember my feeling of pride as I marched to school, carrying my one little, blue-covered book in the immense satchel I found in the garret, and how infinitely superior I considered myself to the other children on the street who attended the Kinder-Garten, and had no primers and no bags.

But as soon as I entered the school-room my pride vanished. Seated on the same bench with eight other children, I towered above them like Goliath above the Philistines; and when the class was called out to recite, what a humiliation it was to see little girls hardly out of long dresses promptly point out the difference between *b* and *d*, which proved such a stumbling-block in my path to knowledge.

My dresses, too, caused me an unlimited amount of woe. No sooner was a new one completed than I shot out of it like an arrow, and so I always had a poverty-stricken appearance, which in itself was sufficiently galling, without overhearing the remark, "That girl's mother must be an awful mean woman to make her dresses so short just to save cloth."

As years went on, misfortunes, owing to my great height, befell me on every side. When skating, if I chanced to fall I was always more hurt than the rest of the party, on account of the great momentum I acquired before reaching the ice. If I attempted to sew, the sweep of my right arm cleared my whole neighborhood. At the table my elbows, instead of staying properly at my side, as my sister's did, waved up and down like a pair of wings. To be sure, I excelled in climbing, rowing, and walking, but such things were "unladylike"; so my skill in them was rather a mortification than otherwise. As I increased in stature I decreased in substance, so my appearance was that of a vertical line. Time fails me to tell of all the nick-names my unusual height called forth. Ram-rod, Fire-cracker, Cleopatra's needle, and Giraffe were a few of the least distasteful.

How eagerly I looked forward to the time when, my age being proportional to my height, the cause for bewailing my lot in life would no longer exist. But alas for my hopes! The disadvantages of being tall seemed to increase in the ratio of my added years. What could be more embarrassing than promenading in company, leaning, or trying to lean, on the arm of a gentleman whose remarks I had to stoop to hear? No gentleman could be so agreeable that one would not shun him rather than hear, and know that he overheard, comments such as these: "What a beautiful spirit of devotion that young lady shows for her little brother"; "Who is that little fellow Miss X. has taken in charge to-night?"

My hair is grey now, and the little vexations of life have dwindled away, giving place to real trials; but even now I shudder when I think of the years spent in bemoaning the fates that made me tall instead of short.

E. C. W. '80.

TO THE OLD SCHOLARS.

WE desire to bring to the notice of the former scholars of this school the interests of the Academy, as represented by the Alumnae Association—an organization of somewhat recent growth. The design of this association is "to unite all the old scholars of our

Academy in one common interest, and so promote and strengthen their loyalty to her.

It was started in the summer of 1871, and has now about ninety-five members. When one thinks that since the foundation of the school, over two thousand scholars have been connected with it, the number of members of the association seems to be very small. We desire others to enroll themselves. The fee for membership is five dollars. These fees will constitute a permanent fund, the interest of which will be used to purchase books, apparatus, or other means of illustrating studies taught in the school. About four hundred and seventy dollars have been raised, of which three hundred and fifty-five dollars is now on interest. The rest has been spent for necessary reports and circulars, and books which contain the names of members of the Society, and also of all past members of the school, together with date of marriage or death, and any items of especial interest. These records are made out only in part, as the knowledge of the history of old scholars is so limited. It is desirable that each person who has ever been in the school should send facts of interest concerning herself, especially her present name and place of residence, as well as that of any one whom she here knew, to the officers of the Society.

Meetings are held each year, on anniversary-day, after the exercises at the church, for the election of officers, and other business. The present President is Mrs. Abby Chapman Chamberlin of Boston — once a teacher in the school.

In our colleges the graduates only are the alumni, who become such by finishing the prescribed course and paying for their "sheep-skin." It was thought best, in our case, to allow any person who had belonged to the school to join the association, as in former years a large proportion of scholars did not attend the Academy for a long time.

Many ask of what use it is to become a member of the Society. If one looks for any direct material return, we would say, of no use. All who have been in the school (especially in years long past) have felt the need of many advantages which a good school ought to have. The Academy has no fund to draw upon for its equipments, and so depends on what may be left from its yearly receipts, after paying its large running expenses, to add to its growing demands. But few girls' schools in the country are well supplied with apparatus for the study of chemistry and philosophy, cabinets, libraries, and means for art education. We wish the old scholars to assist, though in a small way, in doing for Abbott Academy what the benevo-

lence of the founders of Vassar and Wellesley has done for those colleges.

There is a little story told of the poor inhabitants of a mountainous district, who wished to build a church in their elevated home. As it would be a difficult and costly work to bring the material in the usual way, each person — old and young, great and small — was asked to carry a stone to the chosen place, as he had occasion to go up the mountain. So the church was built. Which story is a parable for each to consider.

We look to the old scholars to be the supporters of the Academy, and to strengthen its position — an honorable one — among the girls' schools of the country. Former pupils often express their affection for their school. In what better way could they show this than by deeds — by strengthening her hands, by relieving her wants, by ministering to her necessities?

In 1879 Abbott Academy will reach its fiftieth birthday. The officers of this association are taking measures to make this a day of great interest; all old scholars will be invited to be present; and it is hoped that a large number of former scholars and teachers will then meet, after years of silence and separation. It is interesting to think how many a woman, with the fountain of eternal youth in her heart, and believing herself but little changed, will be searching some thoughtful face, beneath its frost-touched hair, for the merry, careless schoolmate of other days. With the scenes and companions of their girlhood about them they will be girls again.

It is expected that a history of the school will be given, on the occasion, with interesting facts about its early life — of the days, for instance, when girls did their own cooking, in what is now Davis Hall, and lived on a dollar and a half, or less, a week. We hope that members of the school at different periods will furnish reminiscences of it, and that those who are well known in the literary world will give us additional enjoyment. These are our desires. They wait for the co-operation of all who love their Alma Mater for the fulfilment of them.

It is not necessary that one should be a member of the association in order to be present on this occasion. We wish all who have been members of the school to revisit her, and renew their interest in her welfare.

ONE OF THE ALUMNAE.

WILL any old scholar who reads this please send her present name (with maiden name, if changed) and address to Miss Lottie Swift, Andover, Mass. We would like her to do the same of any one

whom she knew at school; in both cases, whether she thinks it known or not. If any one knows of the death of schoolmates, will she please send notice of the fact, with date, if possible, to the same person.

If any old scholar desires to join the Alumnae Association, she can do so, by sending her fee and name (maiden, as well as married) to Miss Lottie Swift.

THE MESSENGERS.

The mountains are pointing to heaven,
Sublime in their grandeur so free;
Though silent by day, in the twilight
They bring this sweet message to me:
"Fear not; for the Lord is about thee,
As the city so ancient and blest;
And for thee there ever is waiting
His comfort, his peace, and his rest."

'80

EDITORS' DRAWER.

THE pen laid down by the last Editor was one which had been dipt in the ink of the "Muses." But alas! when we take the quill we find it dry; and, looking suddenly up from our table, we see the Spirit of Prose standing in the shadows of our sanctum, and so nothing remains for us to do but "welcome the coming, speed the departing guest."

The School year has so far been delightful. The new faces which came to us in the Fall are new no longer; for we already recognize them as belonging to friends; and those of our number who then feared that Andover had hours and days of more than usual length have found that time flies here as well as elsewhere.

We are sometimes asked the question by vacation friends, — of course deeply interested in the "higher education of women," else why should they ask?—"What do you young ladies do at school? do you really study very hard?" "Do you ever have any good times together?"

To the first of these fundamental questions in regard to life at "Boarding School," we would answer, that though the "eleven hour system" has not been introduced, yet there is much honest, solid work done every day.

For instance, our brothers think themselves sadly abused when required to evolve four or five essays during a term, while every alternate Saturday finds us before our writing-desks, surrounded with manuscript and fore-armed with blotting-paper (not for our tears, young gentlemen).

Our student brothers, using their wiser discretion, think it best to exercise as long as light lasts, and when the day is done, and midnight oil burns, they finish their athletic sports by a foot-race with Time; happy is he who is not compelled to get him to pony in order to come off victorious. Our curfew rings at ten, and so we are obliged both to exercise and work while the sun shines.

In regard to the second question, as to our "good times," a telephone would bring our friends many bursts of wit and laughter, jokes both new and amusing, songs and gay remarks, and all these flavored with now and then a drop of wisdom. This home-like life of ours is crowded with daily pleasure arising from the frequent intercourse with teachers and scholars.

But we are not nuns, compelled to be content with our "convent's narrow room," for around us lie beautiful fields and hills, whose paths and woods are well known to us; and within the town are many homes whose doors have been most hospitably opened to us.

And, last of all, we must mention those pictures in the West, which every evening seem more glorious, and make us forget the work and weariness of the day. No walls or bars keep out these sunsets from our rooms, or their blessings from our lives.

We miss the presence of the "Muses" among us this year, and have been very glad to welcome back those who have returned to us for brief visits — Misses Douglass, Emerson, Bird, Barron, Hall, and Richards.

Miss Emily Means, who has lately returned from studying abroad, has charge of the classes in drawing and painting. A large number of casts from classical works of art have been purchased and are arranged upon the newly-tinted walls of the studio.

We are glad to welcome back our teacher, Miss Learoyd, after her year in the West. Miss Wilson has succeeded her in her position at Lake Forest, Ill.

Miss Montague was absent the first two weeks of this term, and her place was filled by Miss Susie Chase.

Last year "Nellie Emerson" Carey, who is now on her way to Japan as a missionary under the direction of the American Board, was here with us, — the senior editor of the Courant, and the loved and honored school-mate and classmate. But we are not jealous of Mr. Carey, though he secured so great a prize. Neither are we jealous of the missionary work, which takes her so far away from us and from her home. But we want to send after her our most sincere good-wishes, and rejoice with her that she is "counted worthy" to do so great a service for the Lord on whom she waits.

The Senior Class received their friends, Tuesday evening, February 19th. About one hundred and sixty invitations were issued, and the Academy Hall, transformed into a drawing-room, was the scene of the festivities. Vocal and instrumental music, by Misses Farnsworth, Goodrich, Conant, and Howard, and a reading from Schiller's "Mary Stuart" by Miss Mollie Wilder, were pleasant features of the evening.

'78 would take this opportunity to acknowledge the thoughtful aid given them at that time by the sister classes. Especially would they thank the class of '80 for the two exquisite baskets of flowers which added so much to the decoration of the hall, and the class of '79 for the elegant and artistic piece of fruits and flowers which graced the refreshment table.

We have been kindly permitted to spend an afternoon, among the treasures brought from the Holy Land by Dr. Selah Merrill, of this place. It seemed almost as if we had stepped back into the old Bible times, as we looked at the phylactery, stuffed cony, stone altar, curiously shaped vessels, and ancient implements. The iridescent glass was especially beautiful and rare. Dr. Merrill has also a fine collection of photographs, taken from various places of interest in Palestine. As is well known, his investigations have been important and productive.

The Art Class are indebted to Mr. William Eaton for an interesting talk upon Athens. Having lately visited it, he was able to give a vivid description of the modern city and the ruins of its ancient splendor.

Our thanks are also due to Mrs. Dr. Taylor for her kindness in allowing the class to examine her pictures and other works of art.

The subject of identity, as discussed in the Psychology class, has aroused the sympathies of the Seniors in behalf of their childhood's friend, the little old woman who cried,

"If this be I, as I hope it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he will know me!"

We are sorry to be obliged to chronicle the desertion of two of our classmates since the beginning of the year — Miss May Adams of Lowell, and Miss Ella King of Appalachicola, Florida.

Does a breakfast at "Sunset Rock" seem utterly out of place? Certainly it was a novel thing, but to us specially pleasant. The way it happened was this. The Senior Class had planned a picnic for one Friday afternoon, had everything ready, our friends invited; but — it rained! Just at noon came the most provoking little shower — hardly rain enough to wet the ground, and yet too much to allow us to go safely. We were in despair; for the evenings were getting so cold that we dared not hope for a suitable day any later in the season.

In the midst of our trouble came the bright idea: "Why not breakfast on the rock? have coffee at home, and then start right away?" The proposal was hailed with great enthusiasm.

It was an ideal morning — the air just cold enough to be invigorating, and yet sufficiently warm to make our gymnastic suits very comfortable. What a sense of freedom one has in such a suit! She may go where she will, caring not for bushes or brambles, dust or mud.

Never were there happier girls! Our sumptuous breakfast was spread in style upon the rock — a pyramid of fruit forming the centre, and each plate decorated with gorgeously tinted leaves or ferns.

The rugged edges of the cliff were softened by gray moss, dotted with color where the partridge-berry vine had gained a footing. Far away rose the dim outline of hills, the broad valley stretched between, with its fields of grain already stacked and woods in their autumn glory.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

'78.

Mr. Gough delivered a lecture on temperance early in the season.

Last term we were glad to have an opportunity of hearing Wendell Phillips in his lecture upon Charles Sumner. As we are young ladies, we are, of course, considered incompetent to criticise his political views. As an orator we were disappointed in him.

Mr. Goldsmith, principal of the Punchard School, Andover, recently gave the public a slight taste of the fruits of his European travels in two lectures, one upon the Alps, the other upon Paris. Both were richly illustrated by Stereopticon views.

The people of Andover are enjoying an extended course of lectures, given for the benefit of the Phillips Academy Centennial Fund. The first entertainment of the series was a rare musical treat, afforded by the

Whitney Concert Company. Next in order came a history of the Incas of Peru, given by the Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island. The subject as presented by the lecturer had the air and interest of a romance. Professor Norton of Cambridge has given his valuable lectures on St. Mark's and the English Cathedrals; fine stereopticon views added much to the interest of the descriptions. "Harvard's famous preacher," Prof. A. P. Peabody, delivered a discourse on the relation of Pauperism to Christianity. Still in store are lectures by William Everett, President Chamberlain of Bowdoin College, Hon. William A. Simmons, and a Miscellaneous Reading by Professor Churchill of Andover, to which we look forward with the highest anticipations.

The Means Speaking at Phillips Academy, Jan. 29th, was, to us, unusually enjoyable. The pieces were well written, and showed much thought. Messrs. Phelps, Hewitt, and Bierwirth received the prizes. If we had been on the Committee we should have been at a loss how to distribute the honors, and should have earnestly begged for more prizes.

Within the past year two Literary Societies and a Glee Club have sprung up in the school; and though their growth was so rapid, yet they give good promise of being permanent institutions. '80 hides its mysterious programme under the witching name, Labyrinth; and '70 made our warm Fall evenings delightful with the choice music of its Glee Club, which seems to be composed of birds which even the Winter snows cannot silence. The Mosaic of '78 is a purely literary and musical society, and the Seniors have passed many pleasant evenings with authors and musicians. We print the programme of the Ingelow evening, which, by request, was repeated before the school one Saturday afternoon:

Sketch of Jean Ingelow, Miss Chadbourne; Selection from her Poems, Miss Goodridge; Song, "Snow lies white," Miss Blodget; Selection from "Off the Skelligs," Miss Capron; Reading from "Fated to be Free," Miss Howard; "The High Tide," Miss Wilder; Song, "O Fair Dove," Miss Conant.

Saturday, Feb. 16th, a Musical Recital was given in Academy Hall, by Miss Amy Fay, assisted by Mrs. J. Houston West. The programme was finely rendered. The "Spinning Song" (from "Flying Dutchman") and "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 14, by Liszt, especially displayed Miss Fay's brilliant execution.

One of the valuable arrangements of Abbott Academy is that of placing the French pupils together in one building. This plan, which has been in operation for many years, has succeeded admirably; but since French has been incorporated into our course of study, Davis Hall can no longer contain all those who wish to study that language. The excluded, to make up in part for their deprivation, have been gathered around one of the four tables in the Smith Hall dining-room.

It is in contemplation to make South Hall a German-speaking family.

Through the courtesy of the friend in whose house it belongs, our Academy Hall is graced during her absence by a fine portrait of Professor Park,

Rev. Mr. Palmer of Norwich, Ct., Dr. Love of Andover, and Dr. Street of Lowell have each addressed us in the religious services of the school.

Thursday, Jan. 31st, being the day of prayer for schools and colleges, the regular school exercises were laid aside, and all plans were made with reference to the day. We shall long remember it as one of the bright episodes of our Andover life.

In the morning the school was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Huntington of Cambridgeport, Mass. His remarks were most appropriate and helpful. In the afternoon we listened to Rev. Mr. Means, who spoke at the new Chapel. We would like to ask why it is that young ladies' schools are not remembered at such times: are we too good, or too bad?

Fourteen acres of land, comprising a large grove adjacent to the Academy grounds, have been purchased by the Trustees, and, when laid out, will add much to the beauty of our already delightful surroundings; and even now there is a pleasure in the sense of ownership.

"Wake and call me early," is the refrain constantly upon the lips of the enthusiastic astronomy class, '79, who rise before light "to stay the morning star in his swift course."

Quite an anomaly was seen in the Academy grounds some time ago, namely, a rosebush with one flower in full bloom and several buds, blossoming in the open air on the 19th of November.

Light gloves yet lie uncalled for in our upper drawers. Andover's greatest excitement, a "levee," is fast becoming only tradition. "How blessings brighten as they take their flight."

Little boy: Mamma, Why can't I say 'Now I'll Charlie?' Sister Amy says 'Now I'll Amy' (I lay me)."

A child's prayer: "And, O Lord, bless poor sick uncle, and make him well, and Mrs. C., and make her well, and cure Mamma's headache; her name is Fanny More, she that was Fanny Hall: do you hear?"

A new scholarship has been founded in memory of Miss Minnie Lewis, whose death occurred last year; and a beautiful memory it is, as those who knew her, know.

EXCHANGES.

Packer Quarterly. "None name thee but to praise." — *Halleck.*

Crimson. "Long experience makes him sage." — *Gay.*

Jewell. "A gem of purest ray serene." — *Gray.*

Mirror. "Thou glorious mirror!" — *Byron.*

Bowdoin Orient. "In the eastern clime advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl." — *Milton.*

Oberlin Review. "Strength and beauty."

Brunonian. "We grant, although he had much wit, he was very shy of using it." — *Butler.*

Dartmouth. "None but the brave deserve the fair." — *Dryden.*

Princetonian. "And he is oft the wisest man who is not wise at all." — *Wordsworth.*

Williams Athenaeum. "Reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth." — *Goldsmith.*

Berkelyan. "How far that little candle throws its beams!" — *Shakespeare.*

Yale Courant. "Words of learned length." — *Goldsmith.*

Our Last Year. "How blessings brighten as they take their flight" (?) — *Young.*

Beacon. "He knows what's what, and that's as high as metaphysic wit can fly." — *Butler.*

Wittenberger. "A book's a book, though there's nothing in it." — *Byron.*

Amherst Student. "Whence thy learning? Hast thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?" — *Gay.*

Vassar Miscellany. "Wiseest, virtuoussest, discreetest, best!" — *Milton.*

Oestrus. "So wise, so young!" — *Shakespeare.*

MARRIAGES.

Miss Annie Mayo to Prof. Hamlin, of Orono, Me.

Miss Harriet W. Chapell to Frederic S. Newcomb, of New London, Ct.

Miss Sarah M. Taylor to William S. Rix, of Yarmouth, Mass.

Miss Edith E. Caldwell to Allan M. Brewster, of Newburyport, Mass.

Miss Mary W. Harris to Elisha Turner, of New London, Ct.

Miss Edith Cooper to J. E. Brown, of Roxbury, Mass.

Miss Jenny Robinson to S. F. Bosworth, of Providence, R. I.

Miss Helen A. Hudson to William K. Hood, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Miss M. Isabel Ward to Rev. E. D. Towle, of Middleboro, Mass.

Miss Lizzie Whitcomb to Rev. Winchester Adriance, of Highland, N.J.

Miss Lucretia Nelson to Rev. R. Butler, of Lyme, N. H.

Miss Jennie Nason to Frank Forbes, of Westboro, Mass.

We clip the following from the *Lawrence American*:

"The bronze statue, after Michel Angelo, lately received from Paris for the hall of Abbott Academy, was unveiled the other day. The history of its original was given by Miss Helen H. Bowers, of Andover. Mrs. Annie S. Downs read an essay on the Life of Mendelssohn, which proved very acceptable. Mrs. J. W. Weston of Boston rendered some fine vocal music. Mr. Samuel M. Downs and Miss Esther Goodridge of the graduating class presided at the piano."

In addition to this, we have been kindly allowed by Miss Bowers to print a part of her remarks. We wish we could share with our readers also, Mrs. Downs's paper and the music.

"This is a copy of the famous bronze statue, by Michel Angelo, of Lorenzo de Medici, Duke of Urbino, and grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The original stands in the Sagrestia Nuova—a chapel in the church of San Lorenzo, Florence.

The history of this work of art is strangely interwoven with the story of misfortune and peril which befell all Italy, and especially Florence, the loved home of the sculptor.

It was in the year 1516 that Pope Leo X. sent an urgent request to Michel Angelo, then at Carrara, to repair to Rome, and make a design for the facade of San Lorenzo. Soon after, the plan having been approved, he entered upon the work; but, as he differed from the pope in regard to the choice of marbles, he was disappointed in accomplishing his purpose, and the front is still a mass of rough masonry.

Clement VII., another Medici, being elected pope in 1523, conceived the idea of consecrating a chapel in this church to receive the tombs of his ancestors, which should be adorned with the splendors of art. Greatly admiring the genius of Michel Angelo, he used every endeavor to win his regard, but found it no easy task to interest him in the new work. For Angelo had been made painter, against his will, by Julius; an engineer, equally against his inclination, by Leo; and now Clement imposed more of architecture than he liked. He used the same words, in replying to Clement, as to Julius when asked to paint the Sistine Chapel: "It is not my profession."

With great reluctance he yielded to the wishes of the pope, and built the Sagrestia Nuova, opening out of the right transept of San Lorenzo. This chapel is almost a square, and is built of Carrara marble. In each of its four walls is a recess; one of which contains a white marble altar. In the recess at the left of the altar is the 'Lorenzo,' with the reclining figures of 'Dawn' and 'Twilight.' In the recess opposite this, at the right of the altar, is the companion monument 'Giuliano,' with the recumbent figures 'Night' and 'Day.' These monuments are celebrated for their singular beauty, rather than as portraits of the persons they represent. The sculptor acknowledged that he did not intend a faithful likeness of either duke. His words were: 'Who will appear, a thousand years hence, to prove that they looked otherwise?'

Michel Angelo did not explain his conception of the figures; and we are left to interpret them according to our own mood: One writer has said: 'He gave his riddle in stone to his countrymen, but hid its key in his own soul.'

Statue of Lorenzo.—The statue of Lorenzo sits in his niche, clad in magnificent armor; his head is covered with a helmet of fantastic form, which overshadows his features. He is absorbed in thought, and rests his face upon one hand, which partly covers the mouth and chin, while the other is placed upon the thigh; the feet are crossed. The proportions denote a man of power and action, subordinated for the moment to thought.

This bronze was cast by Barbedienne, in Paris. His rare skill in reproducing antique sculpture by the Collas method has won for him very great renown. This is the only mode which insures the *exact mathematical proportions* of the *original* statue.

Abbott Academy might not have possessed this exquisite statue, but for

the gift of the elegant pedestal on which it rests. The facts are these: This block of Lisbon marble found its way into one of the marble shops in Boston. Professor Park, always so appreciative of works of art, happening in, saw at once its beauty, and desired to have it in Andover. He described it to one of the Trustees, asking him to look at it. But Mr. Ripley, with characteristic generosity, replied: 'I do not need to see it. If you think it desirable, purchase it, and send the bill to me.' And so, while bronze and marble last, it shall be a memorial of them.

After the pedestal was received, it was queried, What shall be placed upon it? It was wisely determined that nothing could more appropriately grace a hall of learning than this embodiment of *Thought*."

THE STORY OF AVIS.

The "Story of Avis," notwithstanding Gail Hamilton's severe criticisms, we venture to admire.

The first article of her review seemed written principally to accentuate a bit of sarcasm on modern household art; and, of course, Boston, as the centre of all things, receives the brunt of her ridicule. But she tries to soften the intimation that Boston or Massachusetts ever did, could, or would do anything out of the way, by upholding her action in the war of 1812; and vindicates her right to sound her own praises by quoting from the Scriptures: "When I blow with a trumpet, I and all that are with me, then blow ye the trumpets also." Boston has certainly done her part nobly.

But just one word in regard to the much abused carmine curtain. We could not but think Gail Hamilton's comparison a little coarse. Miss Phelps says, "It clasped two warm arms of intense color across the chill of the bay window." "Warm arms of intense color are often seen on washing-day, for instance," remarks Gail Hamilton. The curtain struck us as a very pretty accessory to the story. And as for Avis' going to sit by it, we think it the most natural thing in the world; nor do we discover any affectation in the thought that it became her. Avis loved the color, and was drawn toward it; but think you if she had had red hair she would have chosen that seat? Would not her very love of color have driven her away? She would not, could not, have presented a hideous contrast.

We agree with Gail Hamilton that Miss Phelps "has fallen in love with unusual words and with the unusual use of common words"; but classing them all together as she does gives an exaggerated idea of the greatest fault of the book. Still, we prefer Miss Phelps's tendency to extravagant, intricate thought and obscure similes to the vulgarisms and slang which are scattered through these articles. For instance: "In point of voice Avis could not hold a candle to Philip"; "As this did not fetch her, he went it blind," etc. It is a Shakespearian fault to crowd together metaphor and simile till they overlap and sometimes destroy each other.

After having torn the outside of the book to pieces in the most savage

and reckless manner, Gail Hamilton comes to the real matter; and here she gives the merited praise. She says, "that this bedevilment has only in a few less important matters touched the noble, natural woman, who moves through her book, from the first page to the last, without a false step. It is a character worthy the contemplation of all women and the study of all men." True! and we thank Gail Hamilton for saying it.

Perhaps it is because we are girls that we sympathize so readily with the girl Avis in her passionate love for art and her longing to devote her life to it. What girl who has not some sacred hope which she prays the future may realize to her! But there are very few to whom God has given so great a talent, and with it the gift of so great a love. Avis was so intense in her nature that her life was one perpetual conflict between her two imperative passions. If Philip Ostrander had proved to be the strong, true man we, as well as Avis, believed him to be, the contest would not have ruined her happiness; but with his literary talents, quick sensibility, "exquisitely modulated voice," the handsome Norse god was versatile and weak; we pity, scorn, and admire him. This was enough to destroy the happiness of *any* woman; how much more would it wound the proud, sensitive nature of Avis. Avis, the timid bird, so hardly caught! Yet Ostrander, in the storm, forgot the bird which lay next his heart.

Dear little Van, with his funny questions, stands in our hearts with Tiny Tim and little Paul.

We think it a powerful book. Many of the brilliant word-pictures will always last in our memory, and the lovely thoughts and delicate imagery linger with us like a subtle perfume. In contrast with the general sombre tone, we enjoy the brightness of the book; there is so much sunlight, color, and music, so much *life*, in its pages.

It was with a sigh we closed the covers of Avis's life. "Poor Avis," we say; yet our reason contradicts us. Avis was *rich*; her life was a success; she was made "perfect through suffering."

"Now all the meaning of the King was to see Sir Galahad proved." "Then the Hermit led the young knight to the perilous seat; and he lifted up the cloth, and found there letters that said: 'This is the seat of Sir Galahad, the good knight. This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be achieved.'"

Had not Avis found the Sangreal?

H. L. P. '79.

THE HOLY CROSS.

VERY great interest is attached to anything which our Saviour touched or handled. We may often have wondered what became of the cross upon which he was crucified. There are many accounts concerning it, and these are briefly summed up in a little book called the Holy Cross, by W. C. Prime. Although we must believe this account to be for the most part legendary, still it cannot but be interesting. It was certainly believed to be true by the early Christians. Whether these pieces of wood found were the true cross or not, they have exerted an influence on the world which cannot be estimated. The following is a brief account of the story.

Helena, the mother of Constantine, desired very much to visit the Holy Land. She accordingly set out, and, having reached Palestine, she became possessed with a desire to find the cross upon which Christ suffered and died. A temple of Venus stood upon the spot where had been the sepulchre in which Christ was laid. The temple was destroyed, and the sepulchre was found buried in the earth. A Basilica was erected over this spot. A little outside of the wall of the city was the place pointed out to Helena as Golgotha. She caused this spot to be excavated; and, after digging a long time, her workmen found, far below the surface, some fragments of wood and a few nails: on one of these fragments was a part of the inscription ordered by Pilate. These pieces were of the three crosses; and those of the true cross were said to have been determined by carrying them to a sick woman who was healed by touching them. This is only one of the many legends as to how the true cross was discovered. We cannot doubt that they, in that far-off time, certainly believed that the true cross was found.

All along the coast, from Jerusalem to Byzantium, there were towers to convey the intelligence. As soon as its joyful meaning was understood, and a signal fire was lighted upon Mount Zion, hundreds of fires streamed up in all directions, and that of far away Olympus shone even to the window where the Emperor sat. The shout which had gone up from the walls of Jerusalem but a short time before was echoed by the thousands who crowded the streets of the imperial city.

There are many interesting legends as to the kind of wood of which the cross was made. One is that Adam when he was dying sent a messenger to the angel who kept the gate of paradise requesting balm from the garden of Eden to soothe his sufferings. The angel refused this boon, but gave the messenger instead three seeds of an apple from the tree of forbidden fruit, telling him to put them under the tongue of Adam after his death; and from these seeds should spring a tree which should bear fruit by which Adam should be saved and live again. And from this tree the cross was made which bore the Saviour. The aspen tree is said to be always shuddering because the cross was made of its wood.

The fragment of the inscription Helena took to Rome, and a Basilica was erected by Constantine to receive it. Part of this fragment is still in the church of Santa Croce at Rome. It is simply a decayed piece of wood, upon which are traces of inscriptions in three languages.

The principle portion of the wood was kept at Jerusalem, and placed in a large church built over the place of the crucifixion. For three hundred years it was kept by the bishop, and exhibited every year to the pilgrims, who came from all parts of the world to worship it. It was captured several times, but always recovered; until, at last, it was irretrievably lost.

E. F. C. '78.

A letter from "Paraiso Springs," in a California paper of November 3d, has the following appreciative allusion to our absent teacher, Miss Mary J. Belcher:

"Our new acquaintances are unusually pleasant, and I must mention them. First and foremost comes Miss Belcher of Abbott Academy, Mass., a lady of very fine literary culture, a life-long teacher, and of that fine Christian tone and temper which no suffering can sour and no inconvenience ruffle. She has been a blessing and a delight to all who have associated with her here."

IN PEACE.

I lay me down to sleep,
 For He doth watch my rest.
 I have no cause to weep,
 For He hath made me blest.
 I have no need for power,
 For He doth guide my way.
 I have no dark, sad hour,
 For He doth make my day.
 I have no lonely task,
 For He doth dwell with me.
 I have no gift to ask,
 For I His face shall see.

Died, at Bradford, Vermont, December 10th, 1877, Rev. Silas McKeen, D.D., aged eighty-six years.

"My acquaintance with him was most intimate. I know not on what subject there was any reserve. I could trust him as I never trusted any other man. He was thoroughly reliable. As a counsellor, he was judicious and safe. As a friend, he was true as steel. As a theologian, he was profound. As a reformer, he was both conservative and progressive. As a preacher, he was instructive and impressive, aiming to reach the soul through the understanding and conscience, rather than by an appeal to the passions." — *Rev. Stephen Thurston, D.D.*

The last few days of the Fall Term were saddened by this death. The sympathy and love of the whole school followed our teachers when they were thus called from us; and could it have been possible, their burden would have been lightened by many hands.

Old scholars, who mourned for Mrs. Tace Wardwell Rowland, will be touched to hear that her little Katy has followed her to the land of the immortals. We quote from letters from her father and second mother.

"She was developing very rapidly, both intellectually and in character, becoming more and more like her mother every year. She had been in Temple Grove Seminary, Saratoga, during the year, and easily held her own with young ladies five or six years older than herself. She was doing so finely in school that, on our removal to Lee, Mass., in April, we thought it best to leave her to complete the year." "About a year ago she began to wake up to a conscious religious life, and hoped she became a Christian; though of course she was 'a little one' in the kingdom."

The last week of the school year she was seized with diphtheria, and her parents were telegraphed for. "When the doctor told me her danger, I told her at once; though I, unused to diphtheria, could not realize it. She was bright and strong, in excellent spirits, and, except the pressure for breath, had no appearance of sickness. Gradually she took it in that she must die; and oh, I know now what it means to receive Christ 'as a little child.' For the last four or five hours she lay, panting and gasping for breath, perfectly conscious, and asking, 'When shall I begin to die?' 'Will Christ come for me?' 'Lord Jesus, come quickly!' 'I'm all ready to go!' 'Oh, I want to go!' Friends about us said, 'It is her mother, dying over again.' Anniversary day, — with the house full of company, preparations for the party going on, graduation, etc., — Katie died in her father's arms." "She had all the care possible; and the full house made no difference to us, nor was it any trouble to her. The party was of course given up; but the graduating exercises were held. The next day we had funeral services in the big parlor; and then — the very day she would have come home — we took Katy's body to Ipswich, Mass., and laid it by her mother's side."

She was eleven years and eight months old.

Class Organizations.

'78.

President,
Vice-President,
Secretary and Treasurer,

ALICE B. GARDNER.
MILLIE E. ABBOTT.
SARAH F. BARNES.

'79.

President,
Vice-President,
Secretary and Treasurer,

JULIA E. TWICHELL.
HELEN PAGE.
MARY J. ATWELL.

'80.

President,
Vice-President,
Secretary and Treasurer,

N. CONSTANCE WILLIAMS.
HELEN CHAMBERLIN.
HATTIE Y. SMITH.

'81.

President,
Vice-President,
Secretary and Treasurer,

S. FRANCES AMES.
MARY D. WOODMAN.
MARGARET L. FOWLE.

THE
ABBOTT COURANT.

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

NO. I.

VINE ORATION, 1878.

BY MARY E. WILDER.

“Master, to do great work for thee, my hand
Is far too weak ! Thou givest what may suit ;
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the great design
Which thou hast traced ; or, many-skilled, combine
To build vast temples, gloriously planned.
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought
Just one by one, as they were given by thee,
Not knowing what came next in thy wise thought.
Set each stone by thy master-hand of grace,
Form the mosaic as thou wilt for me,
And in thy temple-pavement give it place.”

So the little poem may but tell the story of our future. Our hands are ready, our hearts are willing to do whatever Thy hand decrees. Be it to polish the little chips, unnoticed day by day, or to chisel the glorious statue which shall stand before the world.

Whatever we do, we want to go out into the world having hopes, purposes, ambitions as our brothers have. As they have their work to do, so have we ours, and it is not inferior. Ruskin says, “A man has a personal duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work relating to her own home, and a public work which is the expansion of that. The man’s power is active, progressive, defensive, but the woman’s power is for

one of us has attached herself to the crowds that fill our drawing-rooms, who, as Mrs. Jameson says, "Are the puppets of fortune, without any steady principle of virtue, whose actions are inspired by vanity, not affection, and regulated by opinion, not by conscience."

Every one of us would have physical strength, mental vigor, refinement of thought, beauty of manner. But more than all else, oh! girls, we must have God in our lives if we would have them rounded and perfect. Success will be failure, victory defeat, if they are gained for selfish ambitions. Life is only worth living when work is done, temptation overcome, and success enjoyed in the love of God. Let us, members of the Class of '78, fearless go forward "IN HIS NAME."

THE SEASONS IN ANDOVER.

FROM CLASS POEM, BY ELIZABETH M. CHADBOURNE, '78.

Hardly has gone the snow,
When fairest flowers blow;
Winds whisper soft and low,
Glad the clear streamlets flow,
Mosses and fern-leaves grow

On either hand.

Scarce have we welcomed Spring,
And all the joys she'll bring,
When glad the wild birds sing,
That "Summer's come!"

She clothes her days with light,
And the calm brow of Night

She crowns with stars.

Gay Fall, the changing leaves,
Ripe are the harvest sheaves;
Autum her wand receives,—

The golden rod.

She, from her crimson throne,
Warned by the North Wind's moan,

Hastens with tears.

Winter pursues her flight,
And drops his mantle white
To aid his speed.

And on the earth 'twill rest
Till at Spring's sweet request
He lifts it up.

A WESTERN ROSE.

WEARIED with the sights and sounds of the Centennial, I sat down in the Main Building to rest. As I watched the endless procession going by, I tried to imagine histories to fit the various people. Very soon I noticed a couple coming toward me, evidently intent upon the music of the piano behind me. They were a bright looking girl of eighteen and a boy a year or two younger.

As soon as the piano stopped the girl marched up to the spectacled individual who had been playing, and inquired what the music was. He did not understand her, or would not answer her, if he did. She stamped her foot, and turned to me, saying, "Isn't he provoking? I reckon a Southerner would be more polite than that." Then, as the notes of the Wedding March pealed out from the great organ, she turned to her companion, who had remained silent, saying, "Come on, Tom," and off they went to get a view of the performer.

I wondered idly who this impetuous young damsel might be; for she was decidedly out of the ordinary, with her great dancing eyes shaded by long curling lashes, wavy, wilful brown hair caught back carelessly with a comb, under a picturesque Gainsborough, and a simple, but stylish dress, dark, with a touch of scarlet. The clear, ringing voice suited her quick movements, and there was something delightfully fresh about her.

When I reached my boarding-place that night, the first thing I heard was that same ringing voice, and there, just opposite me, she sat, beside "Tom."

"Really," she was saying, "Tom and I have seen every one of the buildings, and we can't think of a single thing to do, except to eat ice-cream, and listen to the music."

"Have you been in to examine the archaeological relics?" questioned the young lady from Boston.

"Archaeological?" said the girl, whose name, I found, was Rose, "what does that mean?"

The learned young woman entered into an elaborate explanation; while Rose wickedly pretended to be very obtuse, and finally said she didn't like dried-up things. At home, in Arkansas, everything was new and nice.

The Boston girl settled back in despair, and, turning to the Yale junior, — for we were a very miscellaneous company, gathered from all parts of the land, — asked him what department of the Exhibition he considered most improving to the mind.

After tea, we gathered in the parlor, and the junior requested the young lady from Boston to play. She gave a sonata from Beethoven, in a perfectly correct, perfectly expressionless style. Then she offered her seat to Rose, who to her surprise, and, I confess, to mine, sat down and played one of Mendelssohn's scherzos, with a fine touch and a great deal of expression. "Why," exclaimed the Bostonian, "do you learn Mendelssohn in Arkansas?"

The junior asked for an introduction to Rose; but in a moment the ubiquitous Boston maiden was begging to know his opinion of Joseph Cook's latest utterances.

Turning to Rose, I asked if her brother played also. "Who? Tom?" said she. "Why, Tom's not my brother; he's my cousin, and he and I are in love. I love him like a cousin, and he loves me like a sweetheart." Poor Tom!

He retaliated by telling of some of the escapades of this American edition of Madcap Violet — how once she and some other girls set the trees on the hill behind the town all ablaze; and while the men of the town were discussing the probability that that would go also, the culprits hid in haymows and granaries, and behind boxes, bales, and barrels, only to reappear in disgrace.

After that, I found plenty of amusement in watching the characters thus brought together. It was Rose's delight to make life a burden to the Boston young lady, by asking the meaning of the long words which that person was fond of using; and she contrived to keep Tom continually on the rack by flirting in an innocent, unconscious way with a young Philadelphian, who seemed to enjoy her racy description of people and things.

I often wondered how the little play would end. Tom followed Rose about with what was decidedly more than brotherly or cousinly devotion; but she and the Philadelphian were continually straying off to the ravine near the Schuylkill, or missing the others most unaccountably on the way back from the Exhibition. His interest must have been transferred from her descriptions to herself, and my query is now answered, as a few days since I received their wedding-cards. Poor Tom!

A STORM ON LAKE ST. CLAIR.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening that the propeller St. Paul steamed through the St. Clair canal. She had come down from Macknaw, and had had fine weather and a smooth sea all the

way; but now heavy wind-clouds were gathering in the northwest. The willows on the dykes were just beginning to show the whites of their leaves as the steamer left the sheltering arms of the canal.

Of the group at the bow, two gentlemen are telling stories, while a third, the captain of the vessel, is speaking with the only other member of the group, a young girl. The captain is not exactly a student of the fair sex, but he likes sometimes to see "what sort o' stuff a girl's made of," so he remarks, unconcernedly,

"Reckon we shall get a wet jacket before we make Detroit."

"Think so?" asked the girl, quite as indifferently; "I should say that there was more wind than rain in those clouds. Thunder-storm, won't it?"

"Guess you'r right. What think of the prospect?"

"Oh, I shall weather it. We are going to get it soon, are n't we? Within twenty minutes, think?"

"Soon as that, every bit."

While this conversation is going on the dark clouds come sweeping along, and the low rumble of the thunder is heard on the horizon.

On comes the storm. Lurid streaks of lightning dart out from the black sky, followed by peal on peal of thunder, like the roar of near artillery. The few passengers who have not taken shelter in the cabin huddle around the capstan, and wait.

The lightning now is almost incessant, and so vivid that the night is light as day, every flash revealing the horizon—a black, hard line, and making the white caps whiter against the dark water and sky. Then comes a more blinding flash, a more deafening roar, and the storm is fairly there. The vessel is struck on her port bow, but the good craft does not swerve from her course. The wind shrieks through the cordage, and down comes a dash of rain, in big, pelting drops, cutting the faces of the passengers, and lashing the waves into foam.

All this time the girl has kept her place at the bow, standing near the captain. Suddenly, "Oh, Captain Rolf, what is that? See! dead ahead. It's a sloop swamped!"

A sheet of lightning revealed the object; and the captain's experienced eye took in the situation at once.

"Guns! It's one of those lubberly Canadian fishing-smacks! Work for us."

Hurried orders followed; the whistle was sounded, and the laboring engine as nearly stopped as safety allowed. Above the roar of the storm, cries were heard. Signals were made; the

steamer was brought to the place where the sloop lay rolling in the sea, and three or four dripping wretches were taken from the hull, to which they were clinging. The rescue was none too soon; for, before the steamer had lost sight of her, the sloop half righted, then sank. One poor fellow who had struck out when the smack upset, was nowhere to be found, although the St. Paul beat about for some time.

After a few dashes, the rain stops; the wind now sinks to a low moan, like a human voice, now rises to a shrill whistle. The thunder grows faint and fainter, and at last dies away in the distance. The lightning plays brightly for a while, but soon it, too, fades away, and from the stern can be seen the lights of the old and the new channels at the Flats.

Slowly the dark clouds drift away, and the fair moon floats out into the clear sky, bathing everything in a flood of silvery light, and turning the dripping ropes into strings of pearls and diamonds.

THE DAISY.

I.

In storied long ago, a meadow-sprite
Approached her queen on a midsummer night.

Her court she held beneath a mossy stone,
All hollowed out by fairy art alone.

Twas roofed with gems from earth-elves' hoarded store,
And velvet lichens carpeted the floor.

The throne, a single pearl, whose lustrous white
Flashed, trembled, glittered, in the changing light.

Thither the sprite with joyful footsteps came
To answer at the calling of her name.

II.

"And what wouldst thou, O sprite of yonder mead?
What is thy wish? What is thy greatest need?"

Then humbly bowing, "Dearest queen, 'tis thine
To grant this one request to me and mine.

The flowerets which thy majesty hast sent
Upon this earth, to add to our content

Are beautiful, and much we prize the thought
That gave them us, unasked for, and unsought.

But still this boon I crave; that there may be
 One more, to represent chaste modesty,—
 Its robe to be of fairest, purest white;
 Its heart of gold; its presence as the light.”
 “It shall be thine. Rejoicing, go thy way,
 And thou shalt call its name the ‘Eye of Day.’”

III.

Lo! on the morrow, midst the clovers sweet,
 A flower first looked to heaven, new-made, complete.
 Arrayed in white; its heart of beaten gold,
 E'en as her wish the meadow-sprite had told.
 Then songs of joy rose on the fragrant air,—
 Songs of the Eye of Day, so fresh and fair.
 Those days are passed, and still the sons of men
 Proclaim the Daisy's praise, as sprites did then.

SAM'S LETTER.

COLONEL CUSHMAN was lounging on the verandah, too lazy to finish the morning paper, and with only will enough to determine obstinately to smoke every inch of his cigar, so that Sam, his body-servant, would be disappointed in his search for the “stump.” Sam was very economical on this point; he “could n't bear to see a good bit o' 'bacca *wasted*.”

He was now seated on the floor on the sunny side of a large pillar, in such a way that his shadow falling on the wall was perfectly visible to the Colonel. He was apparently hard at work over a book; his cap pushed back, leaving a woolly forelock, to which, in his earnestness, he gave an occasional pull. As he swayed back and forth his profile was brought out in full relief, and the Colonel was amused at the nose, occasionally upturned for a sniff of the tempting smoke.

After sympathetically watching, for some time, his struggles over the hard words, and unable to guess, from the disjointed syllables which he overheard, what gem of literature was occupying his faithful servitor, he lazily got up and strolled along the verandah, coming upon Sam in the middle of a word which threatened to get the better of him.

“Hallo, you scamp! What are you up to now?”

"M-e-n-t, ment," said Sam, touching his cap and casting a longing look at the cigar, O Massa Kunn'l, dis yere am de mos' but 'fules' book I eber read. Dere am all sorts ob letters here, all writ out wif right smart o' big words, an' dey soun' so nice. Dere's one letter here dat I like mo' 'n all de res' on 'em. You know my mammy is down in Georgy, libin' wif her sister; well, I done writ her dis letter an' sent it down to her, an' my cousin writ back dat mammy thought it was the mos' but 'fules' letter she eber got, an' she wanted me to write it to my brudder Jem. Brudder Jem is on a flat-boat out on the Mississippi, an' I was 'fraid he would n't get it, but I writ it all de same, an' he got it, an' writ back dat it was de but 'fules' letter *he* eber read. Now, I'm gwine to write it to dat 'Melia dat was at de "Ocean House" las' mont', does you 'member her? Does you tink she 'll like it, Massa Kunn'l?"

"Show me which one it is, Sam, and I'll see about it," said the Colonel, taking the book.

"Dar, Massa, on de one hund'ed an' fifty-fus' page, up at de top."

The Colonel turned over the leaves of the "Complete Letter-Writer," until he found the place; and there, under "Letters of Refusal," he read Sam's well-thumbed favorite.

MR. ———

Respected Friend, — I am in receipt of your epistle of last evening, informing me of the attitude of your affections toward me. I am grieved to perceive that it must be my disagreeable function to cause the disappointment of your desires, for no chord in my heart responds to your entreaties. Hoping this decision will effect no change in our acquaintance, and that we may always regard each other with sentiments of friendship. I remain, etc.,

—————

"I hope, for my own sake, Amelia will send you the same letter in reply," remarked Colonel Cushman in a shaky voice.

Sam never understood why he had a whole cigar that day.

'82.

WE, the Class of '82, beg leave to introduce ourselves in that humble and unpretending manner which best adorns youth and simplicity. We are just commencing that ever-varying and fitful existence called class life. We are as yet children in the enterprise,

and, like other children, we find many things to admire, particularly in ourselves, as we are, no doubt, the most promising class that ever was found, or ever will be found, within the walls of Old Abbott.

We have noticed that the members of '81 have a way of looking sarcastic and condescending whenever '82 is mentioned. However, they must remember that they have, metaphorically speaking, but just thrown aside the flowing robes, and put on the long-sleeved and high-necked apron of the two-year-old. Some, we think, have not quite forgotten this, and to them we extend our hearty thanks.

The Class of '80 seem sober when they look upon us, doubtless remembering the time when they were weak and struggling Juniors, trying to shield their defenseless heads from the taunts of '79. '82 is as yet a jewel in the rough, but it soon may sparkle, the brightest star in the history of Abbott Academy.

'81.

“‘There's luck in odd numbers,’ quoth Rory O'Moore.”

THIS the Class of '81 takes unto herself, for she is composed of an odd number, and will graduate in an odd year. So far as “luck” is concerned, the truth of the statement is proved, for where is there a class more fortunate than we? Our lessons are interesting, our recreation hours pleasant. We are well-known without labelling ourselves with shining letters, — we insert here an old proverb for those whom it may concern, — “All is not gold that glitters”; and we wear a class-color only in respect to an old tradition that one is necessary. For a dozen of our school-mates, ye clept the Senior Class, we cherish great respect and admiration; but we do hope they will not be blinded with the glory of being the Semi-Centennial Class.

'80 is energetic; this we admit. But she evidently thinks she possesses the enterprise of the whole school, judging from remarks carelessly made in public; from this we emphatically differ. Her class-badges are very pretty, and yet — we refer her to a proverb quoted in the preceding.

We are glad that '82 has so happy a way of analyzing our feelings toward her. Until she mentioned it, we had not thought of looking “sarcastic” or “condescending,” therefore we suggest to her that she appropriate some of the charity which she is so anxious we should possess. We are trying to be very careful of our “long-sleeved and high-necked apron,” that it may be in good condition

for her; but she must take much exercise, and become fully developed if she expects it ever to fit her.

'81 extends her hearty welcome to those of the children of our Alma Mater who may come to the golden wedding, and promises to do all in her power to make their home-coming pleasant.

And now we will make room for '80, lest our younger sisters add selfishness, also, to our "sarcasm" and "condescension."

'80.

Da locum melioribus, class of '81. The Class of '80 salutes the world at large, or, more properly speaking, that very small portion of our globe aware of the existence of such a class. "The pinfeathers of juniorism" have given place to broad pinions, on which we soar aloft in triumph, chanting in concert, "Behold the class!" with a strong accent on *the*. We were content to be looked down upon two years ago, knowing that honor is the reward of virtue, and well aware that in the lapse of years our sterling worth would be recognized. The ugly duckling *has* become a beautiful swan, as was prophesied. Neither in quantity nor in quality are we deficient. But it is hardly worth our while to mention these little facts. Actions speak louder than words. Look at any member of our illustrious class. "Ab uno disce omnes." The newly fledged class of '82 has struggled bravely against all adverse winds, and is valiantly holding its own, in the face of the taunts showered upon it by the venerable class of '81. Even we are not exempted from the sarcasms of this lovely band of sisters. But they fire their little squibs in vain. We look down with disdain on their violent attempts to "get ahead of that slow class of '80," as they elegantly express it. Let the little dears fume and fret, if it affords them any satisfaction. They are too young to see the utter absurdity of their undertaking; and it produces about the same effect on our invulnerable class as old Priam's spear upon the shield of the dauntless Pyrrhus. Of the Seniors no one would make other than honorable mention. Their many virtues brightly "shine, like blossoms on a pumpkin vine"; and we are proud to have so worthy a class as the figure-head of our school.

'79.

IN one of the old numbers of *The Courant* there is a prophecy concerning the Class of '79, which says that it promises to be a fine class; and a hope is expressed that the prophecy will be fulfilled. Rare powers of discernment were undeniably displayed by the writer of those lines; for no one can fail to see a remarkable fulfilment of that prophecy. We think we can say, with becoming modesty, as we now occupy the position of an impartial observer and chronicler of facts, and yet with a due appreciation of our own merits, as we look around upon ourselves, that we *are* a fine class. We would not, however, in the pride of our hearts, arrogate to ourselves alone this distinction; for we take great pleasure in being able to say that Abbott Academy has this year *four* fine classes.

Senior dignity has not yet so entirely overpowered us that we have been obliged to draw down our faces to a preternatural length, and solemnly remonstrate with our juniors for their levity. But yet there is in our composition a substratum of that desirable quality; and a few weeks ago we really felt we were indeed full-fledged Seniors, inasmuch as you might have easily persuaded any one of us that she had actually written the refutation of Hume's argument herself. But now Psychology has come, with its bewildering insinuations, and we begin to doubt the evidence of our very senses. Perhaps we are not Seniors, after all; perhaps we are mere fleeting emanations of one self-existent idea, and not objects of visual perception. But there is one flaw in this otherwise perfect system. Plato says that all knowledge is innate, and that is where we think he goes a little too far; for do you think there would be so much burning of the midnight oil, so much rising at the first faint streak of early dawn, if all knowledge were innate? Should n't we *know* all about the early Christian martyrs, and have the whole history of literature chronologically arranged in our minds? Reason forces us to believe that things are sometimes what they seem. And having arrived at this conclusion, we think we may perhaps be permitted to say a few warning words to those below us; for even fine classes have their faults.

To our sisters of '80 we would respectfully suggest that the best things are not always found in the greatest quantities, and that they take warning from the scriptural injunction, "Pride goeth before a fall."

As for '81, we hardly think we *could* add to the already brilliant reputation of this brilliant class. Indeed, we are at a loss for

words to describe the meteoric splendor of its decorations and the loftiness of its gait. Let us charitably hope that its course throughout will be such as its dazzling beginning would lead us to expect.

Our warmest sympathies are enlisted for '82. We were children once, and have not forgotten how children feel. Perhaps it will be hard for you to imagine it; but we remember, in our younger days, trying to grasp the moon in our hands, and crying at our failure. Even you cannot be Seniors at one step; but ambition, properly restrained, is very praiseworthy, and if you carefully observe and emulate the shining monuments of excellence among your elders, time will not fail to bring you to the goal of all your desires.

At the beginning of the term we missed many familiar faces, but were glad to welcome the new ones, which are now those of friends. Everything thus far has gone on very pleasantly; the most amicable relations have been kept up, and class rivalry seems to have died a natural death from having had nothing to feed upon. We think we echo the universal feeling when we express the hope that not even its ghost will come back to haunt us, and that we may all work together for the good of ourselves, of each other, and of the school.

MEETING OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the Alumnae Association of Abbott Academy was held at the Academy Hall, June 26th, 1878, at three o'clock. A larger number were present than at any previous meeting, and much interest was manifested;—many new members were added to the Association. A few changes were made in the Constitution and By-Laws, and in the List of Officers, as follows:

Voted, That any former teacher or pupil of Abbott Academy may become a member of this Association when she shall have paid to the Treasurer the sum of five dollars, which may be paid either at one time or in partial payments, provided the whole amount be paid within five years from the time of first payment.

Voted, That a Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and Recording Secretary be elected, and that the resignation of the Committee of Arrangements elected at the last meeting be accepted.

Voted, That this Association prepare the Semi-Centennial Catalogue for publication.

Voted, That Catalogues of the Academy be sent every year to

such members of the Association as shall request it, and that the Trustees be asked to furnish the Association with Catalogues for that purpose.

Voted, That the report of this meeting be printed in the next number of The Courant.

After the election of officers, as given in the following list, the meeting adjourned, to meet at such time and place, during Anniversary week, June 1879, as shall be determined upon.

S. A. JENNESS, *Rec. Sec.*

OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION,

JUNE 1878.

President.

Mrs. Daniel Chamberlin, Boston.

Vice-Presidents.

Mrs. Richard Salter Storrs, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. W. P. Walley, Boston. Miss Susie W. Smith, Andover.

Miss Henrietta Learoyd, Danvers. Mrs. Albert Abbott, Andover.

Corresponding Secretary.

Miss Charlotte H. Swift, Andover.

Recording Secretary.

Miss Sarah A. Jenness, Baltimore, Md.

Treasurer.

Mrs. Selah Merrill, Andover.

Committee on Semi-Centennial Catalogue.

Mrs. Daniel Chamberlin, Boston. Miss Charlotte H. Swift, Andover.

Miss Henrietta Learoyd, Danvers.

Committee of Appropriation.

The Principal of Abbott Academy, Andover.

Mrs. Warren F. Draper, Andover. Miss Agnes Park, Andover.

The Secretary of the Alumnae Association earnestly requests, that in case of any change of name or residence, old scholars will, as early as possible, send information of the same to

MISS C. H. SWIFT,

Corresponding Secretary.

THE ABBOTT COURANT.

Edited by

CARRIE N. POTTER,

HELEN L. PAGE,

LOUISE McCUTCHEON,

EMMA F. CHADBOURNE.

HELEN R. HEYWOOD, Business Editor.

EDITORIAL.

OUR Editorial predecessors seem to have found great difficulty in the use of the quill, therefore we have adopted a modern steel pen ; so our readers must not expect any flights of genius, poetic or otherwise ; our plain unassuming instrument we hope will write what we have to say clearly, but that is all we can presume to ask of its prosaic nib.

We have been studying hard this term, and as we supposed doing thorough work ; but we find on reading certain articles in the " Nation " and other papers, that young ladies at boarding-school obtain a very superficial knowledge of many subjects, and graduate conceited and pedantic, to put it briefly. We were deeply interested in reading these articles, and think they contain many just accusations against the existing mode of education. It set us to thinking. Are *we* merely turning up the surface, or are we digging deep into the mines of truth ? Are *we* becoming conceited and fond of display ? Of course, our experience is limited to our school ; but as we are girls and now engaged in study, the subject is one of vital interest to us, and we would like to tell a little of our experience, simply as an example of one girls' school.

It is true we do have many studies and not any too much time to spend upon them, but we do not think our knowledge can be called exactly superficial. In the sciences and mathematics we have text-books, the best to be obtained, and these are thoroughly studied. Our teachers do not pretend to make geologists or physiologists of us, but they do intend we shall know the formation of the earth we live upon, and the laws governing our own bodies. Enough, at least, is given to let us know how much lies hidden in these mysterious laws, and make us long for time and ability to search out the unknown depths. It is a sad fact that to most of us the time will never come when we can follow out all, or even a majority, of these lines of study ; but we know something about them, and also how

much there is which we do not know, and we can, at least, listen intelligently and modestly to the conversation of others. We cannot imagine how one can be conceited when she is merely shown, one might almost say, how much there is to learn. History and Literature we study with the help of a text-book supplemented largely by topics. History of the English Language, Church History, and Art we study entirely topically. In this way the subjects are mapped out for us, and we learn by whom they have been treated, and gain for ourselves some slight acquaintance with the authors who are acknowledged as highest authorities. This alone would be the greatest help to future study and general intelligence; but I must not undervalue the actual knowledge we acquire, and the thorough drill by which it is made a part of our very selves, indelibly fixed in our minds to enrich the soil that it may bring forth more fruit. If a young lady after graduation rarely finds time to study something in which she is deeply interested, we certainly cannot expect she will take time for a subject which she cares nothing for; and she is not likely to be interested in something of which she knew absolutely nothing.

This seems to us a great objection to the theory that it is better to study some one or two subjects thoroughly and feel yourself master of them, than to have a general idea of many. Unfortunately we can never feel that we have thoroughly mastered any subject, for ever as we advance the horizon broadens. The human mind is an unfathomed depth, "Who can know it?" and the laws that govern our universe are as incomprehensible to a finite mind as the infinite God who made them. If we were foolish enough to flatter ourselves that we could say of some subject, "There is nothing more for me to learn here, I know it all;" then surely we might be charged with conceit. But it is only the great ones of our earth that can even know how little they have drawn from the ocean of knowledge; we lowly ones, who merely drink from the springs in the valley, can little imagine the vast seas rolling beyond us. We prefer to taste many of the wells of God's infinite truth, if it is only a sip from their sweet waters; and then, if it is ever given to us to drink more deeply, we shall know where flows the fountain which can best satisfy our thirst.

The old scholars already know from the last Courant that we have had the addition to our grounds of fourteen acres. It is sometimes asked why we who are so much in need of money for new buildings spend this large sum in buying land, when we had already large and beautiful grounds. In reply, we would say, that it is of the greatest importance that we secure the bit of woodland adjoining our grove while we have an opportunity; neither is this for our own use and enjoyment alone, but it will be a great advantage to Andover to have this beautiful grove preserved for future years, and not liable to be sold for building lots. Although our grounds are private, every passer by must enjoy their attractions. The slight pecuniary disadvantage which the town sustains in having this land withdrawn from taxation, because transferred to an educational institution, is certainly counter-balanced by having this lovely little park

in their midst as a permanent thing. It may be best sometime to rent, or even sell, part of this land, but its close proximity to the Academy renders it highly desirable that the Trustees should be able to control its disposal. When we have our new buildings, we hope it will seem best to place them a little farther from the street, and this land in that case would be almost necessary to make suitable surroundings. Young ladies especially, need large and pleasant grounds where they may take their daily exercise without being obliged continually to walk the public streets. This land is being simply, but very tastefully laid out by a landscape gardener. There promises, when finished, to be quite an interesting labyrinth of winding paths, now turning to the outskirts of the grove to catch some lovely view, and then leading one back to the more quiet beauties of the woods. One thing which adds greatly to the outward appearance of our grounds is the straightening of Abbott Street, and making a fine curve from that to Phillips Street, with a handsome stone wall running the entire length. We think this solid wall quite a substantial hint to those who have been in the habit of regarding that part of our precincts rather as a highway.

Amid our rejoicing at meeting dear friends once more, the old scholars were saddened by the absence of Miss Phebe McKeen, on account of illness. We missed her bright, courageous face in the first terrors of senior studies. Although she is now with us in her usual health, she is released from the class-room to assist in semi-centennial work.

Miss Learoyd kindly supplied her place for a few weeks at the beginning of the term. It was very pleasant to have among us again this popular teacher who, in that capacity, had bidden old Abbott farewell. The class in general literature was the only one favored with her instruction, and, as she sometimes said, we had the whole subject before us; but we often wished that there was less subject and more matter.

Mrs. Downs has now taken the class for the remainder of the term. We consider ourselves highly favored to receive her valuable instruction, in the absence of Miss Phebe. The rapidity with which we are obliged to scan the immense field of universal literature opened to us makes this a recitation extremely difficult and unsatisfactory to direct, and we are greatly obliged to Mrs. Downs for her enthusiastic and interesting manner of leading us through the inextricable maze of authors, pointing out here and there, and impressing on our minds, the characteristics of the more prominent names which illumine the literature of all ages and countries. We only wish that we had the time to follow out the many alluring avenues of inquiry and research which she continually opens to our longing eyes; but the time is coming when we hope to explore the unknown regions which have been so clearly mapped out for us.

The other evening, when just sinking into profound slumbers after the toils of the day, we were aroused by well-known voices under our windows. "Susie" was the principal theme of their song, and serious feuds have arisen among the various claimants to the honor of inspiring their lay.

It is needless to say that the serenade was immensely enjoyed and rapturously praised, and now the memory of it is filled with pleasure. It is with regret that we view the approaching winter; for we know his frosty air will silence our nightingales.

We call upon old scholars whose memories of Andover mud are not dimmed by time to congratulate us on the possession of a concrete sidewalk in front of the Academy grounds. Imagine us, next Spring, high and dry, smiling in calm superiority at luckless Phillippians and theologues, who will be obliged, as of old, with faces of grim despair, to "climb up Zion's Hill" through the soft depths of miry clay, while we trip gaily along on concrete.

Miss Carrie Hall, of the class of '77, is among us as a teacher. Her classmates and friends are acquainted with her abilities, and can appreciate the advantages her classes enjoy.

Some valuable additions have been made, this term, to our already large and choice collection of pictures, — two fine engravings, the "Battle of Milvian Bridge" and "The Transfiguration," both by Raphael; also some large photographs of buildings in Florence — the Palazzo Vecchio, exterior and interior, the Loggia Lanzi, and a view of the interior of the Bargello.

We have had the pleasure of several visits from the members of the class of '78, and only wish we might record more of these delightful episodes. We have not yet recovered from the loneliness always felt in the fall term, when we return to find so many of our friends gone out from us. So come back to the old home, girls, whenever you can; we are all waiting to welcome you.

We enjoyed the opportunity of hearing Dr. Merrill's very interesting lecture on Arabia. It was unfortunate that more of the seniors, especially, did not take time from their studies to hear this lecture, which would have given them valuable information which they can obtain from no other source. We hope the class will learn wisdom with age, and improve its opportunities hereafter. Dr. Merrill is now giving a course of lectures on his Oriental travels to large audiences at the Lowell Institute in Boston.

Our readers will find the minutes of the last meeting of the Alumnae Association on the fourteenth page. We who attended it found it exceedingly interesting to see and hear so many of the "dear old scholars," of whom we had heard so much. Although the number was large last Summer, we hope that next year *all* will be here; for the daughters of old Abbott are many, and scattered everywhere; it seems as if once in fifty years, at least, the wanderers should return for a general reunion and thanksgiving at our beloved and honored school-home. According to the constitution of the Association, the interest from the fund made up of initiation-fees cannot be used

until it has reached the sum of one thousand dollars. We now have seven hundred dollars. Only three hundred dollars more to make the coveted amount!

Now, we ask, where are the old graduates and scholars who owe so much of all they have and are to Abbott Academy? Are they not ready to join our ranks, and raise our Alma Mater to a still higher place among the leading schools of our country? We know they will be only too glad of an opportunity to repay, in some small measure, the endless debt of gratitude they owe. Think of the grand reunions we shall have! the talking over old experiences, and the happy days spent here! Call back some of your old girlish enthusiasm, and enter with us heartily into the work; we need you, every one.

General Blakeslee gave us a lecture, one Saturday afternoon, on the "Translations of the Books of the Bible," which was remarkably interesting and instructive. The class in church history found the lecture particularly helpful. We are anticipating with great pleasure the remaining lectures which he has so kindly offered to give us on the same subject.

We would say, for the benefit of the old scholars, that various views of Andover have recently been taken, showing the Academy buildings in a group, the maple walk in the rear of Smith Hall, and interior views of the Academy Hall taken from either end, the parlors at Smith Hall, and the parlor of the Misses McKeen. Also views of the Theological Seminary, Phillips Academy, the elm arcade, and other objects of interest. Any of these views can be obtained through the editors of the Courant, at 30 cts. apiece, or \$3.00 a dozen.

A note-worthy instance of the eternal fitness of things has been remarked here in Andover this term. Apples have been abundant, school-girls have been abundant, and the connecting link between the two has been supplied through the generosity of our neighbors.

Have you ever observed the effect the word "rats" has on a terrier? That same effect was produced among us by the announcement that a barrel of apples was waiting to be emptied through our agency. Not five minutes after the close of school in the afternoon, a large basket with a small girl attached to each handle was seen to issue from Smith Hall, and before long it was borne back in triumph, filled to overflowing with great, red, juicy apples. The excitement spread like wild-fire. Closets were ransacked in search of baskets, but the supply fell far short of the demand. Old baskets and new baskets, large baskets and small baskets, baskets improvised out of handkerchiefs, and little rustic baskets, — all were impressed into active service. Day after day, we made fearful inroads upon the barrel, which, like the widow's cruise, failed not. Before we had exhausted this first supply, another and still another of our neighbors extended the same invitation to us — to help ourselves from their orchards. All through the Fall we have been supplied with delicious fruit, for which we tender our heartiest thanks to those who have so kindly remembered us.

We have had a wedding in our midst. On the 18th of September, Miss Emma S. Wilder, a graduate and former teacher in the Academy was married to Mr. George H. Gutterson, a graduate in the last class of the Theological Seminary. The wedding took place in the South Church, Andover; and knowing from former experience the desire of every school-girl to participate in all that goes on here, Miss Wilder extended a cordial invitation to old scholars and new to attend her wedding. We were not slow in accepting, and for a few days previous to *the* day, nothing was talked of but "our wedding." It was really a family affair, and a capital time we had in collecting flowers and ferns to decorate the rooms in honor of the reception held in Smith Hall parlors. A large company of invited guests, with not a few interested spectators besides, were assembled in the church, beautifully trimmed through the thoughtful kindness of the Andover ladies. At four o'clock in the afternoon, as the well-known chords of the Wedding March were struck, the bridal party entered. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles Smith, former pastor of the South Church, and was brief and impressive. Immediately after the ceremony, Mrs. Wilder received her own and her daughter's many friends in the parlors of Smith Hall, which were in gala-dress of autumn leaves and golden-rod. In the music-room were arranged many beautiful tokens of the esteem in which the bride and bridegroom are held, evidently selected with a thought of the far away land to which they were going. The pictures and bric-a-brac, as well as the more substantial gifts will add beauty to that home for which Mr. Gutterson and his bride so nobly sever the ties which hold them to America, in order that they may serve the Master's cause. After partaking of the bountiful collation served in Smith Hall dining-room, the newly wedded pair left for Boston. Thence they went to Marblehead, and the time previous to their sailing for India, they spend in visiting their friends. The company dispersed shortly after the departure of the wedding-party, all sharing in the opinion that it had been one of the prettiest, most informal weddings they had ever attended.

The Anniversary exercises at the close of last term, commenced as usual with the baccalaureate sermon which was given by the Rev. A. H. Plumb of Boston Highlands, and was unusually well adapted to the needs and feelings of girls who were so soon to begin more active, independent lives. Monday and Tuesday were filled with public examinations, which, treading on the heels of the written examinations of the preceding week, seemed burdens too great to be borne. For the benefit of those who left school before the days of written examinations, we will say that every study has now a written examination, and that all those of the Senior class and one or two from each of the lower classes, have also oral examinations; that while ruining our chirography we may not also ruin our capabilities for expressing ourselves intelligibly. They were considered, however, to have gone off well, the Seniors especially distinguishing themselves both in examinations and in the essays read in the intermissions; and '78 had good cause to go away satisfied with adding the last leaf to her laurel crown.

Wednesday, the Red-Letter day of the week, and, indeed, of the year, brought relief to many of us, for examinations were fairly over. Very few days in the whole year, however, had been to us busier than that. Every moment was full from early dawn, when sleepy-eyed damsels loomed up in the gloom of the basement, busy over the flowers which were to adorn the halls, till dewy eve, when equally sleepy, we tried to make ourselves agreeable to those who were trying to cultivate their social qualities against their summer preaching tour.

The Graduating Exercises were of a little different type from those of former years, as this was the first class graduating under the new régime of obligatory study of languages. In place of the usual English compositions, we were entertained by those, one each, in Latin, French, and German, and found them a very pleasant variety. As there is usually great difficulty in finding a desirable time for the exercises of the Vine Planting, the very sensible plan was adopted of having the Class Poem, Class History, and Vine Oration given in the Hall after the essays already mentioned. After hearing both the past and future of the great "Mosaic" and its makers, the esteem in which we had already held it, rose immeasurably. Before forming the procession to the church, we stopped to witness the planting of the class-vine, which was placed near the front of the Academy, at the south side of the porch. Then followed the Ivy Song, and the presentation of the trowel to the Class of '79, after which we betook ourselves to the church. The orator of the day was the Rev. B. F. Hamilton of Boston, whose discourse was followed by one of Prof. Park's brief and beautiful addresses to the graduating class as he presented their diplomas. The class parting-hymn was then sung, and the Class of '78 had graduated. The glory had departed from Andover, and with one voice we said, "To your tents, O Abbott!"

The Reception, Wednesday evening, was honored with a number of guests from out of town, and these, with our Andover friends made quite a "goodly companie." The buildings, the maple walk, and the grove were resplendent with Chinese lanterns, and when Andover's fatal centrifugal force had started the circular promenade in the dining-room, and we with whirling heads went out into the open air, the grounds with their pretty illuminations looked to our dizzy eyes like fairy-land; rather matter-of-fact looking fairies were stalking around, to be sure, but imagination is everything. The sober reality was felt only when the guests were gone, the lanterns burned out and we found the day was over.

It may seem strange to our readers that we mention occurrences so long past, but as faithful chroniclers we are obliged to record, for future generations, all school events since the last issue of *The Courant*.

In the Spring, when our last lingering hope of a levee had faded, we were pleasantly surprised by an invitation from Mrs. Prof. Phelps, who threw open her spacious house for our entertainment. It was pronounced by many, on their return, the pleasantest and most informal levee it was ever their good fortune to attend.

This year the mild gayeties of the season have opened most auspiciously, by a very charming evening spent at Mrs. Prof. Thayer's. A large number of the young ladies committed themselves to the kind protection of Diana on their walk home, while other less fortunate maidens were obliged to submit to mortal guidance. We are astonished that theological students should allow such heathenish practices.

The somewhat heavy course of lectures last winter closed with a Reading by Prof. Churchill. On the appointed evening there was a terrible storm; but, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, our girls were all booted and cloaked to brave the storm, when the messenger came saying it was postponed. All our anticipations were fully realized the following Monday evening, when the stage of the old Town Hall became the scene where appeared a loquacious English Cheap-Jack; a Scotchman with an irresistible account of his only theatre going; the Ancient Mariner with his weird story; and, finally, a Negro preacher giving an eloquent description of the flood, when Noah and his wife, and his sons and their wives, were "*all a gwine into the ark -ah.*" This last brought down the house, and we returned home fairly exhausted with laughter.

The Senior party came off as usual, and was pronounced very pleasant by those who attended. We noticed a certain reserved modesty on the part of some, when questioned as to their escort home, and our own experience taught us not to press the subject.

The meeting of the Philomathean Society we thought remarkably good. The reading of the Philo was rather long and tedious; but with that exception, the programme was interesting and well executed. The hero of the evening, without any doubt, was Mr. Bierwirth, who delivered an eloquent oration on the "Student's Ideal." It was not at all after the style of school-boy orations. The audience were held spell-bound by his earnest manner and the grand "ideal" which he so vividly presented to them. Even at this late day we would like to congratulate Mr. Bierwirth on his unqualified success.

After the usual amount of preparation, it was at last announced to our expectant ears that the Reading would positively be on Friday, May 31st. The eventful evening arrived, and we gathered in the Academy Hall in a flutter of expectation. The air was filled with the buzz of comment and speculation, and a sweetly suggestive perfume was discernible, arising, apparently, from a pile of oddly shaped bundles in charge of the ushers.

The programme was as follows: 1. The Test (Anon.), Hattie Y. Smith; 2. The Queen of Sheba (Aldrich), Fannie Ames; 3. The Young Grey-head (Southey), Helen L. Page; 4. A Royal Princess (Rosetti), Helen M. Chamberlin; 5. An Anti-Offer (May), Constance Williams; 6. The Angels of Buenna Vista (Whittier), Frances L. Howard; 7. The Jackdaw of Rheims (Barham), Carrie B. Stickney; 8. A Waking Dream (Waller),

Margaret C. Webster; 9. Photographing under Difficulties (Anon.), Eleanor P. M. Butters; 10. Scene from Mary Stuart (Schiller), Mollie E. Wilder.

The pieces were suited to the readers, and were all so well rendered that one can hardly be spoken of before another. The first number was very striking, the third quiet and sad, the fifth sarcastic, the eighth comical, and the tenth powerful.

We mourn the loss of talent which we sustained at Miss Mollie Wilder's graduation, for there seems to be no one who can fill just the place which she has left.

Phillips Centennial has so long been a thing of the past, and was so much talked of at the time, that it would be entirely out of place, at this late day, to give any account of the festivities of that joyous occasion. Sober old Andover looked young again in her gala dress; and the crowds of people going up and down the streets, the unwonted strains of music from a Boston band, and the pleasure of seeing and hearing so many of Phillips's distinguished sons made the Centennial a bewildering reality to us. The long procession of graduates, as it marched past the historic places connected with the school, past the new academy building, and through the beautiful elm arcade, was a showing of men for any school to be proud of. On Wednesday, the first day of the celebration, after the Draper prize speaking, in which the boys outdid themselves to do honor to the occasion, there were presentations of portraits; and it is a pleasant thing that Miss Means, class of '69, Abbott Academy, should have commenced her career as an artist, after her return from study abroad, by filling an order for three of these portraits. We quote the following from the Boston Transcript: "After the presentation of portraits, there was a very pretty piece of ceremony not down in the programme. Before the award of the prizes a silk banner was presented to the Academy by the girls of the Abbott Academy, through Professor Churchill of the Theological Seminary. It is white and blue on one side, with the seal of Phillips, and crimson on the other, with an inscription. It was received with great enthusiasm by the students, who cheered full five minutes at a time." The beauty of the brief speeches of presentation and acceptance by Professor Churchill and Mr. Coy would have added grace to any gift.

All the arrangements for the convenience and comfort of the crowds of people were well planned and carefully carried out. The tents were conveniently located, and the ushers gentlemanly and attentive. The decorative committee, under its competent chairman, Mr. George Swift, showed excellent taste in all its arrangements, and everything passed off with great *éclat*. The Centennial was eminently a grand success; and this was due in a great measure to the unwearied labors of Principal Bancroft, who spared no pains to make it what it was — a celebration worthy the one hundredth birthday of Phillips Academy. We are happy to add that Mr. Bancroft spent his vacation in England, and came back rested and refreshed, having gained fresh inspiration for his work by visits to Harrow and Rugby and other of England's famous schools.

The celebration contemplated, as a substantial remainder of the Centennial, the raising of one hundred thousand dollars for the endowment of the Academy, a sum in itself quite considerable, but not large considering the necessities of the school, and the number and loyalty of its alumni and friends. Something over fifty thousand dollars was secured, mainly by voluntary offerings, previous to the celebration, and recently a noble pledge of one hundred thousand dollars for the Theological Seminary has been made, conditioned on the raising of the remaining fifty thousand dollars previous to June 5th, 1879. In order to make it still easier, the fifty thousand dollars may be raised for the Seminary or the Academy, or partly for the one and partly for the other, with the understanding that the final result shall in any case be one hundred thousand dollars added to the funds of each. The friends of either school are, in most cases, the friends of both; and any donor, while his own gift is entirely unrestricted, will have this additional motive, that every dollar secured to the one school secures two to the other. This offer, even in these days of princely liberality, is truly magnificent.

While we rejoice with these institutions in their good fortune, we would be glad to chronicle a like liberality on the part of *our* alumnae and friends. While young men's preparatory schools and colleges are continually receiving contributions from all sides, we hope the young women will not be forgotten. For fifty years Abbott Academy has been doing good work, unsupported by a dollar of endowment. Three of its buildings, a portion of its grounds, and the most valuable part of its apparatus, it owes to the liberality of friends, most of them residents of Andover. But its running expenses, including constant improvements, have always been paid, thanks to good management, by its own earnings. Now, it needs more recitation rooms, more music rooms, space for its cabinets, a gallery for its casts and pictures, a larger assembly hall, better accommodations for boarding pupils, and permanent endowment for the departments of instruction. Nothing could be a better proof of the goodness of the school itself, and of its fortunate location, than the fact that it is able to attract and to hold both teachers and pupils as it does, in spite of its limitations. Its inviting grounds, and the thrifty, homelike air of its buildings, along with the popularity of the school, have prevented the public from recognizing the real and urgent necessities of the Academy.

A very pleasant affair was the musicale given the first of last term by the Class of '79, assisted by Miss Lilian Bailey. She had quite won our hearts when she came out to Andover, a few weeks before, to sing at Mr. Perabo's piano recital, in our Academy Hall; and '79 thought it would be very pleasant to have her sing an evening to the school, which bright idea was successfully carried into execution. The vocal part of the entertainment was wholly by Miss Bailey, whose sweet voice and charmingly unaffected manner called forth our enthusiastic praise. The instrumental music by our school-mates, Misses Rice, Heywood, Gilbreth, Carpenter, and Gridley, showed a pleasing variety, taste in selection, and careful render,

ing. The brilliant execution of Miss Gilbreth was especially admired. A very pleasant feature of the occasion was the thoughtful kindness of the Class of '78 in surprising the performers with refreshments of ice-cream, cake, and fruit, spread for them in Miss McKeen's parlor, at the close of the evening; and '79 wishes, here and now, publicly to reiterate the thanks already given in private. The class deserves commendation for bringing into notice our home musical talent, and for so successfully carrying out the arrangements of a plan that gave the school much pleasure.

SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD SCHOLAR.

I stood on the steps at noonday,
As the bell was striking the hour,
And the students came hurrying by me,
Released from its awful power.

I saw their fair young faces
Aglow with mirth and fun,
And heard the hum of voices,
Rejoiced that tasks were done.

And, like the school-girls hastening
Over the time-worn stairs,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
Full fraught with former years.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
Had I conned those very pages,
With many a long-drawn sigh!

How often, oh, how often,
Had I wished the Shawshin's tide
Would bear me away on its current
To the ocean wild and wide!

For my head was hot and weary;
My days were full of care;
And the lessons laid upon me
I never could prepare!

The dreaded examinations
Loomed up in the misty past;
And the glow of triumph that filled me,
A Junior proud, at last.

And soon, my Virgil and French books
Held quietly under my arm,
I was scorning "those little Juniors,"
So trembling and full of alarm.

At length, having grappled with Whately,
Having argued in ethics with pride,
I return from vacation a *Senior*!
Not in vain had I labored and sighed.

But now my school-days are over;
 And Butler is laid on the shelf;
 There are no more topics to copy;
 My Milton communes with itself.

I see the long procession
 Still passing to and fro;
 The Juniors hot and restless,
 The Seniors subdued and slow.

And whenever I see these school-girls,
 So happy and free from cares,
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean
 Comes the thought of other years.

The days are long departed
 Since I trod these classic halls;
 Yet the sight of well known land-marks
 That happy time recalls.

And a mist obscures my vision;
 And a sigh escapes my heart;
 Alas! among these numbers
 I have no lot, nor part.

VACATION GLIMPSES.

We have had good times in our vacation, some in one way, and some in another; but drives, excursions, and camping predominate, so far as we can judge from letters.

"My brother and some of his friends were camping on the shores of Lake Champlain, so six of us girls determined to pay them a visit. After a lovely drive we reached the camp quite early in the morning, and received a very cordial welcome from the boys. We soon went out boating, and stayed on the lake until noon. The boys would not let us get dinner; but wishing to exhibit their skill, prepared it themselves, requesting us to set the table. Their cooking was a success, but their zeal flagged when the time came to wash the dishes, and they were more than willing to have us officiate. The afternoon was full of pleasure, and on our departure, we felt repaid for the day we had devoted to camp-life."

"A week's visit to friends living near the beach brought me much fun and pleasure. My experiences were varied. Once after rowing we fastened our boat at the water's edge, but were dismayed upon our return to find it high and dry, the tide having gone out. No one was near to help us, so we tugged and pushed and pulled until once more our craft was launched, but she had traversed the longest five feet I have ever seen. But time fails me; I only ask you to believe that, after so much time spent out of doors, I returned home a happier and very much browner girl."

We hear from another, of "A Fourth of July celebration in the country, with music and speeches, where not a cigar added its smoke to the powder

fumes." Truly this place rejoiceth our editorial hearts, for we do not like cigars; and though a girl's enthusiastic "Oh, I do love the smell of a good cigar," may be responsible in a degree for the too general habit, still we doubt if it will not be a proud and happy day for every earnest thoughtful girl of America when she can say, "Neither my brothers nor friends use tobacco in any form."

"A drive to Lake Minnetouka marks one of the red-letter days of my vacation. There was no real road through the prairie, and the turf was so soft and yielding that it seemed as though we were riding over a velvet carpet. We entered the woods where the branches formed a perfect arch over our heads, and reached the lake just as the sun was setting, making it look like 'a burnished sheet of living gold.'"

"To me the most amusing part of an excursion from Bath to Wiscasset, Maine, was watching a newly engaged couple, ridiculously devoted to each other, and oblivious of all around them."

"I enjoyed two weeks camp-life on the shores of Lake Waramung, in which delightful things occurred, too many to mention — picnics, rowing, reading, tramping, and resting. One day was like another, and yet all were different."

"A drive over one of the loveliest roads among the Berkshire hills, so early in the morning that the flowers were not fairly awake, nor the grass robbed of its dew-diamonds, is among the summer's most generous gifts."

"I joined an excursion down the Merrimack to Salisbury Beach. The important events of the day were a fish-chowder served in a decidedly unique manner, and a stroll to Black Rock, which made me too late for the return-boat. But thanks to cars and stage, I reached home only half an hour later than the rest of the party; still, my father thinks it will be best for me to abide under the maternal wing next time."

"Ten of us girls started at three o'clock to ride up the mountain to see the sun rise, intending to spend the day following not only in walking but in fishing and reading. Therefore, we carried fishing-tackle, books, and hammocks, and food enough to supply a regiment. We reached our journey's end just in time to see the sun gild with glory each tiny shrub and flower, as well as the tallest trees. We spent the day as we had planned, each according to her own ideas. But I shall never forget the beauty of the evening as the moonbeams played hide-and-seek among the quivering tree-tops."

"I think I must consider our commencement exercises at my preparatory school among the pleasantest events of my vacation, as they were its beginning. There were forty-seven in the class, all of whom took diplomas. Our associations had been pleasant, and we could not help feeling sad at parting. Our farewells were spoken with the determination to make things worth while, for, as our valedictorian said, 'within ourselves lies the power, to

"Make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."'"

SCRAPS.

Nov. 9th, first icicles !

A Junior is reported as "uncomfortably well prepared in her lessons."

The London University will hereafter "admit women to degrees in all the faculties, on the same terms as men."

Andover is a wonderful place ! Violets were found late in September, and on the 22d of October primroses and a wild rose.

From German Hall. In making arrangements for a new room-mate one young lady asked another, "Wollen Sie mit mir zimmer?"

While riding in the country, one of our teachers remarked to the driver on a very beautiful grove in sight. After meditation, he thoughtfully remarked, "'Tis kind o' pretty, lumber standin' so."

Scene, Class-room No. 3. Physiology. *Teacher*. "So then we see that the hair becomes dark in proportion to the amount of iron secreted."

Miss A. "Yes, but what makes red hair?"

Miss B. (With whom it is rather a personal subject), "The iron's rusted, of course."

Two bright Japanese girls, after preparing in Connecticut for five years, have entered Vassar College. They will find no trouble in getting accustomed to the gymnasium suits, whatever other disadvantages they may labor under. They are the Misses Stematz Yamagarva and Shige Nagai. — *Williams Athenaeum*.

It has been the fate of one of Harvard's brilliant stars to become noted among us in the following manner. In a trip to Andover he was commissioned to bring to one of our number a small package from her home. Upon delivering it he said, "Excuse the appearance of that bundle, but the paper broke, and I had to do it up myself. I folded the shawl very smoothly." Imagine her surprise to find the "shawl," a small burlap rug, crumpled in almost innumerable wrinkles.

President Seelye of Smith College for Women reports that in no one department has there been a deficiency, not even in mathematics and Greek. The girls are said to study better than boys, and to show higher scholarship. — *Boston Advertiser*.

It is no more than fair to quote, in this connection, a remark made a short time since by a Professor in this same institution, to the effect that their girls were apt and quick, and equally ready in any department; but while they showed themselves superior to boys in this respect, they displayed less of general intelligence, and a very limited knowledge of the history of the times as contained in the newspapers and magazines of the day.

Wellesley College has received from Mr. W. O. Grover a new Organ. The instrument was designed for the chapel in which it stands, and its adornings harmonize with those of the room. At a recital given a short time since by three distinguished performers, the instrument proved very

satisfactory, and the applause showed that "in the vigor of their hand-spatting those three hundred and fifty Wellesley girls cannot be beaten by any other audience of equal numbers on the face of the globe."

In the parlor, waiting, Editor of *Phillipian*.

At teacher's door, a servant; "A gentleman wants to see Miss Blank about a philopene."

Teacher, bewildered, sends for Miss Blank, and inquires what this means.

Scholar, equally befogged, doesn't know.

Suddenly light breaks in upon them.

Both together; "It is 'The *Phillipian*!'"

All subscribers upon receiving *The Courant* are requested to forward *immediately* the price, 50 cents, to Business Editor. We would be happy to lengthen our list of permanent subscribers.

EXCHANGES.

The Crimson. The editorials are short, sensible, and to the point. The articles in the literary department are not strikingly original, but "originality, you know, is not popular at Harvard."

The Dartmouth. The poems in *The Dartmouth* should receive much study. The thrilling plots developed, the elegance of style, and the lofty sentiments expressed are well worthy emulation. But a really very pleasant feature of *The Dartmouth* is its book reviews.

Bowdoin Orient. A decidedly local paper.

The Brunonian. We can only quote, with regard to its self, the *Brunonian's* opinion of the *Dartmouth*: "The convenient size and neat typography lead us to expect something rather more interesting than we found."

Oestrus. The less said the better.

Williams Athenaeum. One of the remarkable features of the *Athenaeum* is the striking novelty of the subjects treated in the literary department, such as, "Vacation," "Progress," "Autumn," etc.; but, in spite of its title, the article on "Growth" in the number for October 5th is exceedingly good.

Oberlin Review too often aims at being deep and ends in being heavy, but is, in the main a very sensible paper.

The Beacon, although mildly pacific in its editorials, usually has something readable in the literary department.

The Phillipian. Emanating as we do from a "sister institution," we extend to the *Phillipian* the right hand of fellowship. We welcome with pleasure this indication of enterprise, and rejoice in the new means of friendly intercourse.

We notice in almost every exchange an article upon "College Journalism," which usually consists of copious extracts from the article by Charles F. Thwing of Andover, published in *Scribner's Monthly* for October, interlarded with a few remarks by the student.

PERSONALS.

We have received visits this term from Misses Holmes, '71, Goddard, '74, Aiken, '75, Barron and Bird, '77, Barnard, Capron, Howard, Hutches, and Langley, '78.

Mrs. Harriet Woods Baker, one of the pupils of Abbott Academy on its opening day, was here in September. She is known as "Madeline Leslie," author of "Tim the Scissors Grinder."

'74. Mrs. Pettee's departure from America was brightened by the presence of Miss Belcher, who was in San Francisco to bid her Godspeed. We are rejoiced to hear that Miss B. is somewhat improved in health.

'77. Miss Barron spends the Fall with her uncle, in Macgregor, Iowa.

'77. Those of us who knew Miss Hall as a scholar gladly welcome her back as teacher.

'77. Occasional letters from Japan bring us good tidings of "Nellie Emerson" Cary. She is already able to talk somewhat with her neighbors in their own tongue, and seems happy in her far-off home.

'78. Miss Goodridge is again with us. She occupies her former position, assistant Music-teacher, pursuing also the study of German.

'78. Miss Blodgett is taking a post-graduate course in French, German, and Music.

'78. Miss Barnes is teaching in Vergennes, Vt.

'78. Miss Howard is spending the winter in Independence, Iowa.

'78. Miss Hutches has returned to her home in Galveston, Texas, after an absence of five years.

MARRIAGES.

'68. Sept. 4th, Rebecca A. Davis to George A. Spaulding, M.D., of New York City.

'74. June 27th, Alice W. Merriam to Charles Moore, Ypsilanti, Mich.

'74. August 1st, Isabella Wilson to Rev. James H. Pettee of Manchester, N. H. Mr. and Mrs. P. are on their way to join Mr. and Mrs. Cary in Kobe, Japan.

'74. Sept. 18th, Emma S. Wilder to Rev. George H. Gutterson. Mr. and Mrs. G. will sail for India in the latter part of this month.

Sept. 12th, Kate S. Buss to Horace H. Tyer, of Andover.

Oct. 9th, Lizzie M. Farnsworth to Seth M. Richards, of Newport, N. H.

Oct. 24th, Eliza R. Farrar to Charles S. Wheeler, of Lincoln.

Oct. 31st, Florence Woodman to Oscar Cunningham, Esq., of Bucksport, Maine.

DEATHS.

'71. In Lowell, September 20th, Mrs. Martha Bailey Chase.

We are permitted to quote from a letter written by her classmate and sister-in-law, Miss Susie Chase: "I think I never saw any one shrink so from death at first, and so eagerly long for it at last. She said, a few days before she went, 'It is not because I am suffering that I want to die; but I long so to go to my heavenly home; I long to see my Father in heaven.' One morning she said to her husband, 'Oh, I never thought it could be so beautiful to die. I cannot realize that I am so near home.'"

In Beirut, Syria, on (or near) July 24th, Rev. Frank A. Wood, of the Presbyterian Board of Missions.

Our cabinet of shells is one that had been collected and arranged by this young missionary, son of Professor Wood, the noted botanist. It was bought of him shortly before his departure for a foreign land. Since then he has spent seven years in earnest work for the Master.

In Andover, September 6th, 1878, Nathaniel Swift, aged seventy-three years.

Upon our return to school, happy in the memory of vacation and anticipations of the coming term, we were saddened by news of Mr. Swift's illness. Each passing day brought news of his rapid decline; still, we hoped against hope, until the Friday morning when the message came, "Mr. Swift has entered into rest." Then we knew that all was over, and the Lord had taken unto himself one whom he thus delighted to honor.

For twenty-eight years Mr. Swift was Trustee of Abbott Academy, to which he was warmly attached. Its interests were his; and from the time of his election as Treasurer, in 1852, he spared neither time nor labor to make it what he had determined it should be. Under his supervision the grounds were enlarged, shade trees planted, walks laid out; and to his taste and care we are indebted for our pleasant surroundings. The school girls believed their Treasurer loved to do all he could afford for their comfort; and his friendly ways, along with the cordial welcome of his family, made the settling of bills in that cosy sitting-room a pleasure.

Even after his feeble health compelled him to resign the duties of Treasurer, his love for the school and zeal for its welfare did not abate. His name will ever be gratefully associated with that of Abbott Academy.

In Andover, July 26th, 1878, Rev. Samuel C. Jackson, D.D., aged seventy-six years.

In Dr. Jackson, Abbott Academy has lost the last of her original Trustees. Although then a young man, lately settled as pastor of the West Parish church, he was a leading spirit in that little council of wise men who planted the school in 1829; and through all the fifty years since, he has cherished its growth with unflinching zeal and intelligent care. Hundreds of ladies, all over the land, as they read with pain the announcement of his death, recalled the scene of their happy school-days, and saw in

memory his refined and venerable aspect, his almost military bearing, and the smile of benignity which greeted a specially sensible or brilliant reply in their public examinations.

Dr. Jackson was born in Dorset, Vermont, in 1802, and was educated at Middlebury College and Andover Theological Seminary, having given two years also to the study of law. He was settled as pastor of the West Parish Congregational Church, Andover, from the time of his ordination, 1827, until 1849. Since that date till his broken health compelled him to resign, about a year ago, he was Assistant Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and Assistant State Librarian. The preparation of his Memorial is in hands which grace whatever they touch.

Our Academy is bereaved indeed, in the loss of Dr. Jackson and Mr. Swift, two men who had learned to love it like a child. That school is blessed whose guardians understand, as they did, that to be a trustee is to hold a *trust*.

In Andover, Sunday morning, May 12th, 1878, Mrs. Caroline P. Taylor, widow of Dr. Samuel H. Taylor, late Principal of Phillips Academy.

“Blessing she was; God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fell from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor had she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.”

Class Organizations.

'79.

Class Color, Cardinal and Light Blue.

<i>President,</i>	JULIA E. TWICHELL.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	SUSANNA W. S. LYMAN
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	ISABEL PARKER.

'80.

Class Color, Ruby Red and Gold.

<i>President,</i>	E. CONSTANCE WILLIAMS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	HELEN M. CHAMBERLIN.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	HATTIE Y. SMITH.

'81.

Class Color, Cherry and Silver Gray.

<i>President,</i>	S. FANNIE AMES.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	CLARA S. JOHNSON.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MARGARET L. FOWLE.

'82.

<i>President,</i>	ALICE S. PARKER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	JESSIE WRIGHT.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	LENNIE W. SARGENT.

The Abbott Courant Advertiser.

GEORGE H. PARKER, DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

FANCY, AND TOILET ARTICLES,

SPONGES, ETC.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

DRAPER'S BLOCK, - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

J. E. WHITING,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

Also, dealer in

FANCY GOODS,

TOYS,

PERFUMERY,

BRUSHES,

SOAPS,

LAMPS,

CHIMNEYS,

CONFECTIONERY.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS.

FINE WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING.

MAIN STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,

CENTRAL STREET, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

C. P. GRIMMER,

FLORIST,

Corner West and Tremont Streets,

BOSTON.

DOW & NEAL'S
Millinery, and Fancy Goods Store,

SWIFT'S BUILDING, MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

The latest styles of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Neckties, etc. Stamping and Pinking to order. Assortment of Worsteds and materials for Fancy Works constantly on hand.

Agents for "Domestic Monthly" and "Domestic Paper Fashions."
Kid Gloves cleaned and dyed.

SMITH & MANNING,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,
ESSEX STREET,

ANDOVER, MASS.

Abbott Academy.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR.

THE SECOND TERM WILL OPEN JANUARY 2, 1879.

Applications for admission should be made to MISS PHILENA MCKEEN,
Principal.

E. J. DAY,

PARK STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER.

Manufacturer and dealer in

FURNITURE,

OF ALL KINDS.

LOUNGES AND STUDY CHAIRS

for sale or to let on reasonable terms.

FURNITURE REPAIRED and RE-UPHOLSTERED in a prompt
and efficient manner.

MATTRESSES MADE OVER, and CARPETS RELAID at short
notice.

The patronage of the Academies respectfully solicited.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Vine Oration, 1878,</i>	1
<i>The Seasons in Andover,</i>	4
<i>A Western Rose,</i>	5
<i>A Storm on Lake St. Clair,</i>	6
<i>The Daisy,</i>	8
<i>Sam's Letter,</i>	9
'82,	10
'81,	11
'80,	12
'79,	13
<i>Meeting of the Alumnae Association,</i>	14
<i>Editorial,</i>	16
<i>Exchanges,</i>	30
<i>Personals,</i>	31
<i>Class Organizations,</i>	34

THE
ABBOT COURANT.

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1879.

NO. 2.

FEARLESS LOVE.

MARY C. BLAIR.

I LOVE thee, and fear not, O God!
Thou liftest thy chastening rod,
It touches my heart with a thrill;
For the magnet is thy blessed will,
And the rod is the mystical wire,
That writeth in letters of fire,
 Thy love to me,
 My love to thee.

I love thee, and fear not, O God!
Thy terrors are scattered abroad,
And stout hearts are quailing for fear;
But through all thy thunders I hear
The pæan of Right over Wrong,
And a whisper that's sweeter than song,
 Thy love to me,
 My love to thee.

I love thee, and fear not, O God!
How rough was the path that I trod,
Since it led unto thee, I forget.
How often my eyes have been wet
With rain of sorrow or dew of joy,
I know not, for all my employ,
 Thy love to me,
 My love to thee.

I love thee, and fear not, O God!
When heaped is the daisy-sown sod

O'er all that is earthy of me,
Thy vassal, Death, will the usher be,
To open the gate of home so dear,
When thou wilt show me as never here,
Thy love to me,
My love to thee.

UNITED STATES SEWING SOCIETY.

MRS. HARRIETTE WOODS BAKER.

[Copied from a paper of reminiscences sent to the Academy.]

ELIZABETH STUART and I also organized another society for benevolent purposes. This consisted of four officers and two members. The ticket, then as now, was prepared beforehand for the voters. Elizabeth was five days older than I, and on this account impressed me with the propriety of choosing her for president. I had the promise, however, that being chosen to that high office, she would put me in as vice-president. Our ticket being duly elected, we proceeded to give our society a name, and after some discussion, voted unanimously that it be called "The United States Sewing Society."

Each child was to bring pieces of calico in lieu of a fee, and this we expected to make into bedquilts. Unfortunately a whortleberry party met on the next day set apart for our meeting, when the "United States" dwindled to two members, or rather two officers, the president and vice-president. It is one of the pleasantest recollections of my childhood that we two did persevere, and bent all our energies to one point, viz., the purchasing of a camlet cloak for our Sunday-school teacher, now Dr. William G. Schauffler. A quilt was finally completed, with the help of our mothers in putting it into the frame, and when the day of sale arrived we were both very much excited. Some of our friends, who had heard of our enterprise, interested themselves for us, and when the quilt was sold the person who bought it gave it back to be sold again, and so it passed through several hands until we thought sufficient money had been obtained to buy the cloak. The next day my father accompanied Elizabeth and myself to Mr. Derby's store (I think then it was Kidder & Derby) to select the material for a cloak. "My daughter and Elizabeth have a friend," he explained, with a smile, "who needs a warm outside garment, and they wish

to inquire how much a cloak will cost." I pulled father's sleeve, and suggested that it must be lined throughout and have a full cape. "And a velvet collar," added Elizabeth.

The merchant stepped behind the counter, and brought forth the identical shabby gray surtout which had so excited our commiseration.

"Here is a coat," he said, "which I was requested to enlarge, but it is hardly possible to do so."

A smile from father confirmed his suspicions, and he went on with great interest, — "As this is for charity, I will make a cloak from this piece of camlet plaid, with a square cape gathered into the yoke, and a lining of green flannel for — (adding up) — for twelve dollars."

Elizabeth and I looked at each other aghast. Twelve dollars seemed an enormous sum of money. "Very cheap," said father, "I think they will conclude to have it made from those materials." As father had privately ordered the cloak to be made, it was sent home soon after. Mr. Schauffler was a theological student, and occupied a room in our house. We placed the new garment on his bed, with a card pinned to the cape, with these words written in my best hand: "Will Mr. Schauffler please accept from his friends the cloak accompanying this?"

Elizabeth came to our house to watch with me his return from a meeting of which he had charge. I well recollect how our hearts beat as he came slowly up stairs and entered the room next the one where we stood waiting. Then we softly crept to the door and peeped in. We saw him throw off his hat, when he seemed to perceive the garment, and caught it up saying aloud, "What is this? Why, how came this here?" Then reading the card, he said, "Yes, my dear friends, I will accept it, and thank you too." He put it on, walked to the small mirror and surveyed himself in it, then kneeled and audibly thanked God who had put it into the hearts of his friends to do this kind act. Years after he wrote from Constantinople that it had been of inestimable value, "being his cloak by day and his blanket by night." Dear Mr. Schauffler! How often as I look at his name in an album he presented me, with this inscription on the title-page, "I was sick and ye visited me," do I call to mind his faithful instructions to his two scholars, who, though we could not understand one word in ten of his broken English, were sure it was something real good, from his manner, and from the tears in his eyes.

MARAH.

(Ex. xv. 23.)

MRS. WILLIAM C. EDDY.

THE waters of Marah were bitter,
I tasted and could not drink,
I was weary and scorched in the desert,
My heart was ready to sink
At that taste of the waters of Marah.

The burning bush of His glory
I had seen in darkest night,
And the pillar of cloud before me
Had led me into the light;
Out of darkness, into the light.

Up from the river of sorrow,
Where I saw my loved ones cross,
He opened the way before me,
And sweetened every loss.
More and more of His love for each loss.

Leaning thus upon my Belovéd,
The wilderness bloomed as the rose.
I joyed in my love with singing,
And looked for sweet repose.
Alas! for one's secret foes.

We bow to the hand that hath taken
Our loved ones, our wealth, or our fame;
But coldness, injustice, the scandal
That touches or blasts our good name;
These are our Marahs, and *men* we blame.

Nay, but the cloudy pillar
Led even to Marah's brink.
And the deep, firm love of the Father
Said, Poor child, stoop and drink
Of the bitter cup He drank!

Then I will sweeten the waters,
With leaves from the Tree of Life,
And the tonic of Marah shall strengthen,
And carry thee through the strife,
Winning, through Him, eternal life.

All the journey is over,
 The desert lies behind;
 Cross the river to Canaan,
 Its waves no longer mind,
 For *He* waits at the open portal!

AN UNFASHIONABLE VIEW OF THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

ANNA L. DAWES.

"HASTE not," is as necessary an admonition as "Rest not," but in the ambitious struggle for the highest things, even though at the expense of the best things, we are too apt to ignore the half of the proverb and to despise our past, forgetting that Experience has not only brought forth Prejudice, but is also the mother of Wisdom. We have but lately learned that our rage for a universal college education for our boys is a great mistake: do not let us repeat the mistake with their sisters. I am strongly convinced that in the effort to remedy a great defect in our system of education for women, we are hurrying on both blindly and too fast, and need to stop for a moment and look about us.

Do not let us give up the English courses in our first-class schools and seminaries for girls; let it still be possible, in a school of the highest character, for a young woman to acquire a thorough and fine English education, embroidered if she like with modern languages and the accomplishments, without obliging her to study Latin, Greek, or the higher mathematics. It has been my good fortune to know many cultivated and intelligent ladies, charming every circle in which they move, ready to lead or to follow in any good work, distinguished alike for brilliancy and knowledge of literature and learning, who could not pass the least of the "Harvard Examinations," or who would be rejected for the Freshman class of Smith College, women educated at the seminaries of New England, now fast pushed out of sight by the rage for a collegiate education, or passed over in the search for fashionable polish. I wish to make a plea for such schools, where a woman may learn the sciences and literature; where she may find out the structure of foreign tongues and their connection with her own; where she may learn to read and to speak the modern languages; where, in short, she may acquire the lighter branches, if she prefer them to deeper studies.

I do not wish to be understood as arguing that woman cannot

and ought not to pursue the same branches as man. On the contrary, I think that often she can and ought. A mind of exceptional strength, a thirst for knowledge that will not be satisfied with the lesser matters, the necessity for meeting the world in a hand-to-hand conflict,—these and other reasons cause many a girl to hail the new colleges for women as the promised land at whose borders her weary feet had nearly fainted. These things, however, are not true of all women, and we do the whole sex an incalculable injury when we make this species of education the goal of girlish ambition, saying—as is now the tendency—by implication, at least, that that girl is not well educated to whom Greek and Latin are unknown lands, and who has neither the capacity nor the inclination to calculate an eclipse.

So strong is this tendency toward the “higher education,” as it is called, that one after another our good schools are making the classics and the studies of which they are a type obligatory, emulating thereby the college courses of two or three very successful institutions. It is, I know, in a certain sense, a sort of struggle for self-preservation, but I am convinced that it is a great evil, and that the remedy lies in making a different public sentiment. For many women, for most women, it is a fact, however much it may be deplored, that their education is and ought to be for social uses. They have neither inclination nor time to proceed further, and the course we of New England especially are adopting is more than likely to prevent the good education of many of them. They will not—and in this they are correct judges of their own capacities—take a very advanced course, and if no good school opens its doors, and offers them a knowledge of the sciences and literature with, perhaps, some smattering of the dead languages, if no such opportunity offers, they will content themselves with very little learning and much frivolity under the auspices of some popular finishing establishment, or among the worse influences that vitiate all that is good in conventual schools.

But perhaps one of the worst features of the tendency is a certain influence exerted on the minds of immature girls of still another class, making them feel that anything short of Livy and logarithms is superficial and insufficient. Hearing so much talk of “higher education,” they naturally conclude that anything else is a lower education, and so, at the expense of all proper development, they superimpose the classical learning, forgetting that in mind as in muscle there are diversities of gifts. It is in no sense superficiality for which I plead, but rather a better adaptation of means of

mental culture to the material upon which it works, and the end for which it is designed.

It will very soon come to this: the parents of a bright and blooming girl, who desire her best good, will have only the alternative of what is technically known as a "fashionable school," or the mental strain and doubtful advantage of a collegiate training, neither being in the least suited to develop from the girl in question a well-educated and womanly member of society.

I say "doubtful advantage of a collegiate training." Understand me to mean that such a mental discipline is entirely relative. There are women for whom it is as necessary as air and sunshine to a plant, but I insist that there are other women for whom it is not only unnecessary, but wholly undesirable. Very few of the wildest advocates of woman's equality with man, claim that her mind is just like his, and a considerable experience in a large and varied circle of brilliant and able women has led me to conclude that the more a woman's mind is like a man's, the more exceptional it is. Therefore I claim that most girls — it seems too evident to need remark, — require a different training from boys, and for this reason I protest against the tendency to increase the higher branches *as compulsory* in their education.

Give every chance to those women who need and want an advanced course, in their own colleges, even if it should prove a successful experiment, under the auspices of Harvard College itself, but do not either oblige or persuade every girl who wants a thorough and useful education to stretch herself to the measure of her differently constituted sister. It is a cruelty equal only to that of hampering that same sister by the bounds of another's capacity. In these days when we are trying every device to make the Procrustean bed of our college courses for boys into India-rubber couches, so that it is indeed the boast of our greatest university, that one need not there study anything that he does not fancy, it is hardly consistent to become more and more strenuous, as is the undoubted tendency, that the better the school for girls, the more inflexible and far-reaching shall be its "course." Education is the bringing out of faculties, not the creating them, and that woman is the best fitted for her particular sphere in life, who has been most carefully trained in the use of her own powers, — the powers that she has, not the powers we may wish her to have.

AN IDYL OFF NANTUCKET.

EMILY P. HIDDEN.

A BOAT upon the summer sea
 Was swinging with a doubtful motion,
 As through the restless heart of ocean
 No longer throbbed from shore to shore
 Its strong pulsations full and free,
 But only struggled languidly
 Against the calm that brooded o'er.

"Let's fish no more!" cried blue-eyed Kate;
 "It really breaks my tender heart
 To see you tear their mouths apart!
 And how can you put on the bait,
 You cruel Rose? I never can!"
 And Allan sighed, "Poor little heart!"
 Half fondly and half mockingly;
 But still, like many another man,
 His inmost thought his words outran,
 And while he spoke to Kate, his eye
 Rested on Rose, the silent girl
 Who gazed across the opal sea,
 Half lost in dreamy revery.
 For on her lips of scornful curl,
 And in her eyes' unflinching pride,
 And in the firm lines of her face,
 The keen-eyed man desired to trace
 A subtile glow of softer feeling,
 And wondered, "Does she really hide
 A woman's heart 'neath that repose?
 And would it throb at my appealing?
 What bold magician knows the charm
 To rouse her from her stately calm,
 And all the fragrant grace disclose
 Within the petals of this Rose?"
 He glanced around; with hooks and nets
 Merciful Katie still was fishing,
 But in the apostolic style —
 Instead of fishes, two cadets,
 Who found her angling so bewitching
 When hook and net were pout and smile!

So Allan spoke: "Queen Rose, you seem
 To gaze upon Nantucket's shore,
 As if you floated in a dream
 Adown a dark, mysterious stream,

And looked, as ladies watched of yore,
To see a hero-knight arise,
From deadly fray or bold emprise,
To greet his guerdon in your eyes."

"There are no heroes, now," said she,
With cool, disdainful, wearied air,
Still gazing o'er the waves to where
A dim, gray island met the sea.

"I wish there'd be a ninth Crusade,
Or Arthur's knights would come once more,
Or of Nantucket's prosy shore
A second Ilium might be made.
No flame of genius lights our page.
Our muse is dumb. No martyr wakes
Religious zeal. No hero breaks
The level of this leaden age."

"And yet, on that prosaic shore,
A hero may have been," said he;

"A knight or martyr here might be,
Who never cross or armor wore.
Just off Nantucket's ragged coast,
One day last year a boat went down,
In sight of dwellers in the town,
And all on board, but one, were lost.
But there were two who caught an oar,
And floated for a moment; they
Had comrades been for many a day,
Had danger shared on many a shore;
And facing death 'mid Alpine snow,
Or fighting with an Indian horde,
Makes closer friends than men e'er know
At sport, or trade, or broker's board.
One felt the slight support give way
Beneath the double weight, and knew
It was too frail to float the two,
And one must sink to save the other.
One last look on the sky and wave,
One last look on his more than brother,
Who, should he pause to give him choice,
Would do the same, — with ringing voice,
That never faltered, strong and brave
As when they scaled an Alpine height,
And echoed back the eagle's cry, —
He shouted, 'One must go. Good by,
God bless you!' and was lost from sight.
So I was saved. But now alone
I ever hear that voice repeat,
'Good by, God bless you!' clear and sweet,
In winds that sigh and tides that moan."

The red lips lost their scornful curl
And quivered now with tender pain;
From the brown lashes of the girl
The tears fell like a summer rain.
“That was a hero! ‘Greater love
Hath no man!’” Passionately thrilled
The vibrant tones; her soul was filled
With reverence all words above.
The magic of self-sacrifice
Had waked the statue from its sleeping,
And in the radiance of her eyes,
The passion she had long been keeping
With maiden coyness from his sight,
Flashed like an angel into light.
And, seeing how that marble face
Was glorified with tender grace,
He murmured to himself, apart,
“Ah! Now I see the Rose’s heart!”

A “CREATURE OF CIRCUMSTANCE.”

ALICE W. MERRIAM MOORE.

SOMEWHERE, not in that fascinating country of romance whose border-line is ever enchantingly vague and arbitrarily indefinite, but a somewhere down upon the map and within the limits of the very prosaic State of Michigan, there lies sleeping peacefully a little gray lake. As is the invariable custom in the aforesaid State, the inseparable crony and stanch supporter of the lake is a hotel of complacent aspect, which, inasmuch as railroads have not yet reached that small finger-print of civilization, does not, in common with the western branch of its tribe, style itself the “St. Cloud,” or the “National,” or the “Occidental,” but contents itself with the simple appellation of the “Lake House.” This hotel forms the nucleus of a collection of small dwelling-houses, one store, one church, and one schoolhouse, the nearest large town being nine miles away. The population of the hamlet is aquatic to a boy and Methodistic to a woman; their literature consists of two prayer-books, a “Family Annual” and a catechism apiece, and their yearly round of public amusements of two balls at the hotel and a protracted meeting at the church. Of the adult male portion of the community little is to be said, since they are seldom visible, but the deponent testifieth to the entire truth of the rest, since,

like the historic and unflinching Chicken Little, she has seen with her eyes and heard with her ears.

The lake, which is however of most importance; is a pretty, though aggravating sheet, for it is perpetually deluding the voyager on its surface, with fascinating twists and inlets, which on exploration turn out mere subterfuges, whose shores are barren cornfields, whereon the water shallows exasperatingly; yet it has its beauties as well, with an entire freedom from conventional ways of living, and thither it was that Viator and Eglantine fled from the madding crowd one July day, as fast as Prince the Swift could carry them. Their light baggage, as Eglantine enumerated it upon her fingers before it was stowed under the seat of the phaeton, was as follows, to wit: one hammock, one shawl, much paper and six pencils, one copy "New Republic," one Stedman's Poems containing "Bohemia," without which Eglantine never travels, one new novel, one (large) paper of macaroons.

The day has been a warm one, but by five o'clock in the afternoon a little waft of coolness came refreshingly to this pair of vagrants, driving slowly along the wide, level roads, with broad wheat-fields and stretches of upland meadow on either side. Just beyond, and keeping them silent company, ran the industrious brown river, which Eglantine stigmatized as a tiresome, commonplace thing, with no soul above its everlasting turning of mill-wheels. "Very true," acquiesced Viator, "and as my pen is out of my fingers for four weeks to come, I won't attempt to convince your sceptical soul of the dignity of labor, nor ask you to consider — Oh, you don't wish considerations even mentioned? Very well, then, but don't start any moral questions, such as any humble journalist, with his country's good at heart, must feel obliged to discuss at the peril of his vacation." Like Bunyan's pilgrims, with "much pleasant discourse," the twenty miles of road rapidly grew less, and the long summer twilight had scarcely begun to fall when the low, green marshes heralding the lake came in sight, and the bell which did double duty for church and schoolhouse began to ring the time of evening service as the hotel was reached.

Supper was a secondary thing: a boat and Eglantine were affinities; and Viator having been ruthlessly torn from his third cup of tea to follow his companion to the pier, released the most promising craft from the durance vile of a small boy, a large green apple, and a box of worms, took possession thereof, and with a few long strokes, rowed out upon the slowly darkening water. Rowing and drifting by turns, they floated and talked, until into the tender

darkness of the sky the moon pushed up a slender rim from behind the hills, and in a little while hung a globe as red as blood on the edge of the eastern horizon, sending a ladder of light across the waves to the little boat. "Perfect!" breathed Eglantine. "Turneresque!" said Viator. "For shame, Viator! You are lowered to the level of your calling. It is just as if you should say of a description in the Iliad that it reminded you of one of somebody's editorials. Row me home."

Uprose the sun the next morning to begin a day of delicious idleness for the two who lingered over the late breakfast-table some hours after. "What bliss," said Eglantine, reflectively, "to have no dinner to order, no responsibility about anybody's daily bread and butter, no calls to make, no agents to interview, and not the least concern about the state of the nation." "In short," interposed Viator, "a state of blissful exile, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.' And, Eglantine, since it is to be bliss unalloyed, I am not to be wiled out of doors this scorching morning. The balcony is cool, and shall not I take mine ease in mine inn?" But Eglantine was unrelenting. They had come to go out of doors, and out of doors they went, where even at eight o'clock in the morning the sun was pouring hotly down, and after a chapter in the "New Republic," under the great trees by the water's edge, these comfort-loving mortals gravitated towards the lake, and with their various belongings bestowed in the boat, navigated themselves to the opposite shore, where a high bluff with overhanging trees promised coolness and quiet. The hammock was speedily swung, and Eglantine, inducted thereinto, lay back in dreamy content, watched Viator establish himself with his back against a neighboring tree, and with one finger between the leaves of her book, began, —

"When buttercups are blossoming,
The poets sang, 'tis best to wed."

The tree shadows slowly crept along the drowsy lake, and the squirrels came from their retreat to stare slyly at the intruders, while from the swaying heights the clear, sweet call of the wood-thrush filled the pauses, as the reader read on, with long intervals of talk between the verses.

"O worlde-worne pilgrim, passe belowe
To entre fayre Bohemia,"

chanted Eglantine, and stopped to see a mournful figure advancing toward them down the long green aisle of woods. "A tramp,"

said Viator, half rising. "Rather the wandering Jew," murmured Eglantine. "His manner has not that repose which marks the tramp fraternity." The figure approached until within speaking distance, and then, courteously enough, removed his hat and bade good morning. He was a man perhaps fifty years of age, poorly dressed and with a face both forlorn and dejected. "Did you wish to see us," asked Viator, "and will you not sit down and rest?" "You're very kind," said the unknown in a sort of lowered monotone, as if apologetic for his weariness. "No, I was n't lookin' for anybody. I was travellin' on the road over there and this seemed a kind of cool place, so I come over to rest awhile. It's a hot day to be walkin'." There was a curiously subdued air about the man, an air even of some refinement, as of one who had seen better days and had their memory forever clinging about him and oppressing him with its weight.

"Have you been travelling far?" asked Eglantine kindly, when their visitor had seated himself wearily on the soft carpet of pine needles. "Pretty far, — a matter of ten miles or so this morning, I guess, — or do you mean where I come from in the first place?" Eglantine assented, and the stranger, who like the ancient mariner had evidently a tale to tell, began, nothing loath: "I come from up above" ("Not the celestial regions, my dear, only the Upper Peninsula," interpolated Viator, *sotto voce*, in answer to Eglantine's bewildered look), "a matter of ten days ago, and I'm on my way to Detroit." "But this is surely not your nearest way to Detroit," said Viator, in some surprise. "Well, my wife used to have relations up here in Putnam," answered the stranger, "and so I stopped to see them, and thought I'd walk to Ann Arbor, and get the cars from there to Detroit. My wife and her folks, they came from Putnam, Conn., and we always set great store by the name, too." "Do you mean — are you a New England man?" asked Eglantine eagerly, for New England was the Mecca of this young person's faith, and a fellow-Moslem was always sure of some consideration from her. "Yes 'm," answered the stranger, with some pride, "I'm a Vermont man myself, born and raised near Bennington, and I've lived a pretty mixed-up kind of a life. It's considerable of a story, and I do' no as you'd care to hear it." Being reassured of that point, he went on, "Father lived on a farm, and you know what farms are up on those hills. I used to think that if he could 'a' come out here, he'd 'a' felt like Moses surveyin' the Promised Land. I went to the academy winters and farmed summers, but I never had much taste for farmin',

and pretty soon mother took it into her head I ought to go to college, and I liked the notion myself. So she got the minister to teach me Greek and Latin — you would n't think it, but I was quite a scholar those days, and could hold my own with any of 'em on the conjugations and Greek particles. I suppose I've got kind of careless in my talk, living among all kinds of folks. Well, I stayed two years in college, and then I somehow got tired and thought to myself that perhaps teachin' was more my sphere, and so I left, though mother hated to have me, and wanted I should be a minister. I heard of a school down in Connecticut. Mother's cousin lived in Putnam, and he let us know about it, and I went there to stay a year. It was there I met my wife, one of the prettiest, brightest girls anywhere about, and as smart as she could be. She'd a will of her own, too; I would n't give much for a woman who had n't.

“So we were engaged, and then nothing would do but I must study law between whiles, for a settled profession, she said; and as I'd got tired of school somehow, I thought perhaps it would be a good chance. So I went into Lawyer Babbitt's office. I had n't much money, to be sure, but mother sent me some, and there I stayed 'most another year. Yet, 't was dull work, and when, that spring, Mary's father made up his mind to sell out and come to Michigan, I made up mine that I'd come too. As it happened, just then Uncle Sam, who lived down in Maine, died and left me some money, about \$5,000, because I was his only nephew and he'd always been real fond of mother. So Mary and I concluded to be married and come to Michigan with the rest, and then kind of prospect 'round and see where we'd settle. So married we was, goin' up home the week after to bid good by to the old folks before we started. When we got out here, Mary's folks settled in a little town in the eastern part of the State, and after I'd looked 'round awhile, I says to Mary that the town had most everything else and I thought it ought to have a newspaper. I always thought I'd like to be an editor, and I was one of them that always knew all the news. So I got the fixin's and started in. I called the paper the 'Banner of Civilization,' and in the first number had a long editorial, pitchin' into the folks at Washington for not attendin' to business more, and I sent a copy to the President, too, invitin' him to become a permanent subscriber. The folks all round liked the paper ever so much and most all put down their names for it. Some of 'em paid in buckwheat, or apples, or wood, or butter, or other produce. So we got on splendidly, and I liked editin' better than anything I ever done. I did n't have to do much hard work, for Mary's brothers helped about

the press work considerable, and I used to get the minister and doctor to do some writing for me. You see it tickled them to see themselves in print, and the most I had to do was to go round and hear what folks said, and pick up news.

"We stayed on there five years or so, and then I kind of got uneasy, and told Mary that I thought a taste of city life would do us good. About then I fell in with a man who had a patent for a new kind of screw, and we joined company, and went to Detroit to manufacture it. I put into the capital the rest of my five thousand dollars (the paper had n't paid anything great), and it looked as if we were going to be rich men in no time; but after we'd got running with all the machinery, it come to that the patent was just about what another man had got up before, and he went to law about it, and the end was that we had not a cent left in the world, either of us. It was pretty hard lines for Mary and the children; but she always had a brave heart of her own, and kept up well. We moved out into the country again, and there I got a little school to teach winters; and when the only house-painter in the place died, I got his stock cheap of his widow, and took a turn at paintin' houses in the summer time. We stayed on there some years, until one of the children (we had two, both as like their mother as could be) took sick and died, and then it somehow seemed as if I could n't stay there nohow, and so I said to Mary that maybe it would be better for us to move, and I felt as if I'd most like to go to farming again. She did n't say much, and I could see her heart was set on the place where we'd made the baby's little grave, but I honestly thought 't would be better for her to go away from there. So we took what little money she'd put by, and some her father sent, and bought a little farm over in Canada, along the line of the Great Western Railway, and then I went to work in real good earnest. I tell you, I did work in those days; for it kind of come over me that my Mary had had a hard life, and that if I'd stuck to one thing, I might have made it easier for her. And those days were the happiest I ever knew. When I'm travelling about now, I kind of look back and see in my mind how it was in the spring noons when I'd come in from the plantin', and Mary and the boy would be standin' in the kitchen door, with the sun streamin' over 'em, lookin' so bright and pleased; and then in the fall when I'd most done harvestin', and would take the two out nuttin', coming home just about sundown.

"Mary's face would be flushed and her big eyes bright, as she'd look round and say how beautiful it was; and it was just like a

picture, — all those big fields, some of 'em just green with the winter wheat, and the woods beyond with their bright leaves and dark background of evergreens.

“I suppose it was all too good to last; but when one of the neighbors said to me that Mary worked too hard, and was n't well, I could n't believe him, and said to myself that 't was only the cold weather, and when spring come she'd be all right again. And I suppose the Lord's all right was n't what mine meant (though he knows I tried to feel it was), for the birds had just come and the warm April days, when he took her; and she, — she was glad to go, she said.

“I could always see that she felt to God just as clinging and trustful as our children did to her, and as if she had tight hold of his hand, day in and day out, and knowing that, there was only one thing that troubled me. The only minister around there, you see, was a Roman Catholic priest, but he used to come and talk with Mary while she was sick, and she used to like to have him, for all she was brought up strict Orthodox and was a member in good and regular standin'. And when she was dyin' she asked me if I'd have her buried in the Catholic buryin'-ground, and I could n't deny her that. But I said to her, 'Mary,' says I, 'just tell me that you don't believe that you're going to what those Catholics call purgatory — not that!' She kind of smiled up at me and said, as if she were talkin' to herself, so I could just catch the words, 'are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory,' and so I was easy in my mind, for I knew she was holdin' to the old catechism which we'd both learned when we were children, and that those words come out of. I somehow wanted Father Paul (that was the priest) to know that she did n't hold to all his doctrines, and said as much to him, but he turned round to me and he says, 'My son, the good God has in himself the righting of our differences, and the holy Jerusalem which is above is free'; and so I did n't say anything else, for I thought then that he looked a little beyond of what I did.

“That day she was buried. It's a little graveyard round a church, about thirty miles east of Hamilton. You can see it from the railroad, if you've ever been that way.”

Eglantine silently assented, for a picture came into her mind seen when a broken wheel detained a train upon a high embankment one day; the blue line of Lake Ontario gleaming in the distance thirteen miles away, and the little, lonely churchyard, with its scattered

graves, lying peaceful and desolate through seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, grand in their silence and repose.

The man went on. "The boy did n't live long after his mother, so I was left alone; and I sold the farm, and went off up the lakes, huntin' and trappin' in winter, and livin' on as best I could these twelve years since. I don't know why it's been, but somehow I never seemed to get ahead any, and yet everybody used to say I had faculty enough. Perhaps it was because I was one of them that always think the thing ahead of them is better than the thing they are doin'. I don't know. Hope I've not tired you out with this long story; your wife there" (this to Viator) "looked sort of interested, and 'tain't many folks does. And now I must be goin', for I want to get to Detroit to-night. Think I can get a job there to set type, perhaps." And he rose to go. "One minute," said Viator hurriedly, "if you will allow me." And he tried to press something into the man's hand. But the stranger drew back with real pride. "No, sir, no," he said, "I never took charity yet from any man, and I can't now. I'd like it, though, if the lady would kindly shake hands with me. I ain't had much sight of women lately."

Eglantine promptly laid her hand in the half-offered palm, bidding its owner a warm God-speed, and so the wanderer turned and went his lonely way.

The two watched the solitary figure gain the dusty highroad, with only one look at the restful coolness he had left behind, and then looked into each other's faces. "It is written that when heaven and earth were not, the Eternal begot two sons, one to pray and offer up sacrifice, the other to say, 'Perhaps,'" quoted Eglantine, very sadly.

SARAH ORNE'S SAMPLER.

"Wrought y^e year 1765."

SARAH L. BAILEY.

[A hundred years ago, and down to within a much later period, a young lady's education was not thought to be finished until she had wrought a sampler, that is, had made in cross-stitch, on canvas, with silk, the letters of the alphabet and her own name, and had added to this work a knowledge of hem-stitch, chain-stitch, feather-stitch, and sundry other stitches, all which were to be turned to practical use in making, ornamenting, and marking the piles of linen, often homespun, which were so toilfully and so exquisitely fashioned by hand before the days of sewing-machines and stencil-plates. In the search for centennial relics, one of these ancient samplers was found at North Andover. The name on it was unrecognized by any one living in the neighborhood. Subsequently it was ascertained to have been

that of the maternal great-grandmother of the Hon. George B. Loring. While the name was still a mystery, the following lines were written (1875), a tribute to the unknown embroiderer. A wish having been several times expressed for their publication, they are now contributed to this commemorative number of the "Courant," as an illustration and memento of one of the old fashions of female education.]

Of thee, O Sarah Orne,
That on bright summer morn,
A hundred years ago,
Or dreary winter night,
The long hours' tedious flight
Didst mark in colors bright,

Token hath earth nor air,
Nor marble anywhere
Doth name or lineage bear,
Nor memory record
When thou thy life's reward
Didst welcome from thy Lord.

Was thine sweet childish face
That bowed these lines to trace,
Ye year of heavenly grace,
Or matron's brow of care,
Or age's silver hair
And placid forehead fair?

Or wast thou maid forlorn,
The butt of jest and scorn,
O unknown Sarah Orne,
Thy figure straight and slim,
Thy faded eyes and dim
Straining to cross-stitch prim?

Whate'er thou wast or art,
Thou speakest to my heart,
To work some humble part
Upon time's canvas vast,
In colors that shall last
When centuries are past.

A SYMPOSIUM.

DAISY MILLER: IS SHE A CARICATURE OR A PORTRAIT?

BY ALICE FRENCH.

Characters: LESLIE, THE COUNTESS ANGELIQUE, ETHEL, CARL, THEODORA.

[*The scene is a "Room in the House of Theodora." The hostess is giving her four most intimate friends a dinner party—rather, the dinner is happily over, and the party is in progress. Five young women are gathered around an open fire, sipping black coffee and Chartreuse. They have discussed the weather, their friends, and Mr. W. H. Mallock. There is a pause. At last Theodora speaks.*]

THEODORA. Girls, let us have a symposium.

ETHEL (*opening her dark eyes, and raising one graceful shoulder the least in the world*). A which? Not one of those dreadful things in the "North American"?

CARL (*with sudden animation*). Yes. Let us take the Chinese Question, and each give her opinion. The Chinese *must* go back!

LESLIE. Listen to the Pacific Slope! But you are all alone, Carl, one to four. Besides, you are the only one of us who has lived in California, and really knows anything about it. Don't you think it would be better to take something we all know a little about?

ANGELIQUE. Why not Daisy Miller? We have all read it, haven't we?

(*General applause. It is decided to discuss Daisy Miller. Carl is appointed chairman, and each person present is expected to speak in order. The symposium begins.*)

LESLIE. In my opinion, Daisy Miller is a caricature, immensely clever, but still a caricature, and, in as far as it is so, unworthy of such an artist as James. I suppose I know the class of girls Mr. James means, and I have met them abroad. They do outrageous things, but I don't think they do just the *kind* of things Daisy does. Think of a girl rushing off to Chillon with a man she had never seen but once, and had not been introduced to then—only met him by accident! Why, it's preposterous!

THEODORA. Preposterous fact. I myself—

CARL. I'm sorry to interrupt Theodora's confessions, but Miss Graham has the floor.

LESLIE. American girls pay no attention to public opinion in the countries where they are; they go out walking alone, they

receive calls from gentlemen without a chaperone, and lay all the conventionalities in ruins about them; they are loud and rude and ill-bred, but they are *not* immodest!

(CHORUS. *Neither is Daisy Miller!* THEODORA. *I my—*)

CARL (*who knows her rights and knowing dares maintain*). Order! order!

LESLIE. I know she is modest. That is just where I quarrel with James. He does n't make his character consistent with itself. An American girl, as old as Daisy Miller, with as much knowledge of the world as she is represented as having, might have gone to the Coliseum by moonlight with that Italian, but she would n't have gone to Chillon with what's his name! The Coliseum does n't seem to me so unpardonable as the castle. ("Oh, oh! hear her!") At least she was introduced to him. I can fancy a girl's doing the one thing, but I can't, the other. I know, anyhow, that the worst and most dreadfully American specimens *I* have seen would have been ashamed to act as Daisy did.

THEODORA. But, Leslie, I m—

CARL. It is the Countess' turn. *C'est a vous. Mademoiselle la comtesse.*

ANGELIQUE (*with the gentle politeness which she never loses*). But perhaps, Theodora—

THEODORA. Thank you, Angelique; I only wanted to say that I myself—

CARL. Theo, you are quite out of order! This is a symposium, not a debate. Angelique, please go on.

ANGELIQUE. I do not know that I am a fair judge. Though I have lived here so long, I do not see things from the American point of view. To us, it seems as though Americans were very—startling. I confess Daisy Miller reminded me of a number of girls whom I have seen on the Continent, particularly in her curious manner towards her courier.

THEODORA. Angelique is right; I myself—

CARL. Theodora, this is a symposium. Respect the imposing word. Ethel, will you please speak?

ETHEL. Daisy Miller is horrid, but I think I have met girls just as disagreeable. There are young girls here, for example, whom we all know, who go to dances at the Springs, eight miles from the city. They go in buggies with young fellows whom they have met two or three times at their dancing club. They dance until two in the morning, and drive back as they came. I don't know why, if

they were to go to Italy, they should hesitate to go to the Coliseum by moonlight with a devoted Italian, or to Chillon either. Daisy Miller doesn't use more Americanisms than they, I'm sure. You cannot be with them half an hour without hearing, "I guess," and "All right," and "Ain't he smart?" and all the rest. All Mr. James has done is to take one of these girls (who are, I firmly believe, as innocent as Daisy Miller) to Europe and let her speak for herself. ("Hear! hear!" *From Theodora*, "I my— Carl, I beg pardon.")

CARL. Is it my turn? Then I will free my mind. I do not think Mr. James is patriotic. I think he ought to show the best of his countrymen and not the worst. (*Mixed chorus*, "Yes!" "Hear! Hear!" "Oh! Give the poor little American eagle sugar-plums, do!") It does not seem to me that an author who writes for Europe as well, if not more than for America, ought always to be ridiculing his country and tacitly apologizing, as it were, for being an American. Granted there are Daisy Millers. ("Then you grant everything? That's the point.") Granted there are, is she the typical American girl? Could n't he have found an American just as true to life, of whom we should be proud instead of ashamed? But, it seems to me, Daisy Miller indicates James's weak point; he has no moral earnestness. ("Why should he have? Does an artist need to be a preacher?") No, Theo, but I think he needs to be a man in solemn earnest. Now, James always leaves you with the impression that earnestness is rather absurd.

LESLIE. I think you do James injustice. If a man tells the truth about anything clearly, he is bound to help men. "Beauty is its own excuse for being," so is truth. And I don't think we are bound to be silent about the faults of our country; we ought to show them as plainly as possible, and James is all the stronger artist that he does n't shirk facts. But for all that, the castle of Chillon scene!

THEODORA. Has n't my turn come yet?

CARL. Miss David has the floor. Theodora, you yourself —

THEODORA. Girls, I myself — knew Daisy Miller!

LESLIE. Which Daisy Miller? *The Daisy or a Daisy Miller?* (*A bell rings.*) Girls, how horrid! It is Angelique's carriage.

(*The symposium ends abruptly, no answer being given to Leslie's questions.*)

VOICES OF THE PINES.

MARIE MASON.

Oh, the pines! the pines and larch!
Where the lordly rivers march
 Grow the willow and the elm:
But the larches and the pine,
Shadowy river, are not thine

Here and there the cedars come,
Close within the larches' home;
 And the deodara stands
Stately 'mid the dusky green
As a lovely dryad-queen.

In the bounteous summer day,
Just beneath the noontide ray,
 Oft my other self and I
Seek the mezzotinted shades,
Deep within the forest glades.

There we drink our utmost fill!
Nectar, which the pines distil
 From their cups of aroma;
While the pensive larches sweep,
Lower and lower, as they weep.

There we hear the mystic rune
Breathing through the orient noon;
 Larches whispering to the pines;
Spirit voices, passed in death,
Fill with life the forest's breath, —

Voices bringing all the past,
Till our tears are falling fast;
 Voices that are sometimes heard
Moaning by the lonely shore:
Ocean grieving evermore.

Mournful voices, sweet and low;
And our pulses ebb and flow
 To their passion's undertone;
Beating with the throbbing wires
Of the mazy forest-lyres,

Till they sink and sink away,
Dying with the dying day;
 Pines and larches are at rest.
Deeper beauty still doth seem
Lingering o'er the forest's dream.

THE ABBOT COURANT.

Edited by

CARRIE N. POTTER,
LOUISE MCCUTCHEON,

HELEN L. PAGE,
EMMA F. CHADBOURNE.

HELEN R. HEYWOOD, *Business Editor.*

EDITORIAL.

THE COURANT, on this the semi-centennial year, extends a hearty greeting to all old scholars, as it opens to them again its tale of school life, and bits of news from former friends. We know our subscribers will be glad to find this number filled with articles from the pens of old classmates and friends. The contributors represent the whole period from '29 to '79.

We used all the precaution possible, but even *we* have at last succumbed to the universal fever of research in the past, and we find that even our COURANT has a history, and is not so vulgarly new as we supposed.

We quote from the unpublished history of the school, by the Misses McKeen, the following:—

“The originators of this periodical fondly fancied it was an enterprise without precedent in the school; but historical research, after its wont, goes to prove there is nothing new under the sun. We hear of lively contributions to a small manuscript paper, called the ‘Work-basket,’ in Prof. Brown’s time. In the ‘Andover Advertiser’ of the day appeared the following item: ‘The concluding exercise at the examination of Abbot Academy, on the 19th of July, 1853, was the consideration of the contents of a paper called “The Experiment,” established by the pupils during the term. The prospectus was read, terms given, contributions and advertisements solicited. On the announcement of such a formidable rival, we began to tremble for the fate of the “Advertiser.” Extracts from the four numbers published were given, exhibiting very distinguished ability and unusual versatility of talent. Subjects of vital importance from “Mother Goose’s Melodies” to the invasion of Turkey, and the probable consequences of a war, were discussed in a manner worthy of diplomatists. Twelve young ladies took part in reading from their cherished hebdomadal, and it was quite a pleasant conclusion of the occasion. When it was stated that the paper was discontinued, the fourth number closing its existence, we breathed more freely with regard to the success of the “Advertiser.””

“The classes of '71 and '72 issued a pair of rival papers called ‘The Knife’ and ‘The Fork.’ They were very sprightly, but too pointed and slashing in their style for permanence.

"The COURANT is doubtless the first periodical really published by the school. It has been cordially praised as 'bright, original, and feminine,' by the magazines of Harvard, Yale, and other colleges. With a fair patronage from old scholars, there seems no reason why it should not be a permanent thing."

We wish we had manuscripts of "The Knife" and "The Fork." We imagine from their titles they must have been rather spicy. We have, through the kindness of Mrs. Chamberlin, of Boston, come into possession of the copies of "The Experiment," written on blue-tinted paper, and have been very much interested in their perusal. The first number presents this varied and interesting table of contents: First, a learned discourse on Architecture, giving a sketch of its history, and signed E. S.; then an article on Old Age; a poem, "A Word of the Indian's Wisdom," signed E. J. Some foreign intelligence follows: then a criticism on Shady Side, and Beatrice, signed E. P.; "An Autobiography of a Broom," by L. P. Lamson; also, "A Letter from Florence," by L. H. Swift; and lastly, an article on Intemperance, by Jennie Parker.

From another number, we clip the following parody:—

The teacher's life is the life for me,
 I own I love it dearly,
 And though it is not full of glee,
 I'll take its labor cheerily.
 I'll scold and fret when in a pet,
 And when I am cross, I'll storm, sir.
 All's one to me, I plainly see,
 That I shall earn my cash, sir.

I would not be a lawyer's wife,
 Nor yet a lawyer's daughter,
 She surely leads a harassed life,
 Much like the hunted otter.
 To smile on all, both great and small,
 However proud she be, sir,
 And speak to some with flattering tongue,
 To earn her father's fee, sir.

The doctor's wife's a lady styled,
 But this I call but humming,
 For daily, with impatience wild,
 She cries, "When is he coming?"
 He's often gone, she's left alone
 Much like a lonely widow,
 And tired of life, its cares and strife,
 She's nothing but a shadow.

A teacher's life, then, let me live,
 Obtaining, while I lead it,
 Knowledge for self, and some to give
 To such poor souls as need it.
 Then I'll commence, nor grudge expense
 To get an education,
 That I may grace the youthful race,
 And benefit the nation.

Thus, although the COURANT can only boast six years of existence, yet twenty-six years ago this June its predecessor, "The Experiment," with its motto, "Experiment's one of the stepping-stones, to perfection," was first published, and we choose to consider the COURANT one of the stones on which we may draw near perfection. We hope those who come after us will continue to discover new stones, and approach nearer the goal than we have been able to do. We bequeath to you, friends of '80, our well-worn quill and our best wishes for your success. The sun of '79 is proudly setting in the brilliant evening of our fiftieth anniversary. Yours is rising on a new, and we hope richer era of our school history. *Facem prætendit ardentem!*

THE Comédie Française was presented upon the evening of March 11. After a piano duet (Marche, Militaire, Schubert), played by Mlles. Ladd and Johnson, the comédie, "La Vieille Cousine," was given, the parts being taken by Mlles. Fiske, Gerrish, Hall, Robbins, and C. A. Ladd. We were much amused at the consternation caused by the arrival of the "Old Cousin," who was, truly, very grotesque, but proved, in the end, so good a fairy. Between the first and second parts, Mlles. Ladd and Harding played a piano duet (Overture de Rosamunde, Schubert). The second part was an acting charade, partly in English and partly in French. The word was Facilité, and the interest of the plot lay in the amusing blunders of an American lady who wishes to convert her home into the likeness of a French house. Poor Miss Timmers doubtless had in the audience many sympathizing friends who but too well remembered their own experiences. At the end of the first syllable Mlle. Blodget sang a selection from "Faust" (Gounod), after which the charade closed the evening. The stage was transformed into a pretty boudoir, and all arrangements were so carefully made that we venture to pronounce the affair a charming success.

UPON the afternoon of March 12, we were permitted, through the courtesy of the Athletic Association, to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing their exhibition at the "Gym." To say that we enjoyed it is to but faintly express our pleasure—we were enthusiastic. The comments, which we innocently overheard, were quite varied. Some thought it "very rough," while to others "it did seem as if they would break each other's heads," and the tender-hearted ones were "so afraid they would be hurt," but many of us thought it "jolly," and "wished we could do it ourselves." Owing to a very deficient knowledge of technicalities, to which most of us were obliged to confess, we could not appreciate the fine points in the boxing

and wrestling, but we enjoyed them, in our own way, quite as much, perhaps. The entertainment was interspersed with music by the Phillips Glee Club, which we thought unusually admirable.

WE quote from an Abbot Academy letter in the "Phillipian":—

"On Tuesday evening, the 28th of March, our hall was transformed. One would hardly have dreamed that the gay picture-gallery presented to view was the veritable old Academy Hall. The lecture, which was so kindly given by Mr. Lovering, of Taunton, Mass., in aid of the Alumnae Association, was instructive and entertaining, and was a financial success. Mr. Lovering is by no means a professional lecturer, but an active business man, who, having a great taste for art, has made himself thoroughly acquainted with it. The pictures were of absorbing interest, the hall being frequented with visitors from morning until night of the next day. In fact, the opportunity to see them was a rare one, as the only American duplicate of this collection is that belonging to the Athenæum in Boston. The Arundel chromos are very unlike ordinary ones, having a certain richness of coloring, unusual in this class of pictures."

OUR last regular weekly prayer-meeting of the fall term was the occasion of our formal farewell to Mrs. Gutterson (*née* Wilder). Mrs. Gutterson spoke very warmly of the work to which she was about to devote herself, and most cordial good wishes for her prosperous journey and successful labor were expressed by both teachers and scholars. Passages of Scripture containing special promises were recited, and with loving prayers the pupil, friend, and teacher was committed to the tender care of the Great Father. We have lately heard of her safe arrival in Madura.

BUT few of us could accept the invitation extended to us to attend Miss Learoyd's wedding, as it took place just at the end of our Christmas holidays. Those who were so fortunate as to be there brought us such a pleasant account of the evening, that we regretted more than ever that we, too, could not have been among the first to greet Mrs. Sperry.

A SEAL bearing a graceful design by Miss Emily Means, with the legend "*Facem prætendit ardentem*," has been generously presented to the trustees of the academy by Mrs. Edward Buck, and will adorn the diplomas for the first time this year.

THE first of this term the members of the Senior Class spent a very pleasant evening at the house of Mrs. Prof. Mead, where they met the Senior Class of the seminary. The evening was a rainy one, but that, far from being an annoyance, brought with it pleasure and a taste of novelty: not that the rain in itself was novel, quite the contrary; but it *was* a novel sensation to be riding to a party in a carriage in Andover, and we were grateful for the courtesy which thus served a double purpose. After a social evening, pleasantly spent in conversation and enlivened by music, our carriage, the omnibus well known to fame, again rolled up to the door, and we bade our hostess good night, and gayly rode away,

WE had the pleasure of hearing Miss Kate Sanborn give, in our Academy Hall, two of her lectures, "Spinster Authors of England" and "Pets of Authors." The last subject at least possessed all the charm of novelty, and Miss Sanborn has a faculty of presenting well-known facts in an original manner. Both lectures were bright and entertaining.

THE Phillips Glee Club paid us a very graceful and substantial compliment, this last winter, by giving us a concert for the benefit of our Semi-Centennial fund. The results were most satisfactory, and the concert very enjoyable. The Club certainly did themselves credit, and four of our girls, who rendered some instrumental music, we were not ashamed of, to say the least. Mr. Salter's singing was very much enjoyed, and his kindness appreciated, also Mr. Brown, who played very acceptably on a French horn. We returned to our respective halls, in an elated state of mind, proud of our gallant friends of Phillips, and our schoolmates.

THE Means prize speaking was as entertaining as usual. Mr. Bierwirth received, as the audience expected, the first prize. W. E. Simonds of Peabody, and J. T. Symons of Laramie City, Wyoming, the second and third.

There was very little discussion in the self-appointed committee at Abbot as to the justice of the awards, for the majority were satisfied that it was as fair as possible, since "they all did so splendidly."

IN the latter part of the fall term our "Sphinx" came into existence. Does question arise what that can be? It is nothing more nor less than a Literary Society, organized to meet a long-felt want. It gained its name from the fact that the Sphinx (ancient) was the embodiment of feminine wisdom and strength. After the christening, a slight discrepancy arose, inasmuch as later rumors asserted that the Sphinx was not a woman after all. However, Sphinx it was, and Sphinx it will remain.

What do we do? Our programme is varied. At times, debates rouse us to giving more of a reason than the woman's "because." Again, we spend the evening with some one author, a critical essay on his genius being given, followed by songs sung, or selections read from his works. Or, perhaps, some of the more dramatic of our members give us living pictures of noted scenes. Among the most pleasing of these was one from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Our Topsy was so irrepressible that we thought she must be quite right when she "'spected she growed."

We hope to gain much by the evenings spent thus together, — to know each other better, and by learning to think, and correctly to express our thoughts, prepare ourselves for a higher culture.

THREE musical recitals have been given this year. The first on the fifteenth of March, by Mr. William H. Sherwood; the second on the fourteenth of April, by Madame Julia Rivé-King; the third on the seventeenth of May, by Mr. Edward B. Perry.

As a rule the programmes consisted of selections from Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, etc., etc. In the third we were favored

with an original composition of Prof. S. M. Downs, a song entitled "When I am Dead," rendered by Miss Laura Schirmer, for which we beg Prof. Downs to accept our hearty thanks, and the assurance of our appreciation, not only for that, but also for the rare treat he has given us in the three recitals.

EVERY one who did not go "bobbing" last winter was entirely out of fashion. Such fine coasting had not been known for several years, and the praiseworthy efforts of Nature in our behalf were ably seconded by our enthusiastic neighbors on the hill. Those of us who had the good fortune to participate in these scenes of festivity were very happy to avail ourselves of the strength and skill of the gentlemen whose kindly proffered services we were permitted to accept. The stern dictates of municipal law, however, soon put a stop to our fun, and we were forced to resume our normal condition of quiet, and go back to more tranquil amusements.

THE wise man once said, "There is nothing new under the sun." We think, if he had lived in these latter days, he might have qualified his opinion. The Senior and Senior-Middle Classes were equally surprised and delighted on Thursday, April 23, to receive written, individual invitations to a party to be given by Mrs. Phelps to the Senior Classes of Phillips Academy. It is gratifying to one's vanity to be individualized to the extent of having a separate invitation, instead of being invited because you happen to be a member of the Senior or the Senior-Middle Class.

Note paper was in great demand, and as some one remarked, "The answers to the invitations ought not to be all alike," we racked our brains to find fitting words that no one else had used. But as the English tongue is somewhat limited in its scope, after all our efforts, the originality and variety of those notes were not striking, especially as all accepted with pleasure, and no one sent regrets. We all went fully prepared to spend the delightful evening that we did, since all stiffness is quite foreign to Mrs. Phelps's pleasant home.

ON Friday evening, April 18, we attended a fine concert given by the Harvard Glee Club, under the auspices of the Senior Classes of Phillips Academy. All the elements seemed to conspire against the success of the affair, but wind, rain, and snow, either singly or combined, were not enough to shake our resolution to hear that concert, and hear it we did. The choruses were well sung, and showed good practice, the solo, "In Blossom-time," pretty and well rendered, and to be frank about it, we liked everything. But we must confess that nothing pleased us quite as well as the college songs, although we know they are not classical, and we risk our reputation as musical critics by the statement; yet when college boys get together and sing college songs, they certainly sing them with more spirit and *abandon*, and more volume of voice, than anything else. We were surprised to see so good an audience in spite of the weather, and were sorry more of our schoolmates were not there to enjoy it with us, but they have only themselves to blame for missing "one of the best things we have been to for a long time."

IF there is any one entertainment in Andover to which everybody goes, it is to a reading by Prof. Churchill, and the Town Hall was filled to overflowing on the evening of May 9, when he read, under the same auspices as the above. We were delighted to hear the selections from "Merchant of Venice,"—the crafty Jew seemed actually to stand before us in all his malignant desire for revenge. The selections that followed, some of them new and others old favorites, were all read in Prof. Churchill's own inimitable manner, and what more is needed to express our pleasure?

SCRAPS.

April showers in May.

An old lady of our acquaintance speaks of her son's "organdie" cows.

Four varieties of violets, two of anemones, beside many other spring flowers, can be found in the grove. Is this the result of much burning over?

Thanks to new trellises, the class woodbines give better promise for this year.

Early in the season a brilliant individual observed, "How sunny it will be in Andover this summer." When asked why, she replied, "The trees are beginning to leave."

On a somewhat uncertain night, so far as weather was concerned, a young gentleman (from which of the neighboring institutions we will not say) kindly offered to escort one of our number home. When fairly started, a raindrop fell, and the young lady asked, "Have you an umbrella!" "N-n-no, yes," was the answer, "I have my cane."

Two twelve-year-old boys discussing the need of money:

1st Boy. Can't do anything nor get anything without money.

2d Boy (regarding a small bunch of violets). Yes, you can. You can get these things.

1st Boy (triumphantly). Humph! Don't you have to pay taxes on the ground they grow in?

Query. What chair of political economy is that boy destined to fill?

EXCHANGES.

As we enter upon a discussion of our exchanges, we feel that we labor under a great disadvantage from not having a more frequent issue of our paper. It is almost impossible to enter into detail, and is equally difficult to make general remarks which shall be just and to the point.

There can, of course, be no very great variety in school and college papers. Every college paper serves much the same end in its place that its exchanges serve in their own, and as human nature is the same the world over, and consequently all colleges more or less alike, it is not possible nor essential that there should be a very great difference between the journalism of different colleges. In the literary departments of the papers,

however, we notice considerable variety in the space devoted to the department, the choice of subjects, and the treatment of the themes selected.

The *Williams Athenæum*, has an average of two and a half pages, but the articles are apt to be slightly disappointing. We are justified in anticipating something quite out of the usual order of college papers, when we find an article beginning, "Between the exponent and the process of force it indicates, there is ever the most intimate relationship. Each recognizes a dependency upon the other of such a nature that the former draws its interest and meaning, the latter its power of expression, from their mutual co-operation," but our expectations are not always fulfilled.

The *Beacon* is a well-arranged paper, the editorials being justly divided between matters of general and those of local interest, and the literary department usually containing some pleasantly written articles.

The *Brunonian* is principally remarkable for its bad jokes.

The *Dartmouth* has lost one of its pleasantest features, the book reviews. The discriminating exchange notes make rather the best department of the paper at present.

We were interested to learn through the *Æstrus* that the class of '80 at the University of California has a President, a first and second Vice-President, Secretary, a Treasurer, Board of Directors, three Sergeant-at-Arms, Committee on Gymnasium Entertainment, Reading Room Committee, and a Committee on Athletics. Poor '80! (No list of members was given.)

The *Bowdoin Orient* has published some very entertaining foreign letters from F. W. R. and has carried on something of a skirmish on the hazing question. The *Orient* undertakes to rather "sit on" some of its exchanges.

The *Oberlin Review* has its solid reading matter as of old. Its poetry is usually good and its criticisms sensible.

The *Parker Quarterly* we find very enjoyable. The articles are neither too light nor too deep, and the paper has a jolly free-and-easiness which is quite unusual to a girls' paper.

The *College Herald* (University of Lewisburg) has some thoughtfully written articles, but we do not like the arrangement of the departments.

As the *Berkeleyan* (University of California) partakes somewhat of the unpleasant features of the *Æstrus*, we think it must be "the way they do out there."

We find in the *Greylock Monthly* nothing particular to remark upon.

Since our last issue we have received two numbers of the *Philo Mirror*. The attractiveness of the *Mirror* has been enhanced by the addition of some cuts. The *COURANT* had the honor of being the subject of

the first of these efforts, and we fully agree with the remark which we have seen somewhere, that the sketch is remarkably true to human nature. While we are still quivering from the wound (?) inflicted by the "cut," we must thank the *Mirror* for having so mercifully spared us from any further mutilation from its editorial knife.

The artistic genius of the present number has been brought to bear upon the "Landlady Bill," which is no doubt treated with the same truth to historical facts. In the other sketch in the same issue, there seems to be a missing figure; who can it be?

The literary department is enriched by the Means Prize Orations, upon which we are so glad to refresh our memories, after having listened to them from the platform. We cannot but express our admiration, especially for the first, which, for beauty of thought and grace of expression, is superior, not only to the generality, but to many of the better class of student productions.

MARRIED.

Henrietta Learoyd to Rev. Willard G. Sperry.

Mary K. Bingham to David B. Wilson, of Dubuque.

Margaret J., daughter of Prof. W. G. T. Shedd, to Cornelius B. Gold, of New York City.

Henrietta A. Swinney to Charles E. Longley.

Leila E. Taylor to Charles T. Plunkett, of Adams.

Mary S. Crafts to C. S. Goodwin, of Ashfield.

Isa B. Bailey to Phineas Chamberlain, Esq., of Bradford, Vt.

Sarah M., daughter of Prof. Barrows, formerly of Andover, to Edward S. Dummer, of Boston.

DIED.

In Patterson, N. J., Jan. 14, of consumption, Nettie M. Lindley.

"She was continually full of a beautiful enthusiasm for every good and right thing, her face lighting up with a rare and magnetic earnestness when she spoke of the things nearest her heart. She had a clear faith in Christ when but ten or eleven years of age, and from that day to the day of her 'falling asleep' her faith never faltered, but waxed and grew."—*Patterson Daily Guardian*.

In Lowell, June —, very suddenly, Miss Anna M. Mack, daughter of Ex-Mayor S. G. Mack.

Miss Mack was discussing plans for a garden party with a club of young ladies of which she was president, when she abruptly rose and left the room. Within half an hour she was dead from hemorrhage of the lungs. "She was a young lady of fine musical and literary taste, and was a great favorite among her associates."

Those who knew her at school will find it hard to imagine those bright, kindly eyes as closed in death. Few young ladies have so much to make the world attractive, but life can never be so rich that to depart and be with Christ way not be far better.

Class Organizations.

'79.

Class Color, Cardinal and Light Blue.

<i>President,</i>	JULIA E. TWICHELL.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	SUSANNA W. S. LYMAN.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	ISABEL PARKER.

'80.

Class Color, Ruby Red and Gold.

<i>President,</i>	HELEN R. HEYWOOD.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	JULIA F. ROBBINS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	HATTIE Y. SMITH.

'81.

<i>President,</i>	S. FANNIE AMES.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	CLARA S. JOHNSON.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MARGARET L. FOWLE.

'82.

<i>President,</i>	ALICE S. PARKER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	JESSIE WRIGHT.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	LENNIE W. SARGENT.

Societies.

THE SPHINX.

<i>President,</i>	ISABEL PARKER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	HELEN R. HEYWOOD.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MILLIE E. BERRY.

Executive Committee.

HELEN R. HEYWOOD,	CARRIE N. POTTER,
LOUISE MCCUTCHEON.	

LOCKWOOD, BROOKS & CO.

Booksellers and Stationers.

ALWAYS ON HAND :

All New Books on day of Publication.

Standard Books in all Departments of Literature.

Works of the Best Authors, in fine Library Bindings.

All New Holiday Issues, American and Foreign.

SPECIALTIES :

The Portable Bookcase, Eastlake Pattern, in Pine, Black Walnut, Ash and Oak, with leather fringe to match Furniture.

The Harvard Book-Rack.

Finest Stationery; Engraving of Calling Cards, Monograms, and Wedding Invitations in the correct style. Illuminating of Initial and Monogram Paper.

Every student at **Abbott Academy** should own one of our celebrated Portable Book Cases, which exceeds all others for convenience, and which *can be taken home at graduation* as easily as a trunk or old text-books. Send for a descriptive circular and a sample of our *Parisian Note*, the neatest and most handy stationery in use, as it combines paper and envelope together. For anything you want in Books and Stationery, address

LOCKWOOD, BROOKS & CO., 381 Washington Street, BOSTON.

One of the Pleasantest Summer Resorts

IN NEW ENGLAND.

MANSION HOUSE, ANDOVER,

"ON THE HILL."

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

Coach at Depot on arrival of each train. Passengers conveyed to any part of the town.

A good LIVERY STABLE connected with the house, where may be found safe carriage and saddle horses. Prices as low as the lowest.

CHARLES L. CARTER, Proprietor.

J. NEWMAN & SONS,
FLORAL ARTISTS,

BASKETS AND BOUQUETS FOR EXHIBITIONS.

Wedding Decorations, Funeral Designs.

CHOICE PLANTS, VERBENAS, Etc., \$1.00 per box.

FRESH FLOWER SEEDS.

NO. 7 TREMONT STREET BOSTON, MASS.


UNMOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS.

A Large and Choice Collection from works of OLD and MODERN
Masters, prepared expressly

FOR ART ALBUMS.

Over One Thousand Subjects.

Price, Cabinet Size - - \$1.50 per Dozen.

 Call and examine or send for Catalogue.

JOHN P. SOULE, Publisher,

338 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

E. J. DAY,

Park Street - - - - ANDOVER,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FURNITURE

OF ALL KINDS.

LOUNGES & STUDY CHAIRS

For sale or to let on reasonable terms.

FURNITURE REPAIRED and RE-UPHOLSTERED in a prompt and efficient manner.

MATTRESSES MADE OVER, and CARPETS RELAID at short notice.

The patronage of the Academies respectfully solicited.

HEYWOOD BROS. & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Chairs, Rattan Furniture,

MATS, MATTINGS,

And CHAIR CANE,

GARDNER, MASS.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES:

202 and 204 Canal Street, New York.

589, 591, 593 and 595 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.

235 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

11 South Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES

Basement of Baptist Church,

ANDOVER, MASS.

J. E. WHITING,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

ALSO, DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Toys,
Perfumery, Brushes,
Soaps, Lamps,
Chimneys, Confectionery.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS.

FINE WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING.

Main Street - - ANDOVER, MASS.

GEORGE H. PARKER,

Drugs and Medicines,
FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,

SPONGES, ETC.

Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

DRAPER'S BLOCK - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

DOW & NEAL'S MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE,

SWIFT'S BUILDING,

MAIN STREET . . . ANDOVER.

The latest styles of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Neckties, etc. Stamping and Pinking to order. Assortment of Worsted and materials for Fancy Work constantly on hand.

Agents for "Domestic Monthly" and "Domestic Paper Fashions."
Kid Gloves cleaned and dyed.

SMITH & MANNING,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

ABBOTT ACADEMY.

The first term of the next year will open on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER FOURTH. For information or admission, apply to

Miss PHILENA McKEEN,
ANDOVER, MASS.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CATALOGUE.

A general Catalogue of the Officers and Pupils of the Academy for the half-century has been prepared, and will be printed before the celebration in June. It contains the names of all the teachers and pupils ever connected with the Academy as far as can be learned, with the school address, the present or last known address, the names of husbands, the fact of the death of either, and in the case of pupils the date of death, if known, with other items of interest.

The Catalogue numbers over three thousand names, and makes a pamphlet of 128 pages. The price is 60 cents. Orders, with the money or postage stamps, may be addressed to W. F. DRAPER, Andover, Mass.

JOHN PRAY, Livery and Boarding Stable.

Horses, Carriages, Buggies, and Beach Wagons to let at reasonable rates.

HACKS FURNISHED FOR WEDDINGS, CALLS, Etc.

ANDOVER, MASS.

THE ABBOT COURANT.

Edited by

CONSTANCE WILLIAMS. '80.

SARAH F. RIPLEY, '80.

EMMA F. CHADBOURNE, '81.

CARRIE L. LADD, '81,

Business Editor.

NO.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

12.

SCHUBERT AND SPENSER.

It is common to hear the terms properly belonging to one branch of art used in describing work of another branch, as when we speak of the tone of a painting, a melodious rhyme, or a picturesque and vivid description. Some one has described a Gothic cathedral as "a poem in stone"; another has spoken of it as "frozen music."

This is surely appropriate and fitting; for must not every imaginative picture crystallize a poem, and must not every poem sing? Every true poet, too, must be, in some sense, a musician, and every musical genius is endowed with a poetic soul.

Schubert and Spenser, living in two widely differing ages, and devoted to different arts, yet possess many characteristics in common. Both give evidence in their works of finely organized natures and exquisite sensibilities. In both we find a sincere and reverent adoration of beauty; not only external beauty, which appeals to the senses, but, above all, the grand and deathless ideas which they find to be embodied in these forms. Both are ideal, and are characterized by rich and overflowing imagination; and their productions are remarkably numerous and varied, considering their finished style and the brief period of earthly existence accorded either poet or musician. This surpassing fertility of invention often leads both Schubert and Spenser into the fault of prolixity, and the uniform

sweetness and flowing melody of every composition sometimes grows monotonous and wearisome.

In order really to enjoy a poem of Spenser or one of Schubert's symphonies, it is essential that the mind of the listener should be in a state of tranquility and repose, free from all worry and vexation of petty cares and practical duties, and ready to give free course to the dreams and visions and marvellous flights of fancy sure to be evoked by the magic of the master.

Finally, each experienced in his lifetime bitter sorrow and short-lived joy, intensified by the peculiar sensitiveness belonging to the soul of an artist. Each suffered the mortifications arising from unappreciated genius; and each, while he lived, gave to the world more than he received from it.

L. F. J.

HAIR OF POET'S HEROINES.

It is interesting to notice some of the beautiful ways in which poets describe the hair of their heroines. The older poets seem to favor golden curls. Spenser, especially, gives all his heroines yellow tresses. The description of Belphoebe is a fair sample:

“Hir yellow locks crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren lovely shed,
And when the wynd amongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wyde dispred,
And low behind her back were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedless hap,
As through the flowring forest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet floures themselves did lap,
And flourishing leaves and blossoms did enwrap.”

Perhaps his partiality may be accounted for by the following passage from Epithalamion, describing his bride:

“Her long, loose, yellow locks, like golden wyre,
Sprinkled with perle and perling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantel her attire.”

But Spenser is not the only poet who admired golden tresses. Many of Scott's heroines were adorned with them. Constance's fair hair helped to betray her as she stood before her stern judges in dark Saint Cuthbert's cell, when,

“At the Prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band
That tied her tresses fair,

And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread
In ringlets rich and rare."

Margaret mourned over the corpse of her father in Branksome tower :

"All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair."
"[Clare's] Bright locks, with sunny glow,
Again adorned her brow of snow."

Tennyson's Maud had "sunny hair." Lowell, describing his little daughter says :

"And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook."

These all resemble their mother Eve, who, as Milton has told us,

"As a veil, down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils."

Byron gives the witch of the Alps

"Hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory."

Mrs. Browning thus describes a court lady :

"Her hair was tawny with gold,
Her eyes were purple with dark."

But it is not blonde beauties alone that poets describe. Scott made none of his heroines more beautiful than Ellen, Lady of the Lake :

"And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild, luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing."

Wordsworth's "Portrait" of a "perfect woman, nobly planned," contains these lines :

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair."

Tennyson writes of Kate :

"I know her by her angry air,
Her bright black eyes, her bright black hair."

Eustace painted Juliet with eyes

"Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ash-buds in the front of March."

In Whittier's picture of the Yankee girl,

"How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star, glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely the dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they."

As Ruth was gleaning,

"Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell."

Evangeline's eyes were

"Black as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
wayside, —
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
shade of her tresses."

The gardener's daughter stood, fastening back a climbing rose.

"A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Poured on one side."

Seeing the strangers watching her, she

"Dropt the branch she held, and, turning, wound
Her looser hair in braid."

English poets do not agree with the ancient Greeks in their idea that red hair is an ornament. One of the few cases in which it is mentioned is in the following passage from Aurora Leigh:

"Blush not, Nell!

Thy curls be red enough, without thy cheeks."

Among Whittier's memories is

"A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair."

"The fringed lids of hazel eyes
With soft brown tresses overblown."

Minnehaha's tresses were "flowing like the water."

Poor Blanche of Devan's hair served as a reminder of her wrongs to James Fitz James.

"A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet side."

While he swore that he would wear no other favor till he had dipped the braid in the blood of Roderick Dhu.

When the Hesperus was wrecked on the reef of Norman's Woe and the fisherman saw

"The form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast,"

"He saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows rise and fall."

Many of our modern styles of wearing the hair are old-fashioned after all. Chaucer wrote of Emelie :

"Hir yelwe hair was broidered in a tresse,
Behind hire back, a yerde longe, I gesse."

One of Spenser's heroines wore hers very smoothly.

"Her golden locks she roundly did uptye
In breaded trammels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

Alma, who welcomed Sir Guyon to the castle of temperance, had her "golden, yellow heare" "trimly woven and in tresses wrought." Lilia, who was

"A rosebud, set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her,"

shook aside her brother's hand, that

"Played the patron with her curls."

When the daughter of Mary Garvin returned to her mother's home, she

"Unclasped her cloak-hood, the firelight glistened fair
In her large, moist eyes, and over soft folds of dark brown
hair."

"[Lady Clare] Went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair."

Mrs. Browning's description of the heroine of Aurora Leigh is quite unlike any other, and reminds the reader of herself:

"The hair, too, ran its opulence of curls
In dark and bright, nor left you clear
To name the color. Too much hair, perhaps
(I'll name a fault here), for so small a head,
Which seemed to droop, on this side and on that,
As a full-blown rose, uneasy with its weight."

Perhaps we could not give a prettier closing picture than that of the Lady of the Lake, standing in her little boat:

"With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian naiad of the strand."

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

"WORCESTER!" shouted the conductor; "Change cars for Hartford and way-stations!" One of the "way-stations" was my destination; so collecting my various bundles, and tucking my small dog under my arm, I hurried from the car. Great was my dismay when I saw the train which I had intended to take moving slowly out of the depot. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," thought I, as the last car vanished from my sight, looking, oh! so much yellower and more interesting than cars in general. The next step was to hunt up a railroad official who could tell me what train to take.

"Its all owing to the dog, mum," said the weak-voiced, officious little man, after answering my inquiries. "I've often said, mum, that ladies oughtn't to travel with a dog, mum; it diverts their mind, mum, and no ladies mind wont bear diverting, mum"; after which remark he withdrew into his office, from which his head occasionally emerged, like a jack-in-the-box, to regard me with a benevolent stare, or to offer some suggestion concerning "that there pup," as he styled my little hound.

The hands of the clock moved slowly on. How should I employ myself until the train arrived? Here my meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a pale, tired-looking woman, with four children. The days shopping had evidently been too much for her; for, drawing her shawl more tightly around the baby in her arms, she sank back, exhausted, on the cushions, leaving the other members of her family to run riot through the depot.

How I wished for the the presence of Darwin, that he might have captured one of those rampaging children; for by it he could have proved his theory beyond the possibility of a doubt. A more remarkable combination of small boy and monkey I never saw. One minute climbing up the window-casement with all the agility of the ancient ape, the next, teasing in an unmistakably human voice for gingerbread.

He seemed to be the planet around which the lesser satellites, his little sisters, revolved. His word was their law; and the originality displayed by this young lord of creation in devising ways and means by which, with their united forces, they might startle and annoy every one in the station was unparalleled.

At last, having exhausted all other resources, he devoted himself to his baby sister, sleeping peacefully in her mother's arms. His

efforts were crowned with success. Soon an infant wail sounded out upon the air.

The poor mother tried to soothe her little one, but failing, turned her great, dark, pathetic eyes full upon me, with such a beseeching look that I felt my spirit burn within me, prompting me to do what, in a calmer moment, I should have shrunk from as an utter impossibility. Visions of the numerous newspaper articles I had seen, describing young women in various stages of perfection, doing missionary work in crowded depots, etc., etc., flashed across my brain, and, thinks I, *I* will be a ministering angel to this poor woman, and care for her child while she sleeps.

Unfortunately, not being accustomed to children, I knew no more what to do with this little specimen than if it had been a pterodactyl. Never mind; "duty before pleasure." So, nerving myself with thoughts of Grace Darling and all the other heroic women I had ever heard of, I marched boldly up, and asked, in the tone of a humble suppliant, if I might hold the dear baby a little while.

Only too gladly the little roll of flannel was laid across my arms, extended stiffly to receive it. With an uncomfortably conscious feeling and a very red face, I returned to my seat, endeavoring to appear perfectly at my ease.

But my thoughts were speedily taken from myself by a terrified yelp from my dog. Forgetting everything except the one fact that he was in trouble, I tucked the baby under one arm, with the other effected a separation between my dog and the horrid Darwin boy, and bestowed the rescued animal safely under the other arm.

Imagine the situation! A yelping dog, a terrified baby, the mother starting up in alarm, all the people in the depot regarding me with the greatest interest — it was too much! The ludicrousness of it all broke upon me, and, still tightly clutching both my burdens, I burst into uncontrollable laughter.

This so startled the baby that it gave vent to howls of the wildest despair. To illustrate the force of example its two little sisters chimed in with a shrill treble, while the Missing Link, the source of all the confusion, showed his penitence by adding a spirited bass.

But I was spared all further mortification by the arrival of my train; so, depositing the baby in its mother's arms, I hurried from the station, trying not to notice the look of suppressed merriment on all faces; and, subsiding into the darkest corner of the car, mentally resolved that the next time I attempted to play the part of a Sister of Charity it should be in some less public place than the Worcester depot.

THE RAMAYANA.

It is generally believed that both this great Hindu epic and the still longer poem of the Mahabharata were originally oral productions; but they are ascribed to special poets. The Ramayana is supposed to have been sung by the sons of the hero who learned it from the Brahmin Valmiki, its reputed author.

According to the traditions Valmiki originated verse in the following manner: As he was watching two loving birds building their nest, the male was killed by a missile from a rude hand. Sympathizing with the inconsolable mate, Valmiki poured out his sorrow in rhythmic accents, forming the elegy. We must remember here that Hindu philosophy regarded delicate animal bodies as inclosing human souls in prison.

The Ramayana is probably the most ancient poem in the Sanscrit language, though we cannot with certainty assign it to the Vedic age, owing to our inability to distinguish the parts which are ancient from those which are modern and post-Buddhistic. The style and dialect place it in the heroic age, and there are evidences of its popularity in India several centuries before Christ.

We are told that Lanka or Ceylon was ruled by a demon Ravana, who had extorted from the gods the promise that no mortal should destroy him, and who therefore tyrannized over the people in an alarming manner.

At length the gods became disturbed at the destruction of peace and happiness in Ceylon, and called a council to deliberate on the matter. Vishnu offered to become incarnate, — his seventh Avatar, as it is called, — and to subdue the demon.

He is born as Rama, son of Dusharutha, the king of Udyodhya, and early in life marries Sita, daughter of the king of Mitthili. But his stepmother, who has great influence over the king, causes her own son Bhuruta to be appointed heir to the throne, and Rama and Sita are forced to go into exile. "Dusharutha, overwhelmed with grief, departed to heaven, lamenting his son." But the noble Bhuruta, rejecting every ambitious thought, went to seek Rama, and thus addressed him: "Thou, who art profound in the rules of justice, — thou art king." Rama, however, mindful of his father's decision, would not accept the kingdom, but made his brother return; and for a long time Rama and Sita lived peacefully in the forest.

Ravana, the demon-monarch, at length heard of the beauty of Sita, and resolved to steal her away. He first sent a sorcerer, dis-

guised as a deer, to allure Rama from his home. The latter eagerly set out after the deer, charging his brother Lakshman to stay with Sita. The wily deer, wounded by the arrow of Rama, calls out, in Rama's voice, "Lakshman, save me!" At this Sita besought her brother-in-law to fly to the rescue of her husband. He was unwilling to disregard the command of Rama, but yielded to her entreaties.

No sooner was Sita alone than Ravana appeared, disguised as a hermit, in a red, threadbare garment, all his hair shaved except one tuft, and with three sticks and a pitcher in his hand. Sita gladly welcomes the holy brahmin to her tent, entertains him hospitably, tells him her story, — how Rama won her, and the cause of their exile. She then asks his name and lineage, and how he happens to be wandering in the forest. He suddenly declares himself to be the king of demons, who intends to have her for his bride. She indignantly remonstrates; but is borne away through the air, shrieking, and bidding the birds and flowers tell Rama of her fate. All creation is represented as shuddering at the approach of Ravana. "The summer wind ceased to breathe, and a shiver passed over the bright waves of the river."

Rama is inconsolable when, on his return, he finds his house desolate. The surrounding country is inhabited chiefly by demons and monkeys; so Rama makes a treaty with the monkey-king Sugriva, and helps him overcome his enemies. In return, Sugriva sends out emissaries in all directions to find where Sita is concealed.

The monkey Hunooman, leaping over the habitations of the sea-monsters (eight hundred miles wide), arrives at Lanka, and finds Sita pensively meditating in a garden. After giving her a token from her lord, and receiving one for the latter, Hunooman returns to his master with the news.

A bridge of rocks is quickly constructed, by the help of the monkeys, and Rama passes over to Ceylon, slays Ravana in battle, with many of his subjects, and recaptures his wife. But he will not take her to himself till she has passed unhurt through the ordeal of fire, thus receiving the witness of the gods to her fidelity. Then, their term of exile being over, the reunited pair joyfully return to Uyodhya. The poet says: "The happy, fortunate one, having destroyed the enemy of men, honored the gods by sacrifices, and gave himself up to enjoyment with Sita. His subjects were joyful, satisfied, free from sickness, sorrow, famine, and danger; no one saw the death of his child; no one was deaf, forlorn, or ignorant, none distressed, no miser, nor any one diseased."

This epic, in an introductory hymn, is likened to an impetuous torrent, "issuing from the mountains of Valmiki, and precipitating itself into the sea of Rama, which is altogether free from impurities, and rich in streams and flowers."

"The relation of this poem imparts life, fame, and strength to those who hear it. Whoever reads the story of Rama will be delivered from all sin. He who in faith reads this amidst a circle of wise men will secure to himself the blessings connected with all states of men, and, dying be absorbed into the Deity. A brahmin reading this becomes mighty in learning and eloquence; the descendant of a kshutriya reading it will become a monarch; a vishua reading it will obtain a most prosperous trade; and a shudra hearing it [a shudra is not permitted to read it] will become great."

If we compare Rama with the heroes of Homer, we find him towering above them in many points essential to the composition of a true man. Ulysses is brave, but he is also crafty and deceitful; Ajax is the personification of brute strength; and even the great Achilles appears like a pettish child, as he sits apart from his comrades, nursing his wrath. But Rama, the Hindu hero, comes nearer our idea of a Christian character than any of these great men. This appears the more wonderful when we consider that the Ramayana was written some six centuries before Christ; though, probably, it is not as old as the Iliad. Let us look carefully at the description of Rama, in the early part of Valmiki's poem:

"Attend: the numerous and rare qualities enumerated by you can with difficulty be found throughout the three worlds; not even among the Devtas have I seen any one possessed of all these. Hear: he who possesses these, and virtues far beyond, a full-orbed moon, a mine of excellence, is of Ishwakoo's race, and named Rama; of regulated mind, temperate, magnanimous, patient, illustrious, self-subdued, wise, eminent in royal duties, eloquent, fortunate, fatal to his foes, of ample shoulders, brawny arms, with neck shell-formed, and rising cheeks, eminent in archery, of mighty energy, subduing his enemies, with arms extending to the knee, manly, of fine-formed head and open front, of mighty prowess, whose body is exact in symmetry, of hyacinthine hue, who is full of courage, with eyes elongated, his chest circular and full, who is fortunate, imprinted with auspicious marks, versed in the duties of life, philanthropic, steadily pursuing rectitude, sapient, pure and humble, contemplative, equal to Prujaputi, illustrious, supporting the world, subduing his passions, the helper of all, the protector of virtue, skilled in the

Vedas and Vedantas, deep in all the Shastras, strong, acquainted with the secrets of nature, practising every duty, penetrating, amiable to all, upright, ample in knowledge, of noble mind, ever attended by the good as the ocean by rivers, the companion of truth, social, the only lovely one, Rama, the seat of every virtue, the increaser of Koushulya's joy, profound like the deep, immovable as Heemaluya, heroic as Vishnu, grateful to the sight as the full-orbed moon, in anger dreadful as the conflagration, in patience like the gentle earth, generous as Dhanuda, in verity unequalled. By these his matchless virtues he conferred felicity on his subjects, and therefore is he known by the name Rama."

This poem of twenty-five thousand verses is tedious, both on account of its length and the carefulness with which each detail is painted; but to those who love to enter the realms of antiquity, and who can cull out the beauties from the rank weeds in the midst of which they grow — to those the Ramayana cannot fail to be a garden of delight.

M. M. F.

CAMP FERN.

ON a mountain, all surrounded
By the fragrant pines and spruce trees,
Where a brook, with ceaseless chatter,
Sought its way through ferns and mosses,
Stood our tents; their snowy canvass
Only adding to the beauty
Of the quiet scene around us.

Ere night fell, we all assembled
On the rocks to watch the sunset.
When the last bright ray had faded,
Lost itself among the shadows,
For a while we sat in silence,
Thinking, till the stars were shining.
Then we rose, and sauntered slowly
Through the clearing to the brookside;
Stepped across the brook, and clambered
Up the bank to our encampment,
Where the firelight, brightly gleaming,
Soon buguiled us into laughter;
As the flames, like elfin people,
Danced upon the hemlock branches,
Or, like children of the earth-folk,
Played at hide-and-seek so gaily.

Soon the elfin callers vanished;
Soon the children, tired with playing,
Closed their bright eyes, sweetly smiling;
And we saw but dying embers.
Then we said, with best of wishes,
"Good-night, friends, until the morning."

Sweeter waking had one never:
Nought but glimmer of the sunshine
Breaking gently through the tree-tops,
Whispering, "Up! for work or pleasure!"

Many hours were spent in rambling;
Lured by the delicious coolness
Of the woods, all veiled in shadows,
Carpeted with greenest velvet,
Netted with the partridge berry.
Seats were found of rarer pattern
Than our human workmen fashion;
While around our feet, in plenty,
Grew gray mosses, scarlet lichens,—
"Fairy drinking-cups," we called them.

But, with never wearying footsteps,
Onward moved the sun above us;
And, descending his bright stairway,
Paused a moment on the mountain;
While we, on the rocks moss-covered,
Watched him as he kissed each flowret,
Tinted every shrub with beauty,
And the clouds with untold splendor,—
Then was gone; and left us singing
"Glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

E. F. C.

"DULCIS MEMOR."

It is cold and dismal, and the New England hills look gloomy enough in the distance. The sunset, although rosy, seems cold; unlike the glow of our southern sky.

As I sit by my window and look at the clouds I think of home. There is the great log-house with its long piazzas covered with vines; they cling to the mossy frames of the small windows with the tight grasp of many fingers. The faithful dog is lying on the door-step that he has guarded for years. I stand before the great fireplace,

around which generations have gathered, and watched the gum log blaze and the shadows dance on the hearth.

I see again my baby brother's dimpled hands throwing kisses to me, and hear my mother say, as her eyes fill with tears, “A year will soon be passed, and then you will be home again.”

My older brother draws the brim of his hat down over his eyes; and my father, saying, “God bless you, my little daughter,” takes me to the carriage and kisses me good-bye. Old uncle Ned whips up the greys, and we are soon rolling over the rough road toward the station.

The day is one of November's most melancholy; and, as we drive into the deep shadow of the great oak wood, the wind sighs through the bare branches, and catches up the brown, dead leaves, carrying them far away from their summer home upon the trees.

I can see a robin shivering in a poplar near the road-side, and trying to cheat himself into the idea that he is comfortable, as he warbles a few notes, doubtless his farewell to the summer. I wish I were a robin; I would build my nest in that old poplar tree, and never, never fly away.

But why am I dreaming of the good-byes, the birds, and that Southern home? I must “yield to the dictates of reason, and let the memories of the past be effaced.” But a Southerner feels lonely here in New England, where she finds no friendly black faces, no log-cabins cosily set down in large corn-fields, with beds of bright marigolds and poppies in front making a pleasing contrast with the little black faces that are always peeping out; no real plantation ‘Ha! ha!’ to disturb the busy buzz of the New England air; no kind flattering black auntie to attend to all her wants; no merry old black uncle to relate to her many strange signs, interpret her dreams, and tell her fortune.

Most of all she finds no time for this dreaming. Every one is in a hurry, and the hurry is contagious. She gets her words twisted in her efforts to talk like a Yankee; her brain is confused by the rush, and at last she gives up in despair. She talks so slowly that no one can stop to hear what she has to say, and walks so slowly that her Yankee friends get tired waiting for her. She finds no one who seems to be having a good, easy time, with nothing to do.

LLANDRILLO.

ON the coast of Wales there is an old stone house with French windows, through which you can pass to a pleasant lawn. One side of the house is thickly covered with ivy, and all around are tall elm trees ; and behind, separating the lawn from the flower-garden, is a thick hedge of bright, dark holly. The lawn runs down almost to the water's edge, where the waves break on high, black rocks. About half a mile further on is a smooth beach of yellow sand, where the children paddle all the morning in the sun, and watch their castles being carried away by the receding tide.

In one place, a little sheltered from the waves and wind, is the weir, owned by John Evans, who is the host of the stone house. At low tide the visitors all assemble around the weir, and the two dogs, Snap and Jack, are let loose. They instantly rush into the now shallow water, and are almost sure to come out bringing large, shining fish ; generally, at the right season for them, salmon. Llandrillo is the name of this little place ; although when pronounced by a Welsh person you would never recognize it. In the course of your visit you will drive over to Llandudno, the next town, about four miles away. It is quite a fashionable summer resting-place, although very quiet. The bathing-vans are small, wooden houses on wheels, with one round window in the back. They hold about three people. At high tide they are drawn to a depth of water convenient for the bathers. At low tide they are all drawn up in long lines in front of a barricade of donkeys and goat-carriages, almost constantly in demand. Not far from here is the light-house on its little island, at low tide a promontory, and easily reached from the main land. The rocks around are covered with the brightest sea-anemones, although they close instantly on seeing a shadow over them. For a little silver the old man who keeps the house will gladly show strangers from the topmost room, where the light is, down to his own little sitting-room, and tell long stories of his adventures here on stormy nights. His life has been spent almost entirely in this one lonely spot ; and since he was little more than a child it has been his pride to keep the light-reflectors around the lamp well polished. The grey stone walls of the light-house, and the sharp rocks all around it, present a dreary appearance to one not used to them, but to him they are dearer than any other place. After having once seen the place it is not easily forgotten ; and long after we had returned to our city home we thought of the old man in his lonely room, and of the old stone house at Llandrillo. H. J. G.

TWO SISTERS.

Leaf from the Journal of Elizabeth, just returned from Boarding-School.

“‘WHY am I weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?’

“Oh, that my sister could understand my sensitive nature, and how it jars upon my nervous system to hear the price of butter, the number of pigs slaughtered last week, the gossip of the last apple-bee, instead of the etherial discourses of Professor Wildcat, to which I have been accustomed. No one here understands me. How can they expect that I, exhausted by so slight an effort as writing a French theme, can apply myself to removing the particles of dust from the furniture, or tearing the little peas from their parent pod, where they adhere so tenaciously that I cannot but feel I am sundering some sacred tie. But, as my beloved room-mate said, few are afflicted with my delicate organization.

“List! my sister summons me! Is she not able to prepare the noonday meal without my assistance? ‘Death is the end of life. Ah, why should life all labor be?’ She fails to appreciate my desire to commune with nature. What does she know of the high and noble thoughts that come to me as I watch the western sky, where

‘The last faint western cloudlet, faint and rosy, ceases
blushing,

And the blue grows deep and deeper, where one trembling
planet shines.’

“Have I not tried to live the life a farmer’s daughter should live? I have roamed over the fields, where the little lambs are pastured, hoping by kind treatment to take away their fear of man; but in vain. I have plucked flowers, laden with morning dew, and, arranging them with artistic grace, placed them on the table prepared for the morning meal; hoping thus to soften and ennoble the rugged natures that gather around the board; but with no better success. Alas! alas! I am ill-fitted for a life of drudgery.

“But there is one in this great world who, I fancy, understands the secret workings of a young girl’s sensitive heart. Although he delves in the soil, his mind soars above the trivial round of common duties, and, leaving the petty occupations that drag him down, he seeks repose for his tired nerves in the solitary forest, where, at our trysting-place, I await his coming. ‘Love me all in all, or not at all,’ he said to me at our last meeting. Does he not know that

‘unfaith in aught is want of faith in all’? Oh Reginald, Reginald! The divinity which shapes our ends has brought our kindred spirits into close companionship. Let us hope they will never lose each other in the cold world.

“It is soul-satisfying to be appreciated. My father holds me,
 ‘Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.’

But I do not blame him. ‘*Humanum est errare.*’ My mother regrets the day on which she sent me from the kindly shelter of the old roof-tree, thinking my time has been misspent. How quickly she would change her mind did she but know of the countless sonnets I have addressed to her in the privacy of my own apartment. And my sister, who should be all in all to me, scorns me.

‘Scorned! To be scorned by one that I scorn,
 Is that a matter to make me fret?’

In vain I sigh for the magic charm that Merlin bestowed on Vivien, by which I might win the love of all around me.

“But I must not dwell so on my own sorrows, though, verily, they are manifold. My Mrs. Browning said truly: ‘We are wrong always when we think too much of what *we* think or are, albeit our thoughts are verily bitter as self-sacrifice.’

“What is the use of living? ‘We only toil, who are the first of things’; and there seems to be no rest for us. ‘Is there any rest in ever climbing up the climbing wave?’ But I have my Reginald to cheer my weary way. If it were not for him life, indeed, would not be worth living. He understands, with me, that ‘*we cannot live* except thus mutually we alternate, aware or unaware, the reflex act of life. The conscience and the concentration, too, make mere life love.’

“I tremble lest some evil may befall him in the far-off city whither he has gone to seek some more congenial labor.

‘Watch him kindly, stars;
 From the sweet, protecting skies
 Follow him, with tender eyes.
 Look so lovingly that he
 Cannot choose but think of me.
 Watch him kindly, stars.’

“Hark! my sister again calls me. Ah, well!

‘I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
 I woke, and found that life was duty.’

And thus it has ever been with me.

Farewell, my journal.”

[*Exit Elizabeth.*]

Soliloquy of Kate, the Stay-at-home Sister.

"Betsy! Betsy! Where is that girl? How in the world am I going to get through all this work without any help? I've ironed all the morning, mended the boys' stockings, and churned; and now I *would* like to sit down and fan myself. But no! Men must eat; so now I must see that the pies don't burn, and dish up the cabbages, beets, onions, turnips, corned beef, and potatoes; for father does like a boiled dinner. What a saving of time and strength it would be, if the men could live on the diet Betsy occasionally provides for them — flowers bathed in morning dew.

"Oh dear! its almost time for them now. Betsy! There, I forgot again! *Elizabeth!* it's time for dinner! That ought to bring her. I am sure I have shown an uncommon amount of consideration about her name. She used to think Betsy was good enough before she went to that school; but now it must be Elizabeth.

"I wonder if that is her, down in the orchard. I reckon she will have a most unpoetical cold in her head to-morrow; addressing a sonnet to our old red cow, perhaps.

"I can't be thankful enough that I am not intellectual. What should we do with two in the family? Wonder if girls ever learn anything at school except to quote poetry! I know I ought to be thankful to have such a learned sister; but it's an awful inconvenience. What a pity it is that she can't make some use of those high and noble thoughts she is so fond of! Tries to live the life of a farmer's daughter, does she? Well, perhaps she does; though just how she shows it by trying to tie a pink ribbon around the neck of an old sheep, and getting butted down for her pains, or scaring the hens out of their wits by catching a tough old specimen, and endeavoring to make it sit on her shoulder and eat crumbs from her hand, isn't very evident to my mind; but then, I am not intellectual.

"If she had only kept away from this last freak, I would have got along somehow, and have excused her idiotic actions on the ground of her having been at boarding-school. The idea of her fancying herself in love with that great, ridiculous Jeremiah Judkins — Reginald, she calls him — the great awkward, overgrown thing! What did he know about love, until she completely turned his brain (what there is of it) by quoting poetry, which he appreciates just about as much as any other donkey would, reading him sonnets, and pretending to find a soul above its sphere in his great loose-jointed frame?

"Since she came home, instead of keeping at work on his father's farm, he wanders through the woods, idling away his time in a way

that is scandalous. And now she has packed the poor innocent lamb off to Boston to find some more congenial occupation. Congenial fiddlesticks! 'He will get well fleeced, as a lamb deserves,' and come back feeling of such vast importance that the town will have to be enlarged before he can be got into it. I hinted to Betsy, the other day, that, if she intended to marry her Reginald, it wouldn't come amiss to know something about housekeeping. She turned up her nose (that didn't take any very great effort, for it's a pug, though she calls it *retroussée*) in great disgust, but, nevertheless, made an attempt.

"She began by making some biscuit; but her thoughts were soaring aloft, so, after mixing three times the receipt, and rolling them out thinner than the thinnest ginger-snaps, she put them in a cold draught to rise. Consequence was that the one hundred and twenty-five biscuit sat, instead of rising, and gave all the hens dispepsia.

"Next, she thought she would make a custard; but her head was so full of the affinities resulting from Platonic friendships (whatever those are) that the sugar burnt, the eggs made themselves into an omelette, regardless of the rest of the materials, and the milk boiled over and scalded the cat, which jumped on to the table and upset the gravy. She considers such work only fit for "menials"; and, on the whole, I hope she will keep on thinking so.

"Dear me! what a day I had yesterday! In the first place, Mrs. Dorothy Diamond fell off her shed. Don't see what on earth she was up there for — perhaps for a gossip with the barn swallows. But, anyway, she fell, and great was the fall thereof; for she isn't what Betsy would call ethereal. 'Majestic,' 'imposing,' she calls herself. I *think* she *was* imposing when she sent for mother to come and spend the day with her, — washing-day, too.

"Well, Betsy was struggling and sputtering over a poem. She had written the title, "Unrequited Affection," but got stuck on the first line, and could not leave, even if the pies baked to death, or the men went without their dinner.

"Everything went wrong. Early in the morning Abinidab Shoe-string's wife came to spend the day; and, between entertaining her, getting dinner, and washing, I was at my wit's end. Then, when I was clearing up, the door-bell rang; and, as Betsy was out in the potato-patch, communing with nature, I had to go to the door with my big calico apron, hair on end, and parboiled hands. I am not vain; but I couldn't help feeling like a scared grasshopper when I saw a

Harvard student, with his little English pug (such a pretty pair of puppies as they made!), who drawled out a feeble inquiry for 'Miss Elizabeth.'

"Well, I do declare! Here come the men, and dinner isn't half ready. I guess I had better stop complaining, and set the table."

[*Exit Kate.*

N. C. W.

NOCTES AMBROSIANAE.

THE poetry of Christopher North, though fine, is but little read: while his unique *Noctes Ambrosianae* deserves to live as long as the *Idyls of the King* or the *Drama of Exile*. In this work Wilson not only shows his own kindly humor, his stinging wit, and his power of fierce criticism, but his much more wonderful power of counterfeiting personality. Taking the most prominent living writers of his time, he apparently brings them together and converses with them on every imaginable topic.

They converse on the literature and politics of the day, giving, to a person conversant with such subjects, a good view of men's opinions on them at that time. He not only does this, but he gives to each character his own peculiar style, so naturally, that it might be supposed that these conversations were really held.

James Hogg is talking of nature in the most charmingly natural manner, giving us many beautiful descriptions of Scottish scenery, and this, with the naïve conceit which he is represented as having in regard to his own writings, makes him stand as a most natural character before us.

Then, too, though North himself is said to have admired Wordsworth very much, he puts into the mouth of the Ettrick Shepherd this criticism of him: "Wordsworth is ower wordy and ower windy; Shakespeare says as much in four words as Wordsworth in forty."

In the last appearance of Hogg in the *Noctes* his conversation is unusually brilliant, and his dream of pre-existence as a lion is said to be one of the finest pieces of modern composition. The representation of De Quincy's conversation is so much like that writer that it can hardly be distinguished from his genuine writings.

North represents himself in every light, both ludicrous and solemn, and also in his own natural character. He was, in reality, a hearty, genial man, but with a savage nature lurking just behind, which often

showed itself, especially in his criticisms and political discussions. This nature at all times made him impulsive and illogical; and his criticisms were the making or marring of many a writer.

He surpasses all other modern writers in his rhapsodies, which were not marred by being sentimental, and in his descriptions of nature, where he shows his best and truest character. In fact, he was one of the most wonderful, though not one of the greatest, geniuses of this century.

R. S. P.

THE LEAVES.

Fair messengers of Spring! What art
Has taught your myriad forms to crown
The trees with garlands dropping down,
That in the sunbeams glance and dart?

You weave a melody so rare
It lulls our souls as in a dream;
Your murmurs low, like music, seem
To lift from off our hearts all care.

The traveller, far in distant lands,
With weary footsteps seeks your shade,
And blesses e'en your shadow made
Across the burning desert sand.

Your light caresses cool his brow,
Your music lulls him to repose;
In dreams his spirit backward goes,
And views his home, far distant now.

Oh leaves! your songs shall onward flow
To hush the tumult of this life,
To still its never-ceasing strife,
When you, alas! are lying low.

A. J. M^cC.

FORTUNE'S VICTIMS.

THERE are some people who are never "in luck." They were not born under an auspicious star. The ceremony of the golden spoon was neglected at their advent; and, by a most unhappy mistake, the first article of the kind which reflected the light in their direction was of much baser metal.

Something had ruffled their god-mother's serenity just before the first presentation, and an unfortunate fatality seems to follow in consequence throughout their entire existence. Their shoe-strings always knot; their bread always falls butter-side down; their weeks are made up of Fridays, and Fridays so black they are almost blue. If the master's chair is tastefully ornamented with pins, of course their own undeniable pin-ball is found in close proximity. The cats they consign with so much satisfied benevolence to an exploration of the wonders of the river's bed are found asleep on the parlor sofa when they return home. If, in the wierd night of the year, they walk down the cellar stairs backward, in search of their fate, they fall and bump their heads in a very unromantic manner. If they have a pretty little speech all prepared for the object of their heart's devotion they find themselves on their knees, in a most pathetic attitude, with nothing to say. If they are doomed to a watery grave, it is just their luck to find it in a tub. If they attempt to put an end to their unfortunate existence by suicidal suspension, the rope gives way. Whatever they do, they wish they had done just the opposite. If they "bang" their hair, they discover, too late, that it looked better in its normal condition. If they stay at home, they wish they had gone, and if they go, they wish they had stayed at home. If they prepare for rain, it always shines, and if they prepare for sun, it invariably pours.

Everything is accounted for by its being "just their luck"; the stern decree of an inexorable fate. If they fail in lessons, it's "just their luck." If they do not succeed in business, it's "just their luck." They have an unaccountable degree of modesty in this particular. They are willing to put themselves entirely in the shade, and acquiesce in everything that befalls them. They become poor, shiftless, and miserable, — oh! it's "just their luck; they cannot help it; everything always was against them." In fact, these people seem to plume themselves on their misfortunes; to have a veritable pride in their distinction as the victims of destiny.

The success of their neighbors is not in the least accredited to their perseverance and industry; it is simply "their good fortune." This is, indeed, an easy way of disposing of all responsibility, but it is a very weak way of acquitting one's self.

A long and instructive homily could easily be written on the subject; but, undoubtedly, these inert specimens of humanity would turn away with doleful countenance; "it always was their luck to be scolded."

M. E. B.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

THE Editorial Chair! Is it possible *we* are the luckless wight sitting on the edge of it, vainly wishing for some divine afflatus to bring us such marvels of wit and wisdom as in former years have emanated from its depths? The Editorial Chair! What a mistaken idea these words conveyed to our brain when we were little girls; in other words, before we were seniors. A high, scholarly-looking stool in some room far from the madding crowd, — on it a senior (oh, wonderful distinction!), in the midst of licensed disorder, holding the inspired pen, and giving to the world some of her overplus knowledge, stored up in past years.

How different the reality! The classic seat is nothing more than an ordinary straw rocking-chair; but one, indeed, that “could a tale unfold, whose lightest word would make each particular hair to stand on end.” In its creakings we seem to hear an echo of the Latin conjugations drummed into its rockers by restless boot-heels; of the physiological as well as psychological experiments performed on its open-work surface; of the algebraic and geometric tears stowed away between its straws; and on its broad arms we can trace an Egyptian mummy, clad in high-heeled slippers and a “Derby,”; and Abraham’s wanderings pencilled side by side with the course of the earth around the sun.

For sensations experienced on occupying this chair for the first time, see former numbers of the Courant. So many appropriate remarks on the subject have been made by our predecessors that we refrain from adding our testimony. Evidently nothing remains but to produce, if we can, a grand, sweet song, through the merit of being good maids, if we cannot be clever.

As for the senior studies, we think the prevailing custom of representing them as such mountains of difficulty is a mere matter of habit. There is no denying that they are hard; but they are no more so, in proportion, than those of any other year in the course. The drill of one year fits us for greater mental exertion the next, and the senior-middle studies form an admirable preparatory course for those that follow. The great amount of writing to be done — the chronology of literature, art topics, etc. — is really the hardest part of it; but by substituting the pen for the crochet-needle, and devoting to this purpose recreation time, which last year we spent in shawl-making, the mountain will soon become a mole-hill.

The interest in our Shakespeare readings, with Miss Brownell, is well sustained. Any one fond of analyzing human nature would be interested in noticing the choice of quotations made by different members of the class. The sentimental delight in the passage, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!" The cynical dwell with peculiar emphasis on the lines, "And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me!" and "One may smile and smile and be a villain." The prudent are fond of airing Polonius's advice to his son: "Give thy thoughts no tongue"; "To thine own self be true," etc. The melancholy "have that within which passeth show," and regret that the "Everlasting has fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter"; while the gay damsels make themselves familiar with the conversations between Hamlet and Polonius.

The opening of the Fall term found our halls well filled. The new plan of accepting certificates in lieu of examinations was a great relief to the new comers, and, so far, seems to be working well.

We find it hard to reconcile ourselves to the absence of Miss Montague, with her cheery face and encouraging words; but her returning health kindles a hope that she will be with us again at no very distant time. Miss Nellie Abbott, '78, has her position. Those who knew her as a scholar know what an advantage her classes enjoy.

Miss Brownell, a graduate of Vassar, has Miss Kendall's place in South Hall, and is kindling great enthusiasm in her classes.

The South Hall girls continue to come to Smith Hall for their meals, and seem to find it no inconvenience.

The work on the grounds is progressing rapidly. The handsome wall on Abbott street is about finished, and the paths winding through our new precincts no longer exist on paper only.

From "our foreign correspondents," the Misses Barron, Barnard, and Richards, who are travelling in Europe with Miss Strickland, we hear glowing descriptions of the countries through which they are passing.

All who accepted the hospitality of Mrs. Professor Smyth voted her levee a great success.

We have had a valuable present from Mr. John Byers of New York, the husband of a former pupil. "A loan to Abbot Academy for nine hundred and ninety-nine years." It is a fine megalethoscope with sixty photographs, principally of places, and will be an invaluable assistance to the art classes. Shortly after the arrival of this instrument, Miss McKeen read us, in the hall, a note from Mrs. Byers, stating that she wished to found in the school, a scholarship of one thousand dollars to be called the

"Nancy Judson Hasseltine Scholarship." The hearty applause that followed the announcement testified our delight at her generosity. Mrs. Byers (Miss Esther H. Smith) was in school when Miss Hasseltine was the principal. The proceeds of this scholarship are to aid missionaries' daughters; and there is a peculiar appropriateness in this, as Miss Hasseltine was named for her aunt, Nancy Hasseltine Judson, the well-known missionary.

The Courant is now beginning its sixth year. The first number was issued in 1873, and it has gone steadily on from that time, issuing not more than one number a term, and of late years omitting the summer term.

The criticism was recently made that the Courant is too local. Perhaps it is for Andover readers; but its subscribers are, almost without exception, former pupils; and bits of gossip relating to school matters are of far greater interest to them than any literary production we could offer. In writing letters to any of the family who are away we do not attempt learned disquisitions or fine rhetorical passages, but tell them all the little details of home life; and so, through the Courant, we want to make the old scholars acquainted with the various changes in the buildings and grounds, so that when they come here they will feel at home. Then, too, when we celebrate our Centennial, and the record of our second half century is added to that of the first, soon to be published, the chronicles of the Courant will be of great value. It is desirable to have a complete file of the Courant; but, when it was started, little care was taken to preserve it, as it was not expected to be a permanent thing; and now numbers 1, 2, and 3 of the first volume, and numbers 1, 2, and 3 of the second volume are missing. If any one who reads this has one of these numbers, she will confer a great favor by sending it to the Editor of the Courant.

The meetings of the "Sphinx" are well attended, and the executive committee certainly succeed admirably in providing entertainment so combined with useful information that, on the principle of sugar-coated pills, we enjoy the meetings thoroughly, and, at the same time, feel that we have learned something. We miss the talent of the founders of this society, the Class of '79, but are doing our best to keep its high standard where they placed it.

A bunch of sweet-peas was sent to one of our number a few days ago, accompanied by this pretty legend: "One night, at sunset, the sun called all the clouds to follow him away for the night; but two tiny clouds were not ready to go, and, wandering away from the rest, soon lost their way. Frightened and bewildered they fell toward the ground, lighting on some dry bushes. The poor little things were so penitent that the goddess of the flowers changed them into sweet-peas."

The Class of '81 decided to go chestnuting. Gymnastic suits were considered "the thing"; so, arrayed in these, they started forth, laden with baskets, pails, and boxes to bring home the chestnuts in. In

a few hours they returned, tired, hungry, exhausted. Did they have a good time? Ye-e-es, a very nice time; only they lost their way, got stuck in a bog, were frightened by a cow, chased by a dog, and found just one chestnut.

On the evening of the 3d of June the Annual Draper Reading occurred and the hall, filled at an early hour with kind friends, indicated the interest felt in us and our doings. The programme was as follows: John Valjohn's Conscience (Victor Hugo), Julia E. Twitchell, '79; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Jr. (Dickens), Helen R. Heywood, '80; The Organ Builder (Julia C. R. Dorr), Eliza E. Stevens, '81; Mice at Play (Neil Forrest), Isabel Parker, '79; The Royal Bowman (Thompson), Mary E. Bartlett, '80; Tom's Little Star (Fanny Foster), Sarah M. Puffer, '81; The Siege of Lucknow (Tennyson), Hattie Y. Smith, '80; Fanny Squeers' Party (Dickens), Caroline N. Potter, '79; The Painter of Seville (Wilson), Louise McCutcheon, '81; Love in a Balloon (Moseley), Helen L. Page, '79.

At the time we could not tell which selection pleased us most; nor have we yet decided. We still see John Valjohn peering out into the darkness, and hear his agonizing cry. With Copps we declare the most wonderfulest thing was the valiant little Harry Walmers' devotion to his Nora. We listen to the music of the organ, and our hearts throb with pity for the stranger who takes his place among the bearers of the organ builder's bride. We are amused at the amazingly natural performance of the mice at play. We hold our breath as the roar of wild beasts in the Roman ampitheatre is heard, and with eager interest wait for the whiz of the avenging arrow from the hand of the royal bowman. We extend our condolences to Tom, and, even if provoked at the little star, are rejoiced when her meteoric nature develops into that of a steady planet. Our woman's impulse to rush into the fray at Lucknow to care for the dead and dying is quickly cooled by Fanny Squeers' invitation to tea; though we can scarcely suppress our mirth at the uncouth coquetry of our hostess. As the boyish form of the apprentice stands before the stern master painter we long to tell the story, and crave for him the aid which was so unexpectedly bestowed. And last, though by no means least, we meditate upon the shrewdness of the maiden who bestows her hand, in so unexpected a manner, upon the importunate lover who urges his suit in a balloon.

Those of us who attended the Weber Quartette concert, October 31st, enjoyed both the vocal and instrumental portions of the programme; although a change of surroundings would have enabled us to listen with greater pleasure.

Is it something necessary to the transition period from childhood to manhood or womanhood which causes young people, if themselves uninterested in a concert or lecture, to behave in such a manner as thor-

oughly to disturb those near them who do care to listen? If so, would it not be well for them to oblige the public by staying at home?

The lectures on the Art of Athens, by Mr. Davidson, are deservedly popular, as the appreciative audience which gathers in the Academy Hall on the night of each lecture testifies.

Mr. Davidson's concise and vivid language, together with the numerous and beautiful stereopticon views, which the short range of our hall exhibits with unusual brilliancy, make us feel as if we were standing on the Acropolis, and seeing for ourselves the ruin and desolation which mark the spot where formerly stood the greatest wonders of architecture that the world has ever seen.

The first lecture in the Town Hall was by Mr. John L. Stoddard. Subject: St. Petersburg.

On Nov. 8 an invited audience gathered in the Academy Hall to listen to a familiar talk on Art, given by Col. James H. Fairman, an American artist, recently returned from nine years, study abroad, and soon to settle in Boston. In addition to his versatile and suggestive talk, Col. Fairman added an exhibition of his own paintings, which drew an appreciative audience for several successive days.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL is a thing of the past; yet it seems but yesterday that all was a bustle of preparation for it. Within, sweeping and garnishing rooms for the benefit of old scholars expected at the homestead. Without, the clatter of ladders, bright bunting, and the faces of the decorators appearing most unexpectedly over the window-sill, as, one by one, our buildings were

“Decked in flags and streamers gay.”

Nor should we forget the tents which sprang up in one short day, and stood, like two great mushrooms, between Smith Hall and the old oak; and the coming of those sons of Ham, with their songs and merry laughter, who, by some magic art, converted one of those tents into a dining-hall for the hungry multitude.

The home-coming of old scholars began long before the days of the celebration; and we watched with interest the different faces, each with its own story of joy or sorrow or care, but all brightened, for the time, by the memories of the past, and the sight of former friends.

Of the two days, June 11th and 12th, we might write much, and then not tell all. Therefore, for the life and tissue of the skeleton we present we refer our readers to the History of Abbot Academy, written by the Misses McKeen, which is now in the hands of the printer. The 11th of June was devoted to reminiscences of days gone by. In the morning, exercises at the South Church, in which former principals participated. At this time Professor Smyth, president of the day, announced four \$1000 Scholarships, given by the late Hiram W. French, Esq., Mr. Edward Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Draper, and Miss Josephine Richards, '77.

The news was welcomed with vigorous applause. There was no solicitation for money on the festive occasion; yet we had hoped that some fairy would pour out untold treasures from her bountiful store through those of the alumni with whom she had entrusted it. But she did not do it. Still it is something for an institution which has lived, like ours, for fifty years without a dollar of endowment, to see the seed planted for such a fund. At Miss McKeen's previous request, several of the classes who have graduated under her, and the present school, with the aid of three or four other ladies, quietly contributed sums amounting to \$940.00.

This is the nucleus of a permanent fund, the interest of which shall be used to improve the advantages of the Academy in any way most needed.

In the afternoon two meetings were held in the Academy Hall — one for the graduates of the first thirty, another for those of the past twenty, years. In the future we shall be able to refute all derisive speeches about school-girl intimacies, after seeing, as we did, the many proofs of a strong, deep friendship which had endured the test of years and separation. The second meeting was reluctantly closed to make way for the planting of the Semi-Centennial tree. These exercises were in charge of the Class of '79, who, as representatives of the present, for these few minutes usurped the rights of the past.

In the evening came the reception in the Academy Hall. The grounds were brilliant with Japanese lanterns, and the old oak was transformed into a huge Christmas-tree. But soon the glory faded; for the rain, which into all lives must fall, came down in torrents; though it could cause no lack of good cheer within.

On the morning of the 12th the great tent was filled by an eager throng, waiting for the addresses of President L. C. Seelye and Rev. R. S. Storrs, and highest expectations were more than realized in their eloquent words. Before adjourning to the dinner-tent, a delegation of our next-door neighbors stepped forward, and, in the name of Phillips Academy, presented an elegant bronze vase, which now stands in our Academy Hall. Then the procession, escorted by the same gallant neighbors, wended its way toward the dinner-tent, marching under the Phillips Academy banner, given them by Abbot last year. The caterer did his work well, but was totally eclipsed by the "feast of reason" which followed. The after-dinner speeches by Governor Long, Professor Park, Dr. Storrs, President Chadbourne, Professor Peabody, Secretary Clark, Dr. McKenzie, and others, were exceptionally fine, and well adapted to the occasion.

Then came the end. Visitors departed; festivities ceased; and now our dear Alma Mater looks out into the future, which is not dim and misty, but radiant with promises of what is to be; and from our heart of hearts we wish her richest blessings.

CHIPS.

A little two-year-old, seeing a goat for the first time, begged, the next day, to go and see "dat dog with a handle to his face."

During the mad-dog excitement of last summer, a little fellow, being told that grandma would be mad with him for scattering paper on the carpet, promptly replied, "muzzle her, then."

One of the new scholars is so delighted with the school that she announces her intention of returning after graduation to take a post-mortem course.

Teacher: "Mention any specimens of mollusks or radiates found in the Devonian Age."

Scholar: "A fossil elephant has recently been excavated."

One of the little sisters at home prays every night, "Oh God! keep mamma and grandpa from all evil-minded men."

An enthusiastic collector of epitaphs furnishes these:

"Here lies the body of Thomas Woodhen,

The most excellent of husbands and amiable of men.

N.B. — His real name was Woodcock; but it wouldn't rhyme.

His widow."

"Here lies my wife. What better could she do
For her repose and for her husband's, too?"

"Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Siedletz waters.
If we had stuck to Epsom salts
We shouldn't be here in these 'ere vaults."

"The Lord saw good,
I was lopping off wood,
And down fell me from a tree.
I met with a check,
And broke my neck,
And so death lopped off me."

"Here lies the corpse of Susan Lee,
Who died of heart-felt pain,
Because she loved a faithless he
Who loved her not again."

Hermann and Dorothea, Part I. — Recent traslations:

"... Die Fliegen umsummen de Gläser.

Und sie gingen dahin und freuen sie alle der Kühlung" (Lines 164, 165).

"The flies buzz round the glasses, and they go in and rejoice in the coolness." Unfortunately the period after "Gläser" and the "sie," refer-

ring to the pastor, apothecary, and landlord, render such a version doubtful.

"Und so sitzend ungehem die drei den glänzend gebohten,
Runden, braumen Tisch" (Lines 169, 170).

"And thus the three, sitting by the round, brown table, waxed brilliant."

"In the gallery of the Louvre, before the statute of the 'Venus de Milo.'
Little Boy: 'I say! what did they cut her arms off for?' *Mother*: 'Because she put he fingers in the sugar-bowl.'" [College Herald.]

"Scene. Four professors examining one more unfortunate, at the divinity school. Innocent of anything scriptural was he. 'Is there no text in the whole Bible that you can tell me,' said one in grim despair. A light beamed in the young man's eye. 'Yes,' he said, with a steady gaze, 'I do remember one: "I looked up and saw four great beasts."' The young man did not pass." [Dartmouth.]

EXCHANGES.

WE find in *The Greylock Monthly* nothing of especial merit or interest.

The pages of *The Bowdoin Orient* are largely taken up with accounts of the Commencement exercises. We are in doubt whether so large a paper, issued once a fortnight, can be a success from a literary point of view.

The exchanges and book reviews still continue to be the departments of most interest in *The Dartmouth*.

The editorials of *The Oberlin Review* are remarkably interesting and practical. In our opinion the writer of the Article entitled, "The Rigor of the Nature of Things" attempted a little more than he was able to do. The subject is a good one, but the treatment of it not satisfactory.

The College Herald (University at Lewisburg) contains items of interest. We think the very ironical tone of the Article on "Washington Sights" entirely unnecessary and in poor taste. Better paper and cleaner type would add much to the general appearance.

The Beacon is a well-arranged paper, containing much of general, as well as local, interest.

The Williams Athenaeum contains an interesting Article on "Gothic Architecture," considering some of its principles and its embodiment of the peculiar characteristics of the people with whom it originated. Another Article is on "Emerson the Poet." The editorials are bright and pointed. The remainder of the paper is taken up with the usual locals and exchanges.

The Brunonian is greatly exercised on the question of the college championship. "Unless there is some authority to decide the question, there is a good prospect of editorial matter for years hence." This principle seems to be fully carried out, as every one of the editorials bears on this subject.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. George H. Gutterson (Emma J. Wilder), is the mother of a little girl, named Constance, Reed, born Sept. 14, at Dindagul, Madras, India.

Miss Weeks, '79, is teaching in Gilbertsville, N. J.

Miss Julia Twitchell, '79, in Rutland, Vt.

Miss Wilder, '78, in Bryant and Stratton's Commercial College, Boston.

Miss Olive N. Twitchell, '76, in Milbury, Mass.

Miss Mabel Wheaton, '76, in Boston Highlands.

Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne, '78, is giving lessons in painting in Williamstown.

MARRIAGES.

June 25th, Adela L. Payson to Edward P. Usher, Esq., of Lynn.

July 3d, in Boston, Lucretia H. Kendall to James E. Clark, of York, England.

Sept. 3d, in Lowell, Susie Chase to Rev. Charles F. Bradley.

July 2d, in Westminster, Vt., Esther D. Goodridge to Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, of Portland.

Feb. 6th, Carrie E. Bancroft to Burnham R. Bennet, M.D., of Concord, N.H.

Sept. 25th, in North Andover, Alice R. Davis to A. Albert Sack, Esq., of Providence, R.I.

Oct. 7th, in Cleveland, Ohio, Lilian E. Holbrook to Charles U. Burrows, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Oct. 22d, in Burlington, Vt., Emma P. Meachem to William H. Davis, of Beverley.

In St. Stephens, N. B., Ethel J. Bolton to William T. Todd, Esq., of St. Stephens.

Susan L. Farnham to J. Walter Black, of Philadelphia.

Augusta Billings to Rev. Charles H. Taintor, of Weare, N.H.

Ada M. Clarke to W. P. Bingham, of Dubuque, Iowa.

Clara Elizabeth Houghton to Henry Drummond Manson, of Bath, Me.

Class Organizations.

'80.

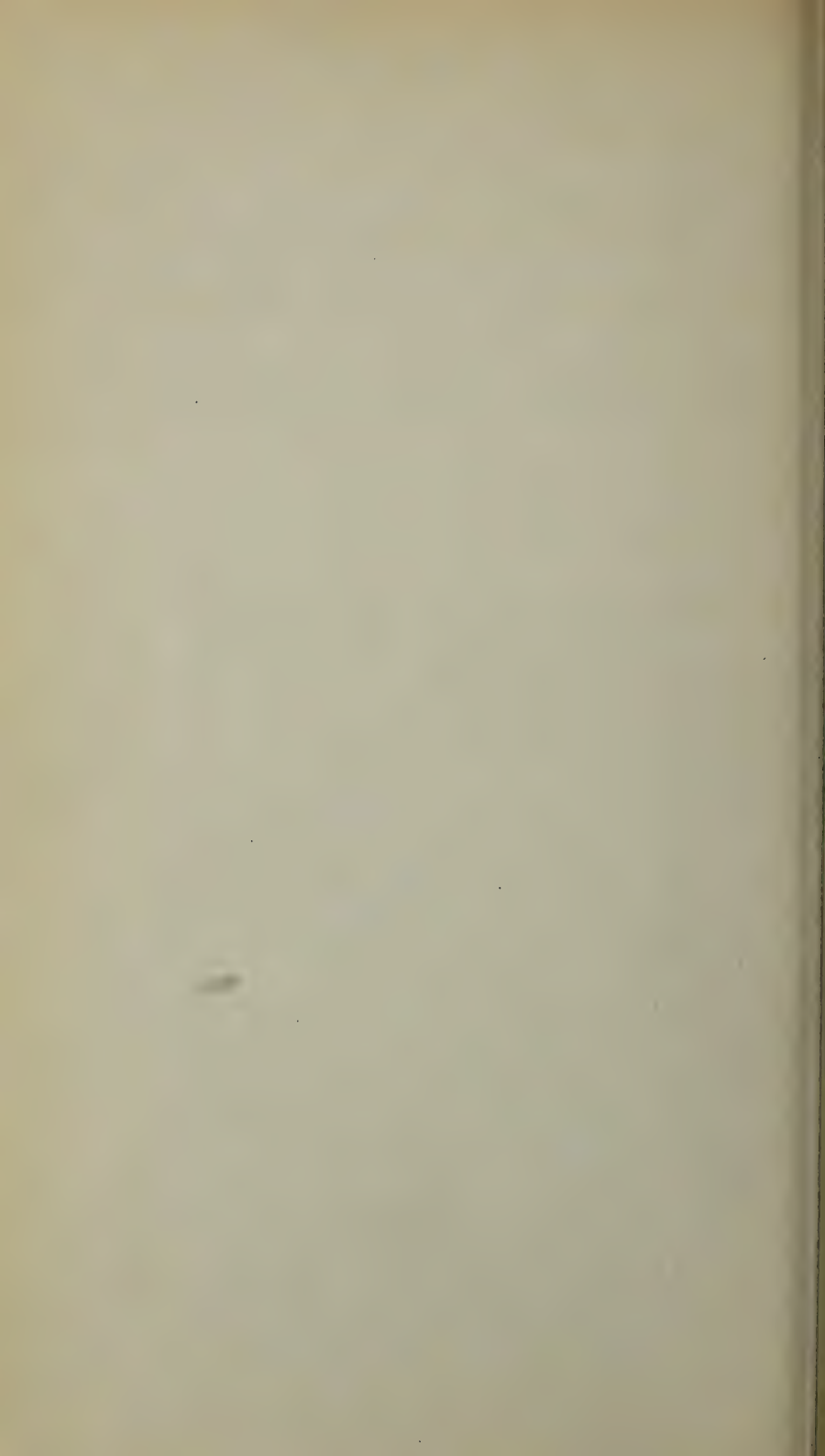
<i>President,</i>	JULIA F. ROBBINS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	MARY E. BARTLETT.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MARY ALICE ABBOTT.

'81.

<i>President,</i>	S. FANNIE AMES.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	Vacancy, pro tem.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MAGGIE L. FOWLE.

'82.

<i>President,</i>	ALICE PARKER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ALICE MAXWELL.



The Abbot Courant Advertiser.

LOCKWOOD, BROOKS, & CO.

Booksellers and Stationers.

ALWAYS ON HAND:

All New Books on the day of Publication.

Standard Books in all Departments of Literature.

Works of the Best Authors, in fine Library Bindings.

All New Holiday Issues, American and Foreign.

SPECIALTIES:

The Portable Bookcase, Eastlake Pattern, in Pine, Black Walnut, Ash, and Oak, with leather fringe to match furniture.

The Harvard Book-Rack.

Finest Stationery; Engraving of Calling Cards, Monograms, and Wedding invitations in the correct style.

Illuminating of Initial and Monogram Paper.

Every student at ABBOT ACADEMY should own one of our celebrated Portable Book-Cases, which exceeds all others for convenience, and which can be taken home at graduation as easily as a trunk or old text-book. Send for a descriptive circular and a sample of our *Parisian Note*, the neatest and most handy stationery in use, as it combines paper and envelope together. For anything you want in Books and Stationery, address

LOCKWOOD, BROOKS & CO.,
381 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Joseph Gillott's
Steel Pens
RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL,
Paris Exposition, 1878.
His Celebrated Numbers,
303-404-170-351-332,
and his other styles may be had of all dealers
throughout the world.
Joseph Gillott & Sons, New York.

SHREVE, CRUMP, & LOW,

432 Washington Street (Corner of Summer), Boston.

In our STATIONERY DEPARTMENT may be found every variety of PLAIN and FANCY NOTE PAPER, and CORRESPONDING CARDS.

VISITING AND WEDDING CARDS,
INVITATIONS,
CLASS PROGRAMMES, ETC.,
Engraved in the best manner.

Designs furnished for CLASS BADGES, RINGS, and CAPS.

SHREVE, CRUMP, & LOW,
JEWELERS, BOSTON.

UNMOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS.

A large and Choice Collection from works of OLD and MODERN
Masters, prepared expressly

FOR ART ALBUMS.

OVER ONE THOUSAND SUBJECTS.

Price, Cabinet Size, - - - \$1.50 per Dozen.

Call and examine or send for Catalogue.

JOHN P. SOULE, Publisher,

338 Washington Street, . . . BOSTON.

J. NEWMAN & SONS,
FLORAL ARTISTS,

BASKETS AND BOUQUETS, for Exhibitions,

WEDDING DECORATIONS,

FUNERAL DESIGNS.

Choice Plants, Verbenas, etc., \$1.00 per Box.

FRESH FLOWER SEEDS.

NO. 7 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

One of the Pleasantest Summer Resorts
IN NEW ENGLAND.

MANSION HOUSE, ANDOVER.

“ON THE HILL.”

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

Coach at Depot on arrival of each train. Passengers conveyed to any part of the town.

A good LIVERY STABLE connected with the house, where may be found safe carriage and saddle horses. Prices as low as the lowest.

CHARLES L. CARTER, Proprietor.

THOMAS HOWELL,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

Feathers, Mattresses, Bedding, &c.

Furniture to let in any quantity.

PARK STREET, ANDOVER.

Opposite the Post Office.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES,

Basement of Baptist Church,

ANDOVER, MASS.

J. E. WHITING,

DEALER IN

**Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE.**

ALSO, DEALER IN

FANCY GOODS, TOYS,
PERFUMERY, BRUSHES,
SOAPS, LAMPS,
CHIMNEYS, CONFECTIONERY.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

MAIN STREET, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

GEORGE H. PARKER,***DRUGS AND MEDICINES,***

FANCY, AND TOILET ARTICLES,

SPONGES, ETC.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

DRAPER'S BLOCK, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

DOW & NEAL'S
Millinery and Fancy Goods Store,
SWIFT'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET, - . - - ANDOVER, MASS.

The latest styles of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Neckties, etc.
Stamping and Pinking to order. Assortment of Worsteds and materials
for Fancy Work constantly on hand.

Agents for "Domestic Monthly" and "Domestic Paper Fashions."
Kid Gloves cleaned and dyed.

SMITH & MANNING,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS and GROCERIES,
ESSEX STREET,
ANDOVER, MASS

JOHN H. CHANDLER,

Directly opposite Post Office, Andover, Mass.,

DEALER IN

PERIODICALS,**STATIONERY,****Fancy Goods, Fruit, and Confectionery.**

Agency for Mme. Demorest's Reliable Patterns.

BENJ. BROWN,

DEALER IN

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S**BOOTS, SHOES, & RUBBERS,**

Boots and Shoes Made to Order.

SWIFT'S BUILDING, - - - MAIN STREET,

ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHN PRAY,**Livery and Boarding Stable.**Horses, Carriages, Buggies, and Beach Wagons to let at
reasonable rates.**HACKS FURNISHED FOR WEDDINGS, CALLS, ETC.**

ANDOVER, MASS.

THE ABBOT COURANT.

NO.

JUNE, 1880.

13.

In Memoriam.

By the death of Miss PHEBE F. McKEEN, Abbot Academy has lost an incomparable teacher, and the COURANT a valued supporter and friend. To her encouragement and aid this magazine owes its beginning, and much of its success is due to her kindly criticism and supervision. Duty would prompt, but love compels us to pay a tribute to her in these pages.

The circumstances of Miss Phebe's death add much to the sadness which her loss occasions. In December she went to Baltimore to pass the winter with Miss Sarah A. Jenness, hoping that rest and a milder climate would renew her failing strength. At that time her condition occasioned anxiety, more from an increasing weakness of body than from evident progress of her disease. The change proved beneficial, her strength returned to a degree, and hopes were aroused that her life would be prolonged for many months. The opinion of a physician whom she consulted a few weeks before her death confirmed these hopes. Perhaps her natural hopefulness blinded us all to the true state of her health. On the afternoon of June 2, she left Baltimore for the North, accompanied by Miss Jenness, whose sad pleasure it was to minister, until its close, to the life she had so tenderly cherished for many months.

Before many hours the most serious apprehensions were awakened as to the result of the journey. A feeling of drowsiness and exhaustion came over her at times. When the customary hour for sleep came she repeated a favorite psalm : —

“I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.”

The faithful friend sitting by her side, as the night wore on, saw that the journey for Miss Phebe was toward the heavenly home. Few words were spoken as the end drew nigh, and after the midnight hour the loving watcher

“Saw in death her eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night’s repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.”

Life was dear to her who has gone. She had promised, as she said, “to live as long as the good Lord would let her,” and she carefully husbanded her strength; but she had no shrinking from death, which was to bring her to the Saviour whom she adored, and the friends she loved.

The funeral services were observed at Bradford, Vermont, on Friday, June 4, and she was laid to sleep with her dear ones, to await the resurrection morn.

No praise which we can give will add anything to the glory of the life now ended. All praise languishes by the side of actions which sprang from a heart so loving, so true, so Christian as hers. Many things made Miss Phebe a noted and rare woman, yet nothing so impressed those who knew her as the symmetry and loveliness of her Christian life. It is a glorious thing when the character and talents of a person are such that the accidents of birth or station do not increase them, and the heart is so loyal to God that there is no need to speak of the piety of ancestors. So it was with her whom we mourn.

Doubtless the intellectual stimulus and deeply religious life of the early home among the Green Hills, described to us in “Theodora,” had much to do in forming the genius which we admired, and the character we loved in her mature years.

From her youth Miss Phebe has been known to the world as a teacher and an author. Her latest works, “The Little Mother,” “Thornton Hall,” and “Theodora,” have brought her most renown as a writer, and have become so widely known that but a mention of them is necessary. We wish, however, to speak of what seems to us the characteristic of their author, — a desire to be a spiritual help to her readers. Many writers of religious fiction — to which class these books belong — have the same desire, but their religion is often too obtrusive and didactic to be attractive; but in her books the religious life portrayed has a winsome and persuasive power.

Although she possessed undoubted talent as a writer, yet those who knew Miss Phebe as a teacher feel that in this sphere lay her greatest power; and how much she has written on the lives of girls all over the land will never be known, till *the* books above are opened and read. Years of teaching at South Hadley, Oxford, Ohio, and Andover gave her great tact in directing her classes. Extensive reading and travel furnished her with stores of knowledge; so that, especially in history, literature, and the classics, her scholars felt that she could tell them anything which they desired to know. Her natural versatility of mind invented fresh ways of conducting recitations, which prevented them from ever being uninteresting. Her ready wit added to the charm of her teaching as well as to her conversation. Some one has said that one conversing with Margaret Fuller always learned something. Such an instructive though not pedantic quality was a mark of Miss Phebe's conversational powers. An hour's talk with her left one with a mind aroused and enriched.

Here again was another charm,—the power to draw out what was best in the minds of her girls, and create in them habits of independent thought and criticism, so that her scholars did not merely echo her opinions.

The education of the heart is more than that of the head. The secret of Miss Phebe's great power lay here. She was surrounded in her class-room by those whose hearts were bound to hers by many an act of helpfulness, sympathy, or love.

If her loss as a teacher is great, what shall we say of it as a friend? Who so patient with the faults and failings of youth as she? Had any trials,—who better than she had the secret of inspiring our confidences and drawing them from us almost before we knew it? Was the heart sorrowful,—had not she too passed through the furnace of affliction, and did she not walk there again with us? Did we long for forgiveness of sin,—with what yearning love did she guide us to Him who taketh away the sin of the world!

It was this unfeigned love and sympathy that has made many of her pupils feel, in times of doubt, despondency, or grief, that her presence would set the heart right again.

How she made us feel a contempt for all that was mean, a scorn for all that was untrue, and a hatred for all that was sinful! How plainly she revealed to us our own failings, giving us the faithful wounds of a friend! With the beauty of holiness in her own life,

how easily she could make us feel it was the one thing needful for us !

With all that was gentle in her character, Miss Phebe had that severity which is the mark of strength and earnestness.

Though patient, as we have said, with the failings of others, she could tolerate nothing which showed a lack of moral power.

Her own fearlessness and boldness made her severe toward cowardice, especially where justice or truth demanded courage. Equity so marked her words and acts that all coveted her approval, and were abased by her merited reproof. A wholesome fear was mingled with the almost universal love which she inspired.

We have not tried to give a full description of Miss Phebe's character, but to represent her only as she was related to her scholars, hoping that the tribute we pay her in these words will be increased by the loving thoughts which they may arouse in the minds of all who cherish her memory.

She has gone from us, but she is now

“In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain her all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from her eyes.”

HENRIETTA LEAROYD SPERRY.

CHAUCER'S WOMEN.

THERE are few men at the present day who do not feel competent to lay down rules for woman's duty. This is no new thing. Milton adorns Eve with all the graces requisite to a truly beautiful woman, but represents all the evil she brought upon our race as the result of her not sufficiently regarding her husband's wish ; a fact for which the Bible gives us no authority.

The great English poet, whose feminine creations we are to touch upon, had well-defined views upon the subject of submission. How nearly his ideal woman approaches the ideal woman of the present day, and what were her dominant characteristics, it is our task to ascertain.

With the story of patient Griselda every reader of Chaucer is familiar. She was a model of humility and meekness under wrong ;

nor this alone, she "coude all the fete of wifely homliness," and was able to settle disputes admirably.

"Though that hire husbond absent were or non,
If gentilmen or other of that contree
Were wroth, she woulde bringen hem at on."

But her humility and obedience to her husband's will are her especial virtues.

Chaucer's perfect woman is always in subjection to her liege lord. In the mouth of Custance he puts the words, —

"Women arn borne to thraldom and penance
And to ben under mannes governance."

But that he does not think it best for all wives to imitate Griselda is seen at the end of the tale: —

"This story is said, not for that wives shoulde
Folwe Grisilde, as in humilitee,
For it were importable though they wold,
But for that every wight in his degree
Shulde be constant in adversitee,
As was Grisilde."

In Custance, the heroine of the man-of-law's tale, we notice the submission to her father's will as she goes to a far-off heathen land to marry a monarch. That she was a good Christian is shown by her labors in converting the constable in Northumberland and his wife. Her other traits of character are not given to us, the wickedness of her two mothers-in-law being especially prominent in the tale. The first hated her because she brought Christianity to the land, while the second seems to have had no motive whatever for her cruel treatment of Custance. Perhaps the popular idea that mothers-in-law are necessarily disagreeable dates back to this time.

The description of the Prioress is quite refreshing: her refined manners, her tender heart, her neat dress, modest ornaments, and her delicate features are set before us so vividly that we can form quite an accurate picture of Madame Eglantine. Her good manners at the table have become almost proverbial; how

"She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingers in hire sauce depe;
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drop ne fell upon hire brest.

Hire over lippe wiped she so clene
 That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
 Of grese whan she drunken had hire draught;
 Ful semely after hire mete she raught.

“But for to speken of hire conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She woulde wepe if that she saw a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
 Of smalle houndes hadde she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede;
 But sore wept she if on of them were dede,
 Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
 And all was conscience and tender herte.”

The tale she tells — “Litel Hew of Lincoln” — is just what one might expect from such a tender-hearted person. It is a touching little ballad.

Emelie's portrait makes one long to see her: —

“Emelie that fayrer was to sene
 Than is the lillie upon his stalke grene
 And fressher than the May with floures newe
 (For with the rose-colour strof hire hewe,
 I n'ot which was the finer of hem two).
 Hire yelwe here was broided in a tresse
 Behind hire back a yerde long I gesse.”

She was of tender heart, weeping as she saw the knights contending for her, and yet she prayed to Diana that she need not marry either of them. Still submissive to the goddess, she says: —

“And if so be thou wolt not do me grace,
 Or if my destinee be shapen so,
 That I shall nedes have on of hem two,
 As sende me him that most desireth me.”

When Arcite, after winning her by skill in arms, dies of a plague sent by the gods, Emelie is true to him and mourns him sincerely, but eventually marries Palamon and ever with him lives happily. She is a very pleasing character, although one cannot help wishing she had fallen in love with one of the knights and anxiously followed his fortunes in the tournament.

Chaucer compliments our sex by endowing his young women, so far as I have the pleasure of their acquaintance, with all the feminine virtues, though to some traits he gives a perhaps undue

prominence ; while it is not till their tempers have become soured by age and disappointments that they are deceitful, crafty, or designing. It would be pleasant to know which his own mother was like, but we have no account given of her. Still we may imagine she was like his best characters, for he seems better acquainted with that type, and draws them with a freer hand than his few undesirable women. Our sex owes much to Chaucer for giving to the world such fine specimens of true womanhood.

For a contrast look at Charles Reade's women. They are affectionate and clinging ; but jealous, suspicious, and not above petty deceit and artifices. We have found no noble woman in his works whom we should be proud to take by the hand and call friend.

Chaucer's ideal woman is noble, delicate, affectionate, and refined. The woman of the present time, in addition to this, must be cultured, must be informed in regard to the leading questions of the day and the latest publications, as well as the various branches of knowledge taught in the schools. Though she must be considerate and unselfish, yet she should have independence and strength of character ; in a word, be an intelligent, Christian woman.

M. M. F., '80.

TO A VIOLET.

SHY little woodland darling
 Blooming so free and fair,
 With the blue sky for a canopy,
 Swayed by each breath of air,

You seem to ask us to pluck you ;
 With your modest blue head bent,
 You nod us a gay invitation
 To gather before you are spent.

But how many there are, sweet violet,
 Who say as they pass you by,
 " It is naught but a common flower,"
 And leave you to wither and die.

So it is with God's great mercies :
 We see them day after day,
 Till we say, as of violets, " They're common,"
 And let them fade slowly away.

But when they are lost forever,
 And can never come back to our view,
 We see how we should have prized them,
 While yet they were fresh and new.

L. M'C.

SHAM ADMIRATION.

THE ability to form opinions which have some reasonable foundation, and yet be true to one's own personal feeling, is something much to be desired, and is a power that grows as the culture and education broaden.

Though shams are to be condemned in all things, yet the distrust of one's own judgment, and the feeling that the views of wiser critics must be right, is not entirely unbecoming, especially in school-girls, whose boldness in forming opinions without reason and stating them at all times is traditional. Fashion is the cause of many shams, as, during the late furor for antiquities in house furnishings and pottery, many persons have been led to profess admiration for what they really consider ugly, and will discard as such as soon as the fashion has passed by.

A recent writer on this subject says, that all the seeming enjoyment of and admiration for the great epics of Homer, Virgil, and other classic authors read in our schools, must be mere repetition of the opinions of others, because in studying a foreign language much attention is necessarily given to the grammatical construction and meaning of each word, and especially to all allusions, so that the study of the characteristic style and the beauties of expression, as well as the grand idea of the poet, is altogether neglected. Without doubt this is often true, though it would depend largely upon the character of the instruction given. There are comparatively few among those who speak so highly of Milton who have read, much less studied, "Paradise Lost." In regard to Milton's prose this is still more true. There is a general impression that the "Areopagitica," "Tractate on Education," and others, are worthy of careful study, and in purity and dignity of style to be ranked with the works of Burke; but though a few phrases from them have become proverbial, there are probably not many persons who have read six consecutive sentences.

A genuine discriminating admirer of Wordsworth is rare, even among those who are enthusiastic in praising him. It is absurd to think that because Wordsworth has written the Odes on Immor-

tality and Duty, such effusions as the "Idiot Boy" and "Goody Blake and Harry Gill" must be deserving of praise. However, perhaps the other extreme of refusing to see any good in Wordsworth, because he wrote so much that is poor, is equally to be censured.

We are also cautioned against expressing admiration for the works of the old artists. These works are so very ugly according to all the modern notions of beauty, the scenery and costumes as well as the faces so unattractive, that the tendency is to underrate them and see no merit whatever in them; whereas we should take into consideration the crude materials with which their creators worked, the want of patronage and sympathy in many cases, also the fact that they were true to nature as they saw it, and that they did make improvements and discoveries which prepared the way for the greater masters who were to follow them. One of the worst things in regard to this sham admiration is that it leads us to feel we must agree with the person whom we are with, and so one day praise most enthusiastically, and soon after condemn with equal rigor. It is better, where one is ignorant, to acknowledge it and be willing to learn from others, than to give another's thought as original; better still to have an opinion of one's own based upon reason, but open to conviction when we are wrong.

S. F. R., '80.

A STORY.

"BUT it's sa dark an' cold outside, mither, an' Mr. McPherson is so quick and crosslike in the mornin'. Canna I wait a bit, an' then slip along in wi'out his seein' me?"

"Na, na; dinna ye think o' that. It's nae weel for a bit chiel o' the likes o' you a plannin' an' thinkin' hoo ye can get oot o' th' wark, wi'oot bein' missed; an' ye couldnae if ye wad, for Aleck McPherson's eyes are as keen as the cat's by the wee mousie's hole, an' sad it wad be if he should ken e'en the words ye are speakin' noo, for awa' ye'd gae; an' ye know richt weel, Maggie, that it's on Donald an' yoursel' we hope to get through the winter that's only just beginnin'. What wi' the father so lang laid by fro' the fall, an' Jeannie so tender as the bonnie bluebell-itsel' in our ain Scotland, an' Aggie an' Jamie nicht owre strang, we canna play or bide quiet at hame. There's the bell, Maggie, an' ye must hurry or it will ha' done, an' ye ken yoursel' what that means. Take care o' yoursel',

my lass, an' keepit aye in mind the kind word an' act for every one ; dinna stop to think if it's a friend, or nicht be my ain kind Maggie."

Then, with a good-morning kiss, the child went out into the dark chill of the early December morning. What if the little body was not more than half warmly enough protected from the biting air, she would soon be in the mill and at work ; then the exercise would keep her warm. Poor logic, that ! Has the one who offers it made practical application of the same ?

From all quarters of the mill district come the operatives, young and old, men and women, boys and girls ; some with faces full of anxiety, for were there not a hundred calls for the dollar to be earned that day ? Others, with a reckless " don't care " look, hurried along, unmindful of any but themselves ; and little children, who, had they been your brothers and sisters, or mine, would have been nestling in the cosiest of dainty beds until the day had really begun, were in the throng, some few with happy child faces, but many, many more, thin and pale and old beyond their years. On they passed in the dim morning into the mill, where the clanging buzz and whirr of the machinery would have deafened and blinded you, and caused you to return thanks that you were not as those who verily earn their bread in sorrow.

The minutes passed, for they do so even in a mill ; at last the sun awoke and, struggling through the clouds that would have hidden him, lent what he could of his cheery light to those within the noisy rooms. It lingered for a moment lovingly upon the chestnut curls of Maggie Russell, then flitted on, dancing around the golden head of Allie, the little seven-year-old daughter of Aleck McPherson, who had come to find " Papa." Suddenly her scream caused Maggie to spring forward and battle with the steam-impelled giant, who with one turn of his massive wheel would soon have ended the little life. With all her strength she wrestled with her foe and was successful, but the baffled monster gave her a cruel blow for depriving him of his prey. Kind faces were bending over Maggie as again she opened her eyes upon the world, nor least gentle and loving was that of Aleck McPherson.

" Weel, lass," said he, " did na' a' my cross words an' ugly acts make ye a bit sorry, as the belt caught ye, that ye 'd tried to save Aleck McPherson's bairn ? "

" Na, na, maister," replied the sweet, trembling voice, " dinna ye remember what the guid Book says ? an' ye were na sae muckle

my enemy, maister, howbeit your work made ye a little sharp, off an' on. Na, na, maister, it's glad I am I could do aught for ye."

Tender hands bore the child to her home, and there at almost any time, golden-haired Allie might have been found with some gift or message from her father. The proprietors of the mill heard of the brave girl, who, at the risk of her own life, had saved another, and through them the Russells found many to lend a helping hand. The father grew stronger, and through the very man whom he had hated almost, Aleck McPherson, he found a farmer who needed his help. And now you may find them in the township of X. Little Jeannie is more like the heath than the bluebell of "Bonnie Scotland." Jamie and Aggie are rosy farmer's children. Donald is assistant overseer with Mr. McPherson, and a good, kind one he is, too, so testify all in his room. As for Maggie, she is a womanly girl, the pride of her father, the pet of her brothers and sisters, and her mother's "ain kind Maggie." '81.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV SCHWAB.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, grandmother, mother, and child
In a sultry room the time beguiled;
With play the child, the mother on dress intent;
Grandmother spins, great-grandmother bent
Sits behind the stove in her easy-chair:
And O, how heavily weighs the air!

The child speaks, "To-morrow's a holiday;
In the green forest how I will play!
How I will spring through vale and o'er height!
What flowers I'll pluck with great delight
In the meadow I love so well!
Dost thou hear how the thunders swell?"

The mother speaks, "To-morrow's a holiday,
Then will we all have a festival gay;
I'll wear my festal garments again,
For life has joy as well as pain,
Then shines the sun like gold:
Didst hear how the thunder rolled?"

Grandmother speaks, "To-morrow 's a holiday,
 Grandmother has no holiday;
 The meals she cooks, the dress she weaves,
 And naught but care for life this leaves.
 To him who does what he should, 't is well:
 Dost thou hear how the thunders swell?"

Great-grandmother speaks, "To-morrow 's a holiday,
 With death will come my happiest day.
 I cannot make merry, I cannot sing,
 I cannot care for anything;
 I can do no good in the world anywhere:
 Didst see the fall of the lightning there?"

They do not see, they do not hear,
 Then flames the room with the lightning's glare;
 Great-grandmother, grandmother, mother, and child,
 Together are struck by the lightning wild;
 One stroke — four bodies together lay,
 And to-morrow is holiday.

R. S. P., '81.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a summer evening in the tropics. The yellow moon, hazily outlined against the vivid sky, sent forth her silvery rays over the silent world. All things were languishing under the oppressive heat of the day just past. The rich foliage of the trees drooped, scarcely moved by the dying breeze; the birds sang fitfully; and heavy white clouds darkened the low horizon, relieved now and then by quick flashes of lightning.

At the lower end of the long rose-garden a hammock was swung under the trees. The graceful figure of a girl lay in it; her head, with its abundant yellow hair fallen from the netting, was supported by the shoulder of a handsome boy; his dark curls mingled with her golden locks; the rich scarlet of his cheek contrasted with her white forehead. His youthful form lay upon the grass; while leaning against the hammock, he twined his sunburnt arms around her shoulders.

Both were sleeping peacefully; the deep perfume of the southern roses loaded the air around with subtle fragrance. Suddenly all changes from grace, beauty, and love, to gloom, darkness, and hatred. A black cloud has covered the moon; the branches of the

trees are tossed by a hot wind ; from behind the roses a venomous serpent glides toward the sleeping children with a slow, sinuous movement of his glittering scales. Frequent flashes of lightning overspread the sky, and a heavy roll of thunder comes in the distance. The serpent coils himself for his spring ; a cruel, vindictive light brightens his dull eye as he poises himself with deliberate steadiness. His poisonous fangs shoot from his flat, evil-looking head, quivering with anticipation. But the cloud has passed ; the moon's bright rays again fall upon the earth. A shower of rose petals, tossed by a lingering spirit of the dead breeze, drop about the head of the snake and over the grass before him. Disconcerted, he turns ; then, as a loud, clear bird-song rises in the trees above, he uncoils himself, and angry at being defrauded of his victims, moves rapidly away ; a drooping rose-bush conceals his flight. The girl in the hammock stirs, then raises herself, and with glad unconsciousness of danger gently wakes her brother. As they look smiling in each other's eyes, they hear a voice from the end of the garden, calling, " Henri ! Lucille ! Pourquoi n'entrez-vous donc pas ? Il se fait tard, et la rosée tombe."

E. C., '82.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY AN OLD
SCHOLAR NOW TEACHING IN THE SALT LAKE
CITY ACADEMY.

At Council Bluffs we crossed the shallow, turbid waters of the Missouri by a bridge half a mile long, and found ourselves in Omaha, at the beginning of the Union Pacific Railroad.

The plains of Nebraska were monotonous, but interesting as having been so recently the home of the " noble red man," and we saw a few of them at the stations along the way. The following morning we crossed a corner of Colorado, saw the first antelope, and immense herds of cattle, — 10,000 or more in a single herd. At Cheyenne we dined on antelope. The city was not particularly attractive, being destitute of shade trees ; but since it is the point of departure for the Black Hills, it is a wide-awake business centre.

It did not seem as though we had been constantly rising ; yet when we reached Sherman, named for General Sherman, the tallest general in service, we were 8,242 feet above sea-level. The latter part of the ascent was very steep, and at the summit the wind was

blowing a gale. The mountain peaks and a rain-cloud afforded us a fine picture. Twenty minutes for refreshment at Laramie gave opportunity for inspecting the fossils, elk and deer heads, the two latter valued respectively at \$50 and \$10 each.

Morning found us at Green River (most appropriately named), with its fantastic rock formations. The sage brush became very monotonous; and that, with a small plant called greasewood, forms the chief product of the alkali soil.

There was really no scenery till we entered Echo and Weber canyons in Utah. Several of us stood for four hours, careless of the injunction on the door, "Passengers not allowed to stand on the platform," straining our eyes lest something of interest should escape our notice. We saw Castle Rock, the Witches, and other weird and curious rock formations; also the Thousand-Mile Tree, and the Devil's Slide.

The one store of the first Mormon village bore the letters Z. C. M. I. (Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution). There also we first saw irrigation and fields of lucerne, or alfalfa, as it is called in California. At Ogden, Representative Geo. Q. Cannon, who had been released from the penitentiary the preceding day, sat at the table next to us while dining. I have seen him several times since.

Just before sunset we took the Utah Central for Salt Lake. The sun went down and the full moon rose upon a most delightful scene. The Salt Lake, like a thread of silver in the west, assumed the proportions of a river as we approached its shores, and its mountainous islands appeared like its opposite bank. The jack-rabbits were disturbed by the train thundering by, and sportsmen could not resist the temptation of snapping their guns at them from the car window.

When we reached Salt Lake, it was too dark to form any idea of the city, but I have been discovering new beauties ever since the next morning's walk. The city is laid out in squares, separated by streets one hundred and fifty feet broad. The squares are so large that seven of them, including crossings, equal a mile. The streets are lined with locust and box-elder trees, and the ditches are filled with running water, from which other ditches lead off to every garden for the purpose of irrigation. The houses are embowered in trees and vines, and the Mormons, with reason, boast of making the desert blossom as the rose. There are some fine residences, but the majority of the houses are made of sun-dried brick, called adobe.

The latter are very warm, and many of them very respectable and good-looking; but when neglected, they are exceedingly unattractive. The city lies in a broad basin, surrounded by mountains, — the Wahsatch and Oquirrh ranges. The Salt Lake is twenty miles west of us, and visible from the roof of our hotel. The Jordan, or Jerden, as it is pronounced by the Saints, is also west, and flows into the lake. We crossed it when we went out to the lake on the bathing train. Such delicious bathing I never found in all my experience in the Atlantic. The water was very warm, and floating exceedingly easy. Then, too, we witnessed a most gorgeous sunset from the water. The lack of vegetation on the mountains gives us the glowing reflection from the rocks, which one of our number says outrivals the colors of the Orient. The tabernacle, where the Mormons hold their Sunday-afternoon services during the warm weather, is very large, having a seating capacity of seven thousand according to Gentile estimates, but twelve thousand according to Mormon. I think the latter must have based their estimates upon the congregation which assembles during conference. As conference was in session the 10th of this month, and I was present, I can speak from my own observation. Nearly one third of the women carried children in their arms, and had two, three, and four small ones beside, sitting on the floor or running down the aisles. You will appreciate the quiet solemnness of the service when I tell you that a chorus of infant wails from all quarters of the building kept up a ceaseless accompaniment to the speaker's voice. Their organ is said to be as large as the great organ of Boston, and the choir is very good. The acoustic properties of the gallery are truly wonderful. I heard a pin drop at the distance of two hundred and fifty feet, and a whisper was audible in any portion of the gallery; but in the body of the house, at the foci of the ellipse, it was horrible.

The building looks exactly like its pictures, and is perfectly plain within. The paper flowers and evergreens used in decorating the ceiling produce the same tawdry effect as similar decorations do in a Catholic church. It has so many doors that the house can be emptied in from one and a half to three minutes. The bread and communion water are constantly passed throughout service, every Sabbath, though not to us Gentiles, of course. I have been up there at three different times, and once heard one of the ushers reprove Dr. Fisher, the Methodist minister, telling him that they insisted upon visitors being respectful. As Dr. Fisher sat directly

behind me and I heard not a single sound, I fancy his disrespect consisted in smiling at the unsoundness of the speaker's argument. John Taylor, the present head of the church, has a very benign and pleasing countenance. He occupies Brigham Young's old seat, just in front and a little lower than the organ. The bishops and elders occupy seats a little lower, while the seventies take the side seats. As a whole body they are men of *very inferior* personal appearance and *most inferior* intellectual abilities, save Taylor and those bright and wicked enough to be leaders. As the tabernacle cannot be heated, they are building a granite edifice for winter use, while work on the temple seems to me to be stationary, though I am told it will probably be completed in five years. The tabernacle, temple, winter building, and endowment house all stand on one square (ten acres), surrounded by high masonry walls. The city is divided into twenty-one wards, each ward having its meeting-house and school. The meeting-house is used as a dance hall through the week, and for the dissemination of false doctrines and lies on Sunday evening. We have been once to the thirteenth ward and were ushered into the very front seat, directly under the chandelier, where the bishop, his two counsellors, and the choir could look directly into our faces, and so observe the effect of the remarks. It was rather hard to hear the prayers of all Christian ministers pronounced blasphemous, without wincing. He poured forth a long tirade against the Gentiles, which doubtless eased his mind, though it did not increase our comfort.

During one of our many promenades we visited the shrine, — the Prophet's grave. There were three of us, representing the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Congregational schools. Like thieves and robbers we entered not through the gate, but climbed up some other way. The enclosure is surrounded by high red sandstone walls, but fortunately (as the gate was fastened), we found an easy ascent at one corner of the outer wall; one wall not affording sufficient protection, I suppose. Both enclosures have a goodly crop of sage brush and greasewood, and present the appearance of long neglect. The outer enclosure contains the graves of some of Brigham's children; a few of them having wooden headstones, others not marked at all, and only one with a stone, and that ordinary red sandstone. Within the second wall we found the Prophet's grave, covered by a granite slab bearing no inscription whatever. He was buried in a walled grave, built according to his own direction, of granite, with iron rods binding its sides, ends, and bottom, with

this immense slab to cover it, and bound in connection with the rest. The slab is said to weigh several tons, and was put in place, as was all the rock, with a large derrick. In further fulfilment of his commands, watchers day and night, living at first almost over the grave, and later in a small adobe house erected for the purpose but a few rods distant, guarded the spot where his ashes lie. What danger there could possibly be in leaving unguarded a grave which no ten men could open in a day's time was hard to divine, and at length it was left without a watcher.

The Prophet's property has been quarrelled over, and those who appealed to the law received several thousand dollars apiece. One of them immediately spent his share in debauchery and drank himself to death, being buried the day we visited the spot. There are many lame and crippled men to be seen in the streets, which is accounted for by the fact that the Mormon missionaries abroad inform their converts that the head of the church has the power of healing. They tell one story of Brigham's readiness of wit which you will enjoy. A poor, one-legged fellow became converted, forsook his native land and family, friends, and came to Zion for the purpose of having a new leg of flesh and blood given him by the Prophet. He had no sooner arrived there than he sought out Father Brigham and made known his wants. Brigham took in the situation at a glance, and said, "Well, my good friend, I can give you a leg if you say so; but think a moment: which would you prefer, to hobble about on one leg during the remainder of your short life, or be compelled to walk on three legs throughout all eternity?" The horror of being compelled to travel on three legs throughout all eternity was too much for the poor fellow; so he departed, as he came, on one leg.

OUR SPHINX.

CLASS Seventy-nine of A. F. A.,
 By the nine Muses swore,
 That Alma Mater, dear to her,
 Should suffer want no more;
 By the nine Muses swore it,
 That there should surely be,
 Before the winter term had closed,
 A club, for which the name proposed
 Was "Sphinx Society."

To Juniors, Middlers, and Unclassed,
The summons quickly flew :
" Come, join our Sphinx, we need your aid,
And will in turn help you ;
Come, come with us, O schoolmates,
And learn with ease to write,
And learn to speak with eloquence,
And to debate with might."

And now, from hall and class-room,
The eager school-girls throng ;
They listen to the words of one
To whom rare gifts belong ;
They listen to her reasoning,
Until, with wild applause,
" Go, and we follow !" is the cry,
" Advance, and lift the standard high,
We pledge us to the cause ! "

Then spake the worthy leader, —
" Oh, who will join with me,
To work and plan, both night and day,
For our Society ?
The work may not be easy ;
It may involve some pain,
But we will gladly bear it,
For what we hope to gain."
Four maidens quickly answer,
And at her side they stand,
Ready to raise the conflict high,
As were a sword in hand ;
Ready to battle strongly
In Grammar's slighted cause,
And to defend, right boldly,
Pronunciation's laws.

The Class of Nine-and-seventy
Has gone into the world ;
The Sphinx, no longer frail and weak,
Its banner has unfurled.
All thanks to Nine-and-seventy
For the good work begun,
And we will help it onward,
So pledge we, every one.

THE ABBOT COURANT.

Edited by

MARY ALICE ABBOTT.

HELEN R. HEYWOOD.

EMMA J. LYON.

CARRIE A. LADD *Business Editor.*

EDITORIAL.

WHAT is to be done? The pen which has occasioned so much trouble and has done such noble work in the past has disappeared, and not even a quill is to be found.

Is it possible that those who have wielded it were so unkind as to take that inspired instrument with them?

But here we are, in the editorial chair; and for once in our lives we realize that "things are not what they seem," and our blissful dream of being an editor is not so blissful in the reality.

Who will aid us? What Muse shall we invoke? Not the Muse of Epic Poetry, for it would be beyond her power to make such prosaic persons poets; not the Muse of Tragedy, although there may be a tragedy before our work is done; not the Muse of Astronomy, for we remember she failed to inspire us with interest in anything so far above us. Why! how could we forget the Muse who assisted our predecessors so materially!

Muse of Abbot, hear our humble prayer
For thy aid in this our task;
Lighten thou our cumbrous care,
And this is all we ask.

Call our wandering thoughts together,
Fill our minds with wisdom's lore,
Lest our school should be dishonored,
And our COURANT prove a bore.

Give the implored help, we pray thee,
For we feel how much we need it;
Short and sweet make thou our story,
And we give thee all the glory.

FOLLOWING the example of the Class of '78, the Senior Class gave a reception in the Academy Hall, on the evening of March 3. Through the thoughtful kindness of the "younger sisters," the hall was transformed

into as pleasant a reception room as one would care to see. The beautiful flowers which the Classes of '82 and '83 provided, together with those sent by Mrs. Dove, gave the room that gala-day dress which only flowers can give; while the table in No. 1, abundantly supplied with fruit and artistically arranged by the Class of '81, was one of the crowning glories of the evening. As we "talked it over" after the revel was done, we decided it was an evening we should always look back upon as one of the pleasantest of our senior year.

It has been said of the model woman that "she riseth while it is yet night," but we have been allowed to follow her example only once this term. The unusual permission was given us for the morning of May 1, and accordingly, April's last evening found about thirty of us setting our alarm-clocks for half past three. When we arose at that chilly hour, that we might improve this opportunity to cultivate our æsthetic tastes, we donned gymnastic suits and started for Prospect Hill. The pale moon and slowly gathering daylight made our way clear, and we walked briskly in the cold, gaining the summit of the hill a few moments before the sunrise. A dark cloud dropped almost to the horizon, but beneath it the air was quivering with rosy light, a bright prophecy of the oncoming monarch. In a moment he came, giving the dull, spiritless landscape its life and character, and even throwing bright rays across the sombre cloud that looked down so threateningly. Of course the usual expletives, "lovely," "charming," "grand," were heard on all sides, with almost the ardor displayed in talking of new spring styles.

But there were those who, silently looking, drank in the glory of the new-born day, and caught from it a glimpse of the Power that "meted out heaven with a span," and in their hearts the thoughts brought to them there will long linger as precious memories.

ALL who have had the pleasure of listening to Mr. John B. Gough know what a rare treat we enjoyed one evening last term, when he lectured in the town hall. His vivid pictures of the misery caused by the vice of intemperance, together with his ready flow of wit, made an impression on all who heard him which will not soon be forgotten. With characteristic generosity, Mr. Gough presented the proceeds of the lecture (\$131) to Abbot Academy, by means of which gift some valuable books and pictures have been added to our art department.

THE extra class in elocution, which has been formed this term, meet Prof. Churchill once a week, and receive more thorough drill than there is time for in the larger class; and as only those have entered who are willing to work hard, they may expect to gain great benefit from the lessons.

MR. NICOLETTI visited us last term, and gave us a fine opportunity to furnish our rooms with casts of noted pieces of sculpture.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Higgins, of the Senior Class, Theological Seminary, we were favored by hearing his address on Robert Burns, which

was previously given at the Porter Rhetorical, and also by special request at the Burns Anniversary. The "ane laddie amang sae many lassies" added much to our knowledge of the peasant poet, and the selections from his works, interpreted by a genuine Scottish tongue, were particularly enjoyable. At the close of the address our enthusiasm made us ready to use Burns's own words on another subject, and with a change of gender say:—

"Nature made him what he was,
And ne'er made sic anither."

THE improvement of the grounds back of Smith Hall advances slowly but surely, and adds more and more to the beauty of our broad acres in which we take so much pride.

THE annual series of recitals in our Academy Hall has come to be eagerly anticipated by the music-loving portion of the townspeople, as well as by the fortunate members of our own little community. Among ourselves, as the time draws near, expectation stands on tiptoe. The programmes as they appear are promptly seized, minutely discussed, and as much of the promised music as possible diligently thrummed by aspiring young pianists, that they may be prepared to appreciate it to the fullest extent.

On Monday afternoon, March 1, the hall was well filled with attentive listeners, while Mr. Sherwood, whom Boston claims among her most skilful pianists, delighted us by a thoroughly artistic rendering of choice selections from Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Moszkowski, and Liszt, and Mr. Wilkie sang in a very pleasing manner Beethoven's "Adelaide" and two charming little tenor songs from Mendelssohn and Raff. Mr. Sherwood's energetic, brilliant style told especially well in the Chopin "Étude," Op. 10, and the "Grand Polonaise," Op. 53 in A flat; while the delicious runs in the "Waldesrauchen" (Forest Murmurs), from his master Liszt, were played with a delicacy and finish that won hearty applause from the audience, who gave a close and flattering attention.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 10, we assembled to greet two favorites, Mr. Ernst Perabo and Mr. Wulf Fries. The caressing touch with which each of these gifted musicians draws from his instrument tones of such depth of purity and sweetness, must be well remembered by all who have ever heard them. Mr. Perabo returned last fall from a year's residence in Leipzig, where he has studied with the absorbing passion and untiring patience which distinguish the truest genius. The abundant fruits of his earnest work have made themselves apparent in the various compositions he has recently published, as well as in his playing, which is marked by an ease and grace that is the perfection of art, because the art itself is hidden. The programme for Wednesday afternoon included several short pieces for piano and 'cello, besides a sonata by Kiel. Perhaps the most fascinating movement of them all was the intermezzo from the sonata, which was repeated in response to an enthusiastic *encore*. A group of Mr. Perabo's personal friends lingered a few minutes after the audience had dispersed, and like Oliver Twist, still called for "more."

To our great delight, Mr. Perabo acceded to the request by repeating the "Fragment," from Rubinstein, and Rheinberger's "Idyl," adding a prelude and two fugues from Bach, and Schubert's exquisite "Barcarolle," transcribed as only the Abbé Liszt would or could transcribe it. Then we bade a reluctant adieu to the masters who had so charmed us all, and who must have felt, in the rapt attention of the audience, the gratitude that could not be expressed in words.

The third recital was given Thursday evening, April 29, by Madame Constance Howard, an enthusiastic disciple of the Stuttgart school, assisted by Miss Me ns, of Andover, and Miss Lizzie Colton, a vocalist. Madame Howard has a delightfully crisp, clear touch, and her playing showed intelligence and thorough training. Her interpretation of selections from Schumann—viz., Tarantelle, Op. 11, Vogel als Prophét, and the Finale from L'Étude Symphonique, Op. 13—was particularly pleasing. The audience called for a repetition of the second of these, which was cheerfully given. The last number on the programme was Chopin's Krakoviak for two pianos.

Thus ended the fourth series of piano recitals in Abbot Academy, reflecting honor, as did each of its predecessors, upon the sound judgment and fine taste of their director.

LAST term we were favored in having Miss Mathewson with us, and this term we are made glad by the return of Miss Chadbourne to her Alma Mater. Those who remember Miss Chadbourne as a scholar will feel that we are to be congratulated in having her as a teacher.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Davidson, the Art Class spent a very pleasant Wednesday morning in the Boston Art Museum listening to his explanations of Greek Art. We owe many thanks to this gentleman for his kindness to us. He made plain a number of perplexing points, and gave us a very clear idea of art in Greece. We were somewhat amused at the curiosity with which the frequenters of the Museum regarded us, especially the students, who were perched upon their high stools, and seemed to find it rather difficult to concentrate their attention on their models. After visiting the different rooms in true peripatetic style, we had, through the kindness of a former member of A. A., the unusual opportunity of visiting the work-rooms, and were especially interested in the painting and carving rooms.

CAN it be that the sweet singers have all departed from among our neighbors half-way up the hill? We have no reason to think otherwise, for serenades have become pleasures of Auld Lang Syne.

COULD a stranger have come among us a few days ago, he would instantly have known that something of unusual interest was occupying our attention. This little excitement was occasioned by a Musicale which we were permitted to attend, given by the "Harmolinks" in Bartlett Chapel. The early part of the evening was occupied with both vocal and instrumental music, which was highly enjoyed; after which the remainder of the evening was spent in a pleasant, social way.

THANKS to the courtesy of the young gentlemen of the neighboring academy, we enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing their athletic exhibition in the winter term. Though, owing to our ignorance, we could not criticise, scientifically, the "feats of arms," we were much interested in the exercises as a whole. The parallel and horizontal-bar performances, and the vaulting, were particularly pleasing, and reflected much credit on the participants.

SOUTH HALL has been reopened, much to the pleasure of the young ladies who board there. Mrs. Gorton takes Mrs. Watson's place as matron.

THE "Sphinx" has really assumed its predicted sober and meditative garb. She has shown wise management and forethought. At first, her aspect was gorgeously gay; but with the passing months, she has become a gray, plain, most philosophical body of profundity, whose interest is absorbed in all deep, wide-spread schemes of general and scientific improvement. Occasionally, in condescension to the youngest of her charge, she allows herself to wear a bright ribbon, but it is on rare occasions. The affection of her subjects, ever strong, seems growing more firmly rooted, though less demonstrative.

LAST term, a very pleasant entertainment, consisting of tableaux, readings, and music, was given at Phillips Hall, for the purpose of obtaining money to aid in the building of sidewalks, which Andover certainly needs; and though as yet we have heard nothing of the results, we hope that, another year, we may escape the uncomfortable experiences which formed such a prominent feature of our walks this spring.

THE Mock Trial at Phillips was quite a success. The number of embryo lawyers, as yet "all unknown to fame," will one day astonish the world, and Phillips will shine with still greater glory when their names are added to the long lists of renowned graduates now on record.

THE winter term was enlivened by a good course of lectures at the Town Hall, and those of us who attended felt amply repaid for our effort.

MAY 15 was made one of the red-letter days in our calendar for the term by a lecture on the Brownings, delivered by Mr. James T. Fields. His words of praise or criticism were eagerly listened to as the opinion of one who was qualified to judge by an intimate knowledge of so many authors and their works; and an added charm and interest was given to his address, when we remembered that he not only knew the works of these authors as any of us might know them, but had enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the authors themselves. He made his audience wish to know more about one who could write "Evelyn Hope"; and the beautiful tribute he paid to Mrs. Browning strengthened the admiration which most of us already felt for the noble woman who, in spite of physical weakness

and suffering, has made her influence so strong in the great world. The lecture gave us a vivid idea of the character and genius of the two poets. The selections which Mr. Fields read to us were much enjoyed, and the only adverse criticism passed upon the lecture was that it was too short.

THOUGH it is a great gratification to see how many advantages for study the girls of the present century have, in comparison with their unfortunate sisters who preceded them, yet in these circumstances, as in all others, the same old habit of the world is followed, and like poor Eve, the more we have the more we want. In this case the desire is a laudable one. Why cannot girls who are longing to make themselves felt as powers in society be given the opportunity to obtain the intellectual culture needed for this end? They cannot, because of the lack of sympathy which seems to prove what is so often said of women, that they have not minds broad enough to induce them to think beyond the present time, beyond their own selfish interests, and thus willingly sacrifice themselves for the good of the next generation. The higher education of women of to-day ought entirely to overcome this narrowness, and induce them to act, not for one age only, but for all time. The only way in which a school should be carried on is by means of a fund, sufficiently large to insure its safe operation without any dependence whatever upon the income derived from the yearly attendance. Of course, such a sum can be obtained only by free gifts. Who can feel the same desire to endow schools as those who have had all the benefits which can be procured from them; those who are acquainted with all the familiar walks, talks, and traditions of life in each particular school; and in addition, as the years go by, time throws a halo around the events of the past, making its pleasures more visible, and casting into the background the incidents which at the time seemed huge in the light of trials: who will know so well what is wanted, and who can give so judiciously?

Every woman ought to feel that she has a debt of gratitude to pay to the school which has developed her feeble impulses into powerful actions. Plenty of instances, as far as the experiment has been tried, show that the results of a wide course of study for girls will be successful. One of the most notable, of late occurrence, is that of an English girl, who obtained one of the highest honors awarded to Cambridge students. Women are usually foremost in deeds of charity and generosity; but as far as education has been concerned, it must be allowed that men have been far more generous in supporting the institutions from which they have graduated. Harvard and Yale show ample proof of the affection, gratitude, and active interest which the students have bestowed upon their Alma Mater. As the emotions are so much stronger in women, just so much larger in proportion ought their gifts to be. Let women keep up their feeling for the old places by frequent visits and a constant intercourse by means of the school periodicals. Probably, only a little attention must be drawn to the pressing needs of our academies and colleges, before the aroused sympathies of noble-hearted, far-sighted American women will flood the schools with benefits. Girls no longer will complain of their deprivations, but will boast of the superiority of their advantages over those of their

brothers. This would be a fitting finale to the grand activities and attainments of our wonderful nineteenth century, in which women have had so large a share.

EXCHANGES.

AMONG the good things in *The Beacon* is a bright, interesting account of a visit paid by a party from Boston University to Concord. There might be some difference of opinion, however, with regard to giving Mr. Emerson the title of "the greatest man in America."

THE *Brunonian* indulges in melancholy reflections upon the powerlessness of the college press to bring about the reforms and improvements which it is continually suggesting. The article strikes at an evil which is too common in college papers, when it suggests as a cause for this inefficiency too great extravagance of language. "There is too much wholesale denunciation of the old, even though it be a little musty, and a too hasty laudation of the new and sometimes impracticable." The article on Sham Admiration in Literature is well written, and contains truths which are worthy of the attention of students.

THE *Oberlin Review* is an interesting, well-conducted paper. The article on the Whitaker case takes an unprejudiced view of the affair. The notes contain many items of general interest.

THE *Greylock Monthly* contains nothing of special interest. A large part of the paper is taken up with a "Visit to Rome in the Time of Nero." We are not sufficiently acquainted with the condition of the Imperial City at that time to criticise.

THE *Philosophian Review* would be a very good paper if it would refrain from jokes. We can account for the character of the locals in only one way: the editor must be (to use his own expression) "afflicted by love's powerful hand," and so finds it impossible to turn his thoughts or pen in any other direction. The clippings are even worse; and if we take into consideration the fact that these two departments fill seven columns, we must consider the poor taste shown in them a serious fault of the paper.

PERSONALS.

Miss Montague spent some time in Andover near the beginning of the term.

'77, '79. Miss Strickland, a former teacher in the Academy, Miss Josephine Richards, and Misses Anna and Nellie Barron are travelling through Egypt and the Holy Land. When last heard from they were at Cairo.

'78, '70, '80. Brief visits have been made this term to friends in school by Mrs. Seth Richards (Lizzie Farnsworth), Misses Alice Gardner, Julia Barnard, Mary Fowle, Helen Page, and Amy Learoyd.

'78. Misses Mary Wilder and Florence Swan proved the sisterly affection still existing between members of the class by appearing in Andover at the same time.

'78. Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne has returned to the Academy as a teacher.

'81. Miss Carrie Byington sails for her home in Constantinople June 12.

'81. Miss Louise McCutcheon sails for Germany June 26.

'68. Mrs. Sperry (Miss Learoyd), while travelling in the South during the winter, was pleasantly surprised to meet there an old pupil of "Abbot," Miss Abbie Foxcroft. They met in Marietta, Georgia.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 3, 1879, in Attleboro', Edith Capron to Charles A. Mooers, M. D., of Lawrence, Mass.

Dec. 3, Margaret C. Webster to James H. Stone. Address 78 Elizabeth St., West Detroit, Mich.

Dec. 2, Mary C. Cressey to James M. Hill. Address Bath, Maine.

Edith G. Raymond to W. H. Lemon. Address 193 Buena Vista Ave., Yonkers, N. H.

Nov. 28, in Bath, Me., Kate Houghton to William E. Rice, M. D.

Minnie F. Lewis to Daniel S. Greenough, of Elmira, N. Y.

Jan. 27, in Andover, Charlotte B. Blodget to Rev. William R. Richards of Bath, Me.

Emily M. Swan to Frederick H. Gerrish, M. D.

April 22, Mary Alice Mosely to Abiel J. Abbot.

Ella W. King to Enoch L. Richardson.

DEATHS.

Miss Phebe F. McKeen died June 3, 1880.

Mary Chamberlin Reddington died April 23, 1880.

Class Organizations.

'80.

<i>President,</i>	JULIA S. ROBBINS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	MARY E. BARTLETT.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MARY ALICE ABBOTT.

'81.

<i>President,</i>	S. FRANCES AMES.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	LOUISE F. JOHNSON.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MARGARET L. FOWLE.

'82.

<i>President,</i>	KATE D. JOHNSON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ABBIE J. MCCUTCHINS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MAY E. MANLY.

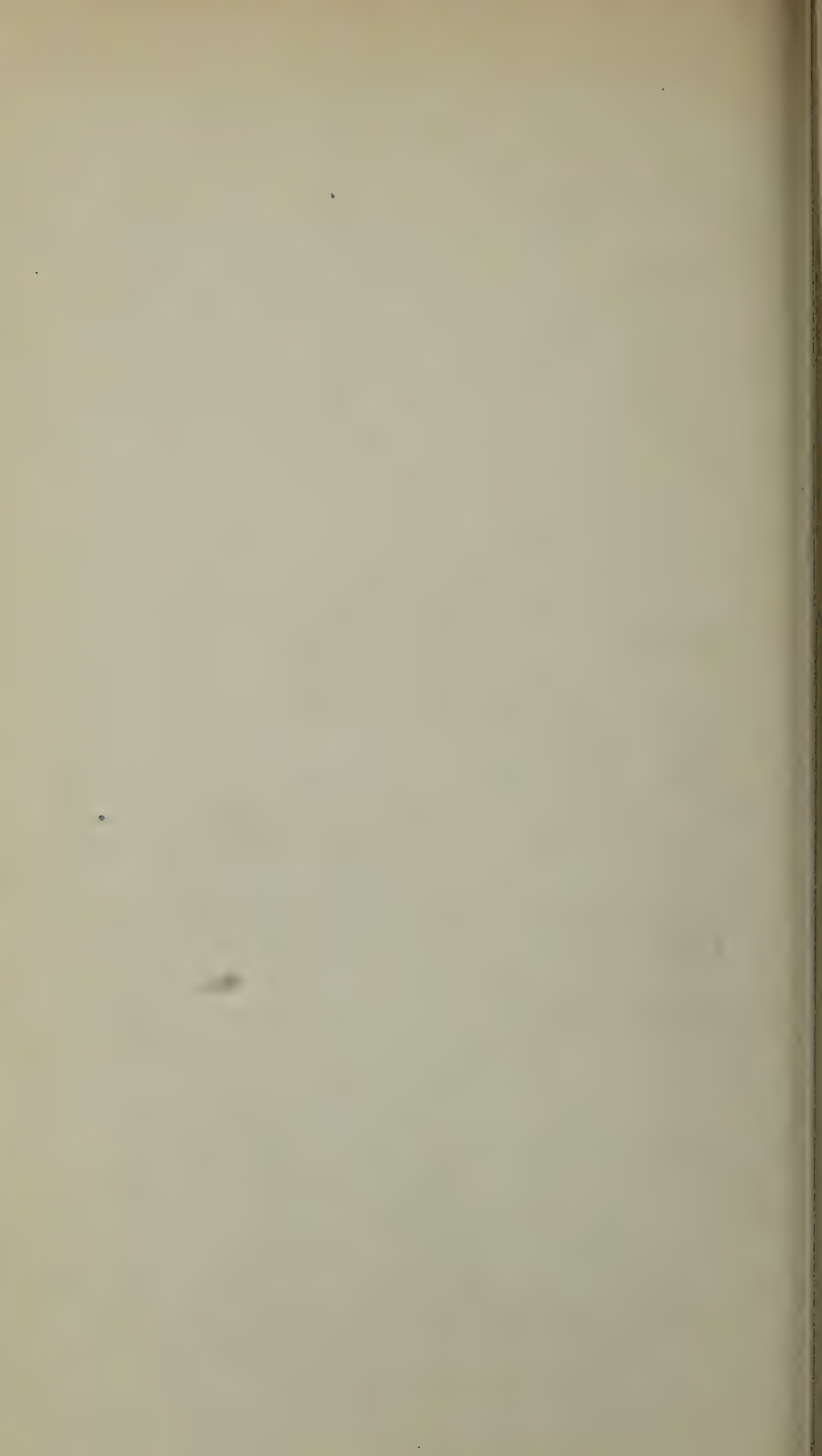
Society.

THE SPHINX.

<i>President,</i>	MARGARET CLARISSA SHIPMAN.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	CARRIE A. LADD.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	LIZZIE M. GERRISH.

Executive Committee.

MARY E. BARTLETT,	CARRIE A. LADD,
SADIE M. PUFFER.	



SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW,
432 Washington St. (cor. of Summer), Boston.

In our STATIONERY DEPARTMENT may be found every variety
of PLAIN and FANCY NOTE PAPER, and CORRESPONDING
CARDS.

WEDDING and VISITING CARDS,

INVITATIONS,

CLASS PROGRAMMES, ETC.

ENGRAVED IN THE BEST MANNER.

Designs furnished for CLASS BADGES, RINGS & CAPS.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW,
Jewellers, BOSTON.

JOS. GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS

RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL,

Paris Exposition, 1878.

His Celebrated Numbers - - 303-404-170-351-332

And his other styles may be had of all dealers
throughout the world.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
NEW YORK.

N. J. BARTLETT & CO.
BOOKSELLERS,
 No. 28 Cornhill,

No. 32 Museum Street, }
 London, Eng. }

BOSTON.

Libraries and small quantities of Books purchased.

ESTES & LAURIAT,
BOOKSELLERS AND IMPORTERS,
 301-305 Washington Street, Boston,
 (OPPOSITE OLD SOUTH,)

OFFER TO BOOK-BUYERS THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE

STOCK OF BOOKS———NEW AND OLD,

In all departments of Literature, and in all styles of binding, displayed on the shelves and counters of their

NEW BOOK STORE, the finest and most commodious in New England. One entire side is devoted to Books in **PRICED SECTIONS,**

from 25 cents to \$3 per vol., thus affording buyers the opportunity of making selections at their own convenience.

Encyclopædias, Dictionaries, Books of Reference, Standard Drama, History, Poetry, Fiction, Fine Art Books, Choice Etchings, Plain and India Proofs, English Remainders, etc., etc.

LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED TO ALL CUSTOMERS.

Strangers visiting the city are cordially invited to call and examine our store and stock, where the latest publications will always be found.

Also Publishers of The American Art Review, Guizot's Histories of France and England, Rambaud's History of Russia, Martin's History of France, The Globe Encyclopædia, Dictionary of Commerce, etc., etc.

OPPOSITE THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE.

**J. NEWMAN & SONS,
FLORAL ARTISTS,**

BASKETS AND BOUQUETS, for Exhibitions,

A SPECIALTY.

WEDDING DECORATIONS,

FUNERAL DESIGNS.

Choice Plants, Verbenas, etc., \$1.00 per Box.

FRESH FLOWER SEEDS.

NO. 7 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

One of the Pleasantest Summer Resorts

IN NEW ENGLAND.

MANSION HOUSE, ANDOVER

"ON THE HILL."

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

Coach at Depot on arrival of each train. Passengers conveyed to any part of the town.

A good LIVERY STABLE connected with the house, where may be found safe carriage and saddle horses. Prices as low as the lowest.

CHARLES L. CARTER, Proprietor.

THOMAS HOWELL,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

Feathers, Mattresses, Bedding, &c.

Furniture to let in any quantity.

PARK STREET ANDOVER.

Opposite the Post-Office.

T. A. HOLT & CO.

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods & Groceries,

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,

ANDOVER, MASS.

J. E. WHITING,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

ALSO, DEALER IN

FANCY GOODS, TOYS,

PERFUMERY, BRUSHES,

SOAPS, LAMPS,

CHIMNEYS, CONFECTIONERY.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

MAIN ST. - ANDOVER, MASS.

GEORGE H. PARKER,

Drugs  Medicines

FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,

SPONGES, ETC.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

DRAPER'S BLOCK - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

DOW & NEAL'S
Millinery and Fancy Goods Store,
SWIFT'S BUILDING,
MAIN ST., ANDOVER, MASS.

The latest styles of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Neckties, etc. Stamping and Pinking to order. Assortment of Worsteds and Materials for Fancy Work constantly on hand.

Agents for "Domestic Monthly" and "Domestic Paper Fashions."
Kid Gloves cleaned and dyed.

SMITH & MANNING,
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods and Groceries,
ESSEX STREET,
ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHN H. CHANDLER,

Directly opposite Post-Office, Andover, Mass.

DEALER IN

Periodicals, Stationery,

FANCY GOODS,

Fruit and Confectionery.

Agency for Mme. Demorest's Reliable Patterns.

BENJ. BROWN,

DEALER IN

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER.

SWIFT'S BUILDING, MAIN ST.,

ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHN PRAY,

Livery & Boarding Stable.

*Horses, Carriages, Buggies and Beach Wagons to Let
at Reasonable Rates.*

HACKS FURNISHED FOR WEDDINGS, CALLS, ETC.

ANDOVER, MASS.

THE ABBOT COURANT.

Edited by

E. JOSEPHINE WILCOX,

EMMA J. LYON,

MARY L. GEER.

LILLIE A. WILCOX BUSINESS EDITOR.

VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 1.

AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

IN no other country is there such an abundance of rollicking and often extravagant humor and so much witticism as in America. This has been largely devoted to reforming our politics and customs. There is no better way to correct an abuse than to place it in a ridiculous light, and this fact has been seized and used to advantage by many of our writers.

One of our greatest poets, J. R. Lowell, is a humorist of the highest type. He speaks of himself in his "Fable for Critics" in this way:—

"There's Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb,
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme;
He might get along spite of brambles and bowlders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching,
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching."

This is particularly true of the "Biglow Papers," where refinement and delicacy, scorn for all that is low and mean, and stinging sarcasm are bound together by a strong cord of pure humor. In these papers appear three characters familiar to residents in New England: Parson Wilbur, with his whimsical, pedantic ways, yet with a certain freshness and genuine love of the truth which makes his character a charming one; honest Hosea Biglow, with his plain, outspoken words, preaching, teaching, and moralizing all at once; and Birdofredum Sawin, who is a good specimen of another class of Yankees which is too common for our good. In his resi-

dence in the South a short time before the war, he found it to be the best policy for him to agree with his neighbors in their political opinions, and expresses himself thus : —

“ What doos Secedin’ mean ef ’t ain’t thet natrul rights hez risen,
Thet wut is mine’s mine own, but wut’s another man’s ain’t hisn.”

Perhaps if politicians should use the “ Biglow Papers ” as textbooks, they might learn some wholesome lessons ; for example : —

“ Some candidates air dead an’ gone, an’ some hez ben defeated,
Which ’mounts to pooty much the same ; fer it’s ben repeated,
A betch o’ bread that hain’t riz once ain’t goin’ to rise agin,
An’ it’s jest money throwed away to put the emptins in.”

A recent English writer is candid enough to confess that many of Lowell’s reproaches of England were deserved, and were at least wholesome ; he also says that they heard more of the truth concerning themselves from the “ Biglow Papers ” than they are likely to hear from him as ambassador. Our conservative, self-sufficient neighbors must have winced somewhat on receiving such shots as these : —

“ I tell ye, England’s law on sea an’ land
Hez ollers ben, ‘ I’ve gut the heaviest hand’ ;
She’s praised herself until she fairly thinks
There ain’t no light in Natur when she winks.

“ *She* don’t put down rebellions — lets ’em breed,
An’s ollers willin’ Ireland should secede ;
She’s all thet’s honest, honnable, an’ fair,
An’ when the vartoots died, they made her heir.”

O. W. Holmes also ranks high as a humorist ; he is so bright and sparkling, and withal so kindly and genial, that he has become a household favorite. Lowell gives him this tribute : —

“ There’s Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit :
A Leyden jar, always charged full, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit ;
His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satiric
In a manner so kindly you doubt if the toes
That are trodden upon are your own or your foe’s.”

As a professional jester, “ Mark Twain ” takes the highest place. Those of us who regard the pilgrims of the “ Quaker City ” as old friends, who accompanied them in all their journeyings, and laughed

over their mishaps and adventures, are always ready to greet a new book of his with pleasure. He has an abundant supply of fun, and his fertility in getting himself and others into new predicaments seems unfailing. Yet he succeeds better when he has a large number to make fun of than when he is alone; and some of his books have been slightly disappointing, perhaps for that reason. The man who can raise a hearty, genuine laugh from hundreds without lowering their morals or taste, is as much a public benefactor as one who invents a labor-saving machine.

A writer whom we often associate with Mark Twain is Charles Dudley Warner. With a quieter and more refined humor than his associate, there is a spicy flavor in everything that he writes which renders his books charming. Who has not pitied the poor boys whose hard lot he has so pathetically described, and laughed over and sympathized with his trials in his garden? Many of his books will bear to be reread, — a severe test for most humorous writers.

Besides these principal ones, there are hosts of others; many of them the funny-paragraph men of the newspapers.

Petroleum V. Nasby has probably as much influence for the Republican party among some classes as any other one man. His writings are certainly very powerful on the Chinese and greenback questions, and all the other issues which are involved in a Presidential campaign, as he shows by what low and unworthy motives men are influenced in the decision of such questions.

Mr. Bailey, the "Danbury News Man," has been quite popular; but he has only one string to his fiddle, on which he has played the same tune with variations so long that people are rather tired of it. Burdette, of "Burlington Hawkeye" fame, deserves perhaps to rank somewhat higher; though we hope that he will be wise enough not to attempt anything more than the short sketches through which he is so well known.

It seems as though those writers who make fun merely to raise a laugh do not succeed as well nor retain the freshness of their humor as long as those who have some earnest purpose in view. With some the desire to be funny is too evident, and others in their efforts descend to mere clownishness and buffoonery, till their struggles remind us of the efforts of a small boy who tries to appear smart when he thinks he is observed.

American humor has a strong tendency to the use of extravagant expressions, and much of it rises no higher; striking metaphors and startling phrases are used and enjoyed too much. One writer,

himself a humorist, ingeniously explains this tendency as caused by our natural scenery, saying that we, as a nation, are so accustomed to seeing great forests, mountains, rivers, and lakes, that common expressions are too small and weak. However this may be, it is certain that our freedom in debate, the liberty of the press, and the power of the people in the government, give a broader field and wider range, to all departments of thought, and thus secure to us a better humorous literature.

R. S. P., '81.

Rose Stoddard Perkins

A RAINY EVENING.

THE twilight is closing in dark and stormy, — the short, rare twilight of a rainy day. How a scurrying blast drives the bare branches of the trees tapping against the window, as if begging shelter from the merciless raindrops, which pelt them incessantly! Now a petulant breeze throws a handful of rain against the pane, then, like a little child, runs away to do some other mischief; we can almost hear it laughing as it scampers off. The fire shines brightly in the grate; dark shadows rise and fall upon the ceiling. Sitting in my arm-chair with folded hands, I listen to my friend as she discourses upon the rain. The fire shines into her dark eyes, revealing the poet's soul in their depths.

“ Did you ever think how many characters the rain assumes, and how many moods it wears? There is the real matter-of-fact rain-storm, which, presaged by a day of clouds, sets in from the east, steadily pouring down its flood in a determined, straightforward way; it is a model business rain, never freaky, never impetuous, which without any preliminaries comes, pays its interest, and leaves us. I honor such a storm, though it is very prosaic. Then there is the April shower, so often sung by poets; like the season itself, it is somewhat of a coquette. The little cloud whose smiles were remarked only a moment ago, suddenly frowns and saucily throws down a shower of drops into our very faces. In a moment, however, the caprice is over, and the sunshine lights it up again. as you have sometimes seen the face of a little child suddenly beam into a smile through its tears. However charming, the April shower is an arrant flirt. Then there is the passion of the summer shower; the sudden gathering and darkening of the mountains of white clouds, peak upon peak, until the western sky to the zenith becomes one stormy

expanse of darkly moving forms. For a moment the trees wait in breathless silence, until the first breath of the on-coming storm bends and bows them in its torrents of rain and blasts of wind. The very windows of heaven are opened. But such fury cannot last. A few distant rumblings of thunder, then a gleam of sunshine which crowns every flower with blazing jewels, and tips every little blade of grass with a diamond. The clouds scatter through the heavens, floating and vanishing away. The storm is over."

My friend here stopped: there was something about the storm outside, a mystery which words could not interpret. She arose and seated herself at the piano. I knew by the restless gliding of the fingers over the keys that her soul was catching the hidden meaning of the wind-song which was rushing in and out about the eaves. It is a minor strain, sad and ever growing fainter, till, joined by other voices, it seems to struggle back to life again, rushing away in one impetuous burst of harmony. But it is impossible to imitate that weird melody, with its continued accompaniment of pattering raindrops. That mysterious sadness is too ethereal to be retained even by the gentle touch of music. Have you ever been lulled to sleep by the patter of the rain upon the roof? If so, cherish the memory as you would that of a rare and delicious perfume, a breath wafted from some garden of the past.

The rest and peace, just tinged with sadness, sung into our souls by that cradle-song, now loud with stormy grief, now low as the lapping of the waves on a smooth beach, can never be experienced under other circumstances; it is rare, unique, and peculiar only to a rainy evening in autumn. We are not melancholy; we cannot be gay; only a sadness thrills us through and through, till

"In our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not woe,
And thoughts that once were groans of anguish
Now cause but quiet tears to flow."

It seems to me a most fitting type of the peace of a soul which has passed through the deep waters of affliction and the fiery furnace of trial, strengthened and purified, yet ever with the smell of fire upon its garments and the roar of waters in its ear.

A. J. McC., '82.

Abby Mc Culcheon

THE BUTTERCUP.

BUTTERCUP, buttercup, yellow as gold,
What is the secret your petals infold,

That makes you so happy and free from care,
As you nod your head at the sky so fair ?

Do you think the summer will always last,
Now that the long, dreary winter is past ?

Do you think your blossoms will never grow old,
Will never be touched by the blighting cold ?

Do you not know that in days to come,
There may be many, — there will be some, —

In which the bright sun his face will hide,
And the clouds, which now so calmly glide

Through the sky above you, will darkly frown,
As they send in fierce rage the lightnings down?

The birds and butterflies then you will miss, —
Do you not mourn as you think upon this ?

The buttercup gayly nodded her head,
"All this I do certainly know," she said,

"But the secret why from care I am free,
Is, that the good Lord will care for me."

M. R. H., '83.

SHOOTING THE SAULT STE. MARIE RAPIDS.

"WOULD any of the ladies like to shoot the Rapids?" was asked, and immediately answered in the affirmative by five voices. We were entering the Sault Ste. Marie River, which connects Lakes Superior and Huron, where the steamboat would be delayed to pass through the famous ship canal built long ago by the State of Michigan. A little to the south the government is now building two ship-locks, which are much more massive than the old.

There are many Indians here, in the two villages on either side of the river, who gain their living by catching whitefish, but are always ready to take venturesome tourists over the Rapids.

We found a steamer in the first lock, so ours was brought alongside of a sailing vessel, which was also waiting to go through

the canal; and those wishing to alight did so by crossing the deck of the "Iron Age," of Detroit.

Between the Rapids and the canal is a narrow island, which is a mile or so in length. Word had been sent to some Indians, and when we reached the upper end we found two large birch-bark canoes waiting our arrival, each managed by two Indians. The boats held about a dozen apiece, and as our party numbered eighteen, neither boat was filled. We sat down on the bottom of the canoe, which was covered with matting; as soon as we were settled, the word was given and away we went. I was in the second one, and was intently watching the other, which was a little in advance and seemed almost swallowed by a wave, when came the cry, "Look out," and I saw a huge swell of water directly, as it seemed to me, overhead, but in a moment it broke around and about us, wetting every one. At the next one, the guide turned the canoe in some wonderful way, so that we escaped a second drenching. At one moment we were on top of a billow, bounding along like a cork, then in the twinkling of an eye we seemed to be in a dark valley, with high, steep walls of frothing water on every side; we could see the great waves coming at a distance, and although often closely watching them, would be surprised at the suddenness with which they would scatter their spray. It was exciting to see them come up and break against the side of our canoe, often deluging us.

Our guides were both past the recklessness of youth, and careful to avoid the most dangerous places; but those in the other canoe were more venturesome, and shot out towards the centre of the Rapids. At one time the current got so much power over the boat as to make it impossible for the guides to do more than keep it from being swept entirely into its vortex. Finally they came back to safer waters, and did not venture out again. The mile was all too short, and after the first timidity passed away, shooting the Rapids was intensely interesting.

When we alighted we found our steamer just going into the first lock, so we crossed on one of the canal gates and watched it, as one lock slowly emptied and the other as slowly filled, until the gates were thrown open and both were even. Here we took the steamer, so as to have the experience of going through the next lock; it seemed so solemn and stately, as we sat on the upper deck and felt the steamer slowly going lower and lower, until once more the gates were opened and we had left Lake Superior behind.

S. F. A., '81.

WHO KNOWS?

WHERE do the leaves go every fall?

Who knows?

With the wind for an escort to them all.
Are the fays in their country far away
Giving a party every day,
To which they hasten with every wind,
Wearing their holiday dresses so fine, —
Brown and scarlet, and green and gold?
In crowds whose numbers can never be told,
They ride merrily past
On the wings of each blast,
Leaving the trees all bare and lone,
Sobbing and crying in undertone,
Raising their branches in sore distress.
They stand all stripped of their summer dress,
And mournfully murmur, alas! alas!
While the pitiless wind goes whirling past,
Making them quiver and shiver with cold,
And sigh for the beautiful days of old,
And the fresh green leaves of the month of May:
Then the wind never tempted them astray;
Now they flee before Winter's onward stride,
As he comes with snow-storms by his side;
He has sent the frost to clear the way,
And prepare his conquest for his sway.
Summer flies from his stinging blows,
Taking the leaves and flowers as she goes.
They gayly follow in her track;
Never stopping or looking back;
But we cannot follow, for where she goes,

Who knows?

J. T. McC., '83.

THE PINE PARTY.

THE Pines were to give a party; not that they were in the habit of engaging in such festivities, — indeed, the time had been when they were not even invited to those given by their neighbors, — but Mr. Pine had lately made unknown sums of money in the cone trade, and the family felt justified in thus proclaiming their good fortune.

Perhaps you may wonder how we knew, — we, who were outside the select circle favored with invitations.

But had we not been listening for a week to the eager whisper-

ings of Miss Mountain Ash, as she tried to determine how far apart she ought to fasten the bunches of red berries with which she was to trim her dress for the occasion? And how could we help hearing the muttered grumblings of the old Oak, as he declared that it was almost too bad that one who had constantly to watch the follies of eighty frivolous damsels should also feel obliged to attend that most foolish of all things, — a party! And when, one day, a little bird perched on one of his long arms, and twittered a gentle reproof of his complainings, he said that if he must go, he did wish people had n't hemmed him in with a bench, — it was so inconvenient getting it arranged again, when he came back exhausted with his efforts at being entertaining.

Suffice to say, from these and other hints we learned the time and place of the gathering, and were there in a quiet corner soon after the company began to assemble. Mrs. White Pine, a tall, stately person, was receiving her guests with all due decorum, while her husband, Mr. Scrub Pine, stood just a step behind, trying to appear at ease, but repeatedly branching off on some forbidden phase of the pecuniary question, and as often called to mind by a needle glance from his helpmate. Their only son and heir, Master Pitch Pine, a young branchlet of twelve years, circulated about the room, evidently uncomfortable from his efforts to remove the traces of his usual sticky condition. His perambulation was accompanied by dubious glances from his near neighbors, and positive terror on the part of Mrs. Aspen, who shivered visibly at each of his rather uncertain movements.

The first who came in after our arrival were Mr. and Mrs. Sugar Maple, with their daughter Miss Silver. Having greeted the hostess in their sweetest manner, they made way for the next comers, who proved to be Mr. Basswood, a theologian, and Mrs. Linden, his sister from Europe, whose grace of manner was strongly in contrast with his extreme bashfulness. Mrs. Linden had also in charge a young Miss Eltoe, for whom she manifested a constant anxiety, and whom, according to strict English rules of propriety, she scarcely allowed to move from her side. This group, however, soon gave place to Miss Holly, another young English girl, who, under the supervision of her aunt, the prim and particular Miss Poplar, presented a very different appearance. Miss Poplar tried to guard her with all due precision, but the pretty little brunette was quite too much for her, and even beguiled her into a grim smile, as she gayly sailed off on the arm of young Norway Spruce.

From these our attention was soon called by the entrance of Miss Cut-leaf Birch, attended by her brother Mr. Paper Birch. Miss Cut-leaf, it appeared, was a student at "Rustle Academy for Young Trees," and her brother, also a theologian, was noted for bringing forward subscription papers at all times and places. He was not long in showing this peculiarity, for even here he brought out the inevitable paper, with numerous dashes drawn for sums of money, the figures of which were yet to be indicated. While we were watching his efforts, as unsuccessful now as formerly, to produce satisfactory results, we were startled by a soft voice near us, which proved to belong to Mrs. Weeping Willow, a young widow: "See; there comes Dr. Black Walnut! How much he resembles my dear departed!" And immediately the fair creature melted to tears, and drooped her lovely head more than ever, which, nevertheless, as I observed, did not prevent her from giving the young doctor a bewitching smile as he passed. And throughout the whole company there was a general stir. The matrons smiled graciously on him; the maidens tried to look demure, and succeeded in appearing self-conscious; and I guessed, what I afterwards learned, that he was reputed to be very wealthy. With him came his cousin, Col. Shagbark Hickory, who shared his wealth, but whose personal appearance formed a strong contrast to that of the handsome young doctor. The society and attentions of Col. Hickory, however, were much sought, but he devoted himself to Miss Horse Chestnut, who was noted for her cutting ways and sharp tongue, and made no exception in his case.

But on looking at the entrance-way, we saw a youth appear in all the importance of his first cane and eye-glass. Slippery Elm, Jr., was his cognomen, and he was fresh from the halls of learning known as "Roaring Academy," a near neighbor of the Rustle institution, to which reference has been made. Not content with escorting one lady to the scene of festivities, this irrepressible youth had invited two, and with the insipid Miss Locust and the plump Miss Snowball on either arm, now came bearing down upon us like a ship under full sail.

At this point appeared the lions of the evening, — the strangers from abroad, who to-night were to be presented for the first time to New England society. Madame Banyan, leaning upon the arm of old Judge Yew, — who looked upon the assembly with a solemn and mournful expression, — were followed by Mr. Palm with his accomplished daughter, Miss Cocanut. They were all extremely

reserved in their manner, except Madame Banyan, who was no sooner seated than she began to pour forth an account of her trials, chiefly with the custom-house officers. "Why!" said she, "I only brought twenty-seven trunks, when none of our family have ever before travelled with less than fifty, and they were actually refused —" But here her narrative was cut short by the summons to supper, the preparations for which had been going on all the evening, under the superintendence of Mrs. Appletree, the house-keeper.

Dr. Black Walnut gave his arm to the stiff Miss Poplar, while the graceful Miss Elm, the most beautiful lady present, walked out with our old Oak, here among his friends called Major Oak, and who, to-night, showed himself in his real character, — that of a knotted, gnarled old bachelor. Slippery Elm, Jr., had the audacity to offer his arm to Miss Cocoanut Palm, as she was the most distinguished lady present, and was by her most effectually snubbed. As usual on such occasions, the gentlemen were in the minority, and Master Pitch Pine was made to act the agreeable. He started to escort Mrs. Aspen to the place of repast, when a sudden dodge so startled her that she was taken from the room in a fit of hysterics. He then made a dive for Miss Holly, who met him on his own ground, and they skipped out in high glee; and there at table we left them rustling and talking in the most voluble manner. The last sounds that reached us were the high-pitched tones of Madame Banyan, as she complained of being cheated by Mr. Mulberry, the silk merchant; and we walked away, thinking that should we really see men as trees walking, they would have to change their nature far less than we had imagined.

M. L. G., '82.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

At a meeting of the Alumnae Association, last June, it was proposed that those who had been pupils of Miss Phebe F. McKeen should found a memorial scholarship of \$2,000 as a slight expression of their abiding love for her whose name brings to all such tender recollections. This suggestion was most cordially received by all present, and the beginning of the scholarship was at once made. As this is to be a memorial given by "Miss Phebe's" pupils, we believe that every one will gladly do what she can towards it. One

half of the proposed scholarship is already pledged; shall it not soon be completed?

Since the meeting of the Association, it has been suggested that there must be, among the pupils, teachers, and other friends of the school, both past and present, those who would gladly contribute toward the endowment of a chair of literature and *belles lettres* as an additional tribute to Miss Phebe, and thus perpetuate not only her memory, but carry forward the work to which her life was so heartily devoted, and realize an advantage to the school which she earnestly desired. It seems peculiarly fitting that the first endowed professorship in Abbot Academy should be dedicated to Miss Phebe F. McKeen.

Money for the scholarship or the professorship may be sent — *with a definite statement of the wish of the donor* — to Miss Agnes Park, secretary of the Alumnæ Association, or to Miss S. A. Jenness, Abbot Academy.

DRIFTWOOD.

THE trees in the woodland were bright with the last glow of autumn, the purple asters were scattered far, and only here and there a golden-rod remained; a haze hung over the hills and valleys, and a subtle stillness pervaded the atmosphere.

The class of '81 thanked Woden and all the Fates, who had decreed this Wednesday a holiday; but most of all they thanked the author of "Logic of Christian Evidences," who had promised to go with them to Indian Ridge, and explain the wonderful works of the great "Ice Giant." He took them where there were

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything";

led them through a gravel walk shaded by golden-leaved trees and bordered with flowers of purple and red; and everywhere were marks of the mighty sculptor's chisel, and rare stones that the great "Ice Giant" had brought from the far North: indeed, whenever this giant had passed, his footprints were left in the solid rock.

The genii of the woods seemed to have agreed among themselves that this group of girls of '81 should pass nothing unnoticed; for

when one would hurry by some hidden wonder, the brambles stretched out their long arms and held her tightly until she had seen all. The partridge-berries lifted up their little red heads and looked wisely out of their two eyes, and wondered that people could be so blind, as they slyly twined their slender stems around the feet of the unwary and brought her face to face with mother earth, where she was sure to find some strange, sweet work of nature.

The merry company climbed a ridge and saw how the "Ice Giant" had used the earth as a lump of clay, moulding it into great bowls; and heard how he had started from the north ages ago, and marched south with mighty power, carrying masses of stones and gravel, making the hills and valleys over according to his fancy.

Then they passed down into a dark hollow, dismal with the smell of damp and mould; there was no sound except the hoarse voice of a frog, that sat on the trunk of a dead tree, singing a monotonous dirge; there was a great pool of water as black as ink, and the ground seemed to sink under their feet. "Surely," they thought, "this is the slough of despond"; but at the magic word of the guide, their eyes were opened and they saw that the dreary peat-bog was the sepulchre of embalmed flowers, which once lifted their bright faces to the sun, and danced, and swayed to the sweet music of the wind, — ages and ages ago.

And so they went on, finding new wonders at every step, till at last they came to a stone wall, where the guide stopped and said, "Look!" and right before them in the midst of the wall were two gray stones just alike, and in either stone there was a beautiful heart, pure and white. This strange sight set their fancy wildly questioning: "How came these hearts here, and why were they turned to stone? Had they been petrified by Medusa? Or was it because they were so faithful and true? Had they once throbbed with joy and sorrow?"

But their guide recalled their wandering fancies, and they learned a lesson as he talked. It was only a rock. The storms and snows and frosts of ages had made their impressions on the outer stone, but the strong inner heart had kept itself pure and white and beautiful.

This walk is now among the pleasures of the past, but the kindly lessons then taught may bear fruit in the distant future.

H. E. G., '81.

Not many weeks ago, word came to us that a musical dedication was to be made of Boston's youngest, her new Tremont Temple, and what was more to the point, perhaps, that possibly some of us might attend one of the series of concerts to be given at that time. When we learned that the last of the three would be the oratorio of "Elijah" and would come on Wednesday, we were not long in fixing upon that evening.

After due consultation with the powers that be, thirteen happy mortals sallied forth on the given Wednesday. Evening soon came, and as we took our seats in the great hall, bright anticipations of pleasure did not prevent our marking the beauties of this new temple. We watched with eager eyes the gathering of the great chorus, the final settling into place of each orchestra, the appearance of the soloists, while we inwardly wondered if they felt what they were about to sing; the well-known form of Carl Zerrahn, as he gave the little preparatory swing to his baton, and — gone are the dazzling lights, the nodding and smiling people, and the pervading atmosphere of Boston culture; for it is Elijah himself who speaks out of the great dim past, and his words, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word," change us into a part of that wilful, listening nation, gazing half in awe and half rebelliously at the grand old prophet, and we join in their feeling of perplexity and impatience as it comes forth in low, sad music from the orchestra: a feeling that deepens into anguish as their want is more keenly felt, anguish rising at length to fury, and fury sinking at last to despair, when the wild cry goes up, "Help, Lord! wilt Thou quite destroy us?" and a little later, the beautiful tenor solo of Obadiah, "If, with all your hearts, ye truly seek me," seems like the gentle lapping of the waves upon the beach after a terrible storm.

And now Elijah is sent to Cherith's brook, and the angels in wondrous strains assure him of their protecting presence as messengers of the Father. But this stream at last becomes dry as the others, and we accompany him to the house of the widow of Zarephath, and witness there the miraculous raising of the dead boy and the mother's heartfelt thanks, terminating in that chorus of benediction, "Blessed are the men who fear Him."

And now we turn again to the angry people, before whom Elijah makes the final test of the true God, and their heart-rending cry, "Hear us, Baal, oh, answer us!" touches in us a chord of pity, and

we almost wish he could hear and answer ; while Elijah in his recitative full of keen sarcasm, " Call him louder ! " seems cold and cruel. And again they call, in music full of pathos, and Elijah derides them in a fury of scorn ; and then goes up their last despairing cry for help that never comes, and in the silence that follows the last " Hear and answer ! " we instinctively hold our breath with the thought that something must surely come to such an appeal. But now with quiet confidence Elijah calls upon his God, and is reassured by the angels with the words, " Cast thy burden on the Lord ! " Then comes the direct appeal for the needed flames, in the recitative, " O Thou, who makest thine angels spirits," and the chorus of overwhelmed, but now believing people, " The fire descends from heaven ! Our God is one Lord ! "

A beautiful and powerful aria, " Is not His word like a fire ? " holds us spellbound ; and a quiet alto song, " Woe unto them who forsake Him," full of a solemn pathos, brings us to that wonderful part, the storm on Mt. Carmel. It begins where the youth is sent again and again to look toward the sea, and brings back that simple, childlike reply, " There is nothing," which changes by and by to the answer, " Behold, a little cloud ariseth," until at last the wind and rain come with a mighty roaring, and the people cry in that last glorious water-chorus, " Thanks be to God, He laveth the thirsty land." All this is one grand crescendo, whose harmony, at first intensely expectant, is finally full of the play of the waters, and in the last few measures breathes forth the earnest thankfulness of the grateful people.

The second part of the oratorio, though full of beautiful passages, does not awake such stirring interest as the first. But we cannot help noting " Lift thine eyes," the chorus directly following " He, watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps," and the peaceful, flowing air in the alto, " Oh rest in the Lord," all of which serve to comfort and sustain the poor discouraged prophet, waiting alone in the wilderness to die. A little later the chorus tells us that, " When the Lord would take him away to heaven, lo ! there came a fiery chariot," and the orchestra gives us a vivid tone-picture of the scene, and renders us ready to join heartily in the last grand chorus of praise, " Then shall your light break forth, as the light of the morning breaketh " ; and we come back to the nodding and smiling people stimulated to higher thoughts and nobler purposes by this hearing of " Elijah."

M. L. G., '82.

It is often said, and perhaps oftener thought, that girls take no interest in the political affairs of the nation; that their interest centres in the purely personal, and that from this narrowness of range they are unable to see, or appreciate if they did see, the great faults and the great needs of the Republic. They are incapable of discriminating between the merits and demerits of free trade and the protective tariff. Their opinions, when they have opinions, on the principles and tendencies of the three parties which divide our people, are supposed to be those of their fathers, "taken on faith," as the phrase goes.

This granted, what chances have they for being different? They cannot go to political rallies or caucuses. They are hardly expected at political lectures. If they have strong sympathies, they cannot let them out. Torchlight processions are not for them, nor are they allowed to cheer their candidate *par excellence*. All that is allowed them is to sit quietly by during such demonstrations, and conduct themselves with grace and propriety. If they undertake to inform themselves through newspapers, they are continually met by unintelligible allusions and technical terms, which gentlemen either cannot or will not explain. Their opportunities for becoming intelligent in regard to politics are simply nothing in comparison with those which a boy enjoys. Thus it is hardly to be wondered at, that in the aggregate they are not intelligent.

But their interest once aroused, girls are very capable of political enthusiasm. In those days while we were so eagerly depending on the daily news, and looking out for the numerous sagacious predictions of success for each party, when it was announced to us that we were to be allowed to go to Col. Higginson's lecture, as well as our usually more favored brothers farther up the hill, our sympathy and excitement were increased, and we were quite ready to bless the enlightenment of our great Nineteenth Century, which gives to us privileges never before enjoyed by girls. It was, presumably, a novel experience to us all, and we availed ourselves of it almost "to a man."

If we had expected an exciting denunciation of Democrats as a whole, or as individuals, we were disappointed. If we had expected unqualified praise of the Republican party we were also disappointed. But if we had expected fairness and justice, the practical weighing of good against bad, the comprehensiveness, the breadth, and the effectiveness of an intelligent and penetrating mind, we most assuredly were not disappointed, for that was what we

heard from the lips of Col. Higginson. We might have complained of his lack of enthusiasm, his moderation bordering on coldness, his rather evident contempt for any party but the Independent; but after his gallant and much-applauded allusion to "the future voters of *both* sexes," we were certainly willing to overlook these faults, — if they were faults, — and declare an unalloyed enjoyment of our first political lecture.

Our kind escort home by the battalions of Phillipians, attired in symbolic white, red, and blue, added still more to the pleasantness of the evening. We began to feel quite well acquainted with them, and looked upon them as old friends, whose marching and cheers we appreciated, though we could not participate in them, or express our sympathy in any more vigorous way than in the waving of handkerchiefs.

Our political career did not, however, end with this. At twelve o'clock on Tuesday, Nov. 2, the different parties represented in Abbot Academy held their respective caucuses, and at a quarter to three that afternoon met in the hall and cast their votes for President into a real ballot-box, with all the customary ceremonies. The result was as follows: Number of votes polled, 106. Necessary to a choice, 54. Republican, 97; Democratic, 8; Greenback, 1: Republican majority, 88.

It is safe to say that the Phillipians themselves could scarcely have made more noise than we, when this was announced. At all events no doubt could have been felt in regard to our enthusiasm. Next came the time of suspense, which though so short seemed long, and then the news of the overwhelming victory which carried the entire North for Garfield. Again we were in danger of blistering our hands, so vigorously did we give expression to our delight at each fresh item of Republican success.

Then to finish all came the grand parade, on the Saturday evening of election week. At about eight o'clock we all, teachers and scholars, started out to see the illuminations, and enjoyed our trip about town at that unusual hour, although, unhappily, there was a decided disposition towards rain, and the greater part of the houses were not lighted up until later. We returned to the academy and waited in eager expectation until nearly ten, trying meanwhile to relieve our impatience and amuse ourselves by singing. When at last the brilliant pageantry wound around the corner of Abbot, and marched slowly up School Street to the strains of martial music, we were carried back by its mystic splendor to the tales of the Middle

Ages, and the days of chivalry; but when the familiar “P, h, i, l, l, i, p, s. Rah! Rah! Rah!” followed by “Three cheers for the Fem. Sems!” rang out on the midnight air, we came directly back to Andover and the campaign of 1880, and gave ourselves up entirely to the occupation of waving our handkerchiefs in acknowledgment of the many cheers, among which those for the “young ladies” predominated to a marked degree over those for “Garfield and Arthur.” We did not stop until the last torch had disappeared; and then, with a sigh to think it was all over, we arrived at the conclusion that inasmuch as it was late, we would withdraw. — not as the Democrats had done, in disgrace, with defeat written on their faces and nothing but the Chinese letter left behind, — but merely to our rooms.

We now await not only the election of 1884, but those also in the not very dim future, when we, the women of America, shall join our votes with those of fathers, husbands, and brothers, for the man best fitted to care for and advance our beloved country, *irrespective of party*.

E. C., '83.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

OUR long, pleasant summer has quickly gone, and the bright fall has called us all back from our vacation rest and enjoyment to begin study again. With wistful eyes we have watched the disappearance of the flame-colored leaves; but we welcome the clear cold of the frosty mornings, which entices us to brisk walks and daily starts us on our work full of enthusiasm.

THE opening year has brought its changes, some sad, others pleasant: we look about for our elder sisters only to find their places filled by strangers; we miss, most of all, the bright presence of one who last year welcomed us all with cheering words, but who now is waiting in our Father's house, ready to give us the same glad greeting when we shall have finished the school of life.

MISS JENNESS, from her annual visits known so well to most old scholars, now presides at Davis Hall.

THE opening of the fall term found the halls well filled. Among the new scholars were the usual number of homesick ones, who went about with funereal faces, and wrote the most pathetic letters home; but all that has passed, and the best antidote for homesickness — plenty of work — has produced its usual effect, and the new scholars are fast becoming "old girls."

WE are always glad to record the success of the daughters of Abbot. Miss Mary C. Wheeler, '66, has recently had a picture accepted by the Salon in Paris. It was an Italian head, a study from life, which received much commendation from her teacher and other critics, and was sold upon the walls. Miss Wheeler is still hard at work in Paris, and her future success as an artist may be considered as secured. Another old scholar has joined a class in Greek, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association in her native city. Still another is digging out the Norwegian language. Of the class of '80, two have taken up German, one has commenced the study of Greek, and another has passed the Harvard entrance examinations in Latin, and is continuing the study there.

ALTHOUGH the Draper reading was omitted last year, the following readers had been chosen: Mary Alice Abbott, Helen R. Heywood, Hattie Y. Smith, Lydia C. Noyes, and Mary E. Bartlett, '80; S. Frances Ames, Sarah M. Puffer, and Lillie E. Stevens, '81; Julia Harding and Abbie J. McCutchins, '82. With the hearty approval of Prof. Churchill, who had already given considerable time to these young ladies, Mrs. Draper put the money usually paid for their training into their hands, that they might contribute it to the proposed scholarship in memory of Miss Phebe McKeen.

THE general course of school life was broken by the meeting of the American Board at Lowell. Wednesday, Oct. 7, fifty girls, teachers, matrons, and a wagonful of baskets and bundles started for the depot. The short journey was enlivened by the excitement of a crowd, and by the breaking of the coupling, leaving one car behind in which were most of the teachers. We attended meetings all day, — a new experience to most of us; and many, as they looked upon the vast number of people assembled to hear what progress God's word had made, felt that the Kingdom of Heaven must be near. Time would fail to tell of each earnest address and inspiring song, but we are sure that a new enthusiasm was kindled for saving men.

Among the thousands of visitors to be housed and fed, the Abbot Academy girls seemed likely to go unprovided, and very gladly did they accept the kind invitation of the Rev. Dr. Street to use his vestry, where they found the tables laid and rooms warmed for their occupation. But when some daring soul proposed to spend the night in the church, the fifty girls looked their astonishment, and crowded about Miss McKeen to learn if such fun was possible. Much to their joy, no objection was made if blankets could be had, and a teacher to matronize them. Mrs. Gorton, the matron of South Hall, offered her services, and a committee of two undertook the mission of blankets, and were rewarded by twenty-four new comforters, fresh from the store of Mr. Folsom, who evidently believed in young people, and whose kindness will long be remembered by the twenty-four girls who were courageous enough to try camping that night. Ten o'clock found a long line of pew cushions ignominiously resting upon the floor. Before eleven o'clock the wisdom of "quiet after ten" was apparent, for the amount of ideas which found vent that night was wonderful. One or two, more anxious for rest than for the improvement of their minds, grew demonstrative in their efforts to preserve public peace, and were finally victorious and fell into the sleep earned by the victor. Quiet reigned for the space of half an hour; when, just at the time appropriated by spirits, the outer door was heard to open and the inner door also was thrown back. Visions of dreadful things rushed through their heads, and were not dispelled at the exclamation, "Conscience! I didn't know about this." He vanished up the gallery stairs, and everything was still for a moment; then nearer and nearer came the returning steps of the unbidden guest, and hearts stood still, but there was only a hasty rush down the gallery stairs, out the door, into the street, and the frightened fireman had wound the clock and escaped unharmed. For about a minute after the last sound not a girl stirred, but then — Have you ever seen a mill gate raised, or a district school let out? If so, you can appreciate the force of pent-up emotions which poured forth into the astonished quiet of the church. But, finally, fluttering hearts were soothed by friendly communion, and all fell asleep, to be wakened in the early morning by the sound of the organ softly calling them to prepare for another day.

But our enjoyment of these meetings did not cease with their close, for we had the pleasure of visits from several missionaries during the succeeding days. Mrs. Mills, of California, spent the Sabbath with us, and spoke to us at our Saturday-night meeting about many interesting things in India. Those of us who talked with her felt that we were almost acquainted with the girls of Mills' Seminary, of which she is principal. Mr. Christie, of the Central Turkey Mission, spoke to us the Saturday night before the meeting. Dr. Hannay, from England, also visited us.

Besides these friends, we have been favored with talks from Dr. Magoun, of Grinnell College, Iowa; Dr. Lawrence, of Marblehead; Mrs. Harriet Woods Baker (Madeline Leslie), and Rev. Mr. Welch, of Scotland, who was accompanied by his wife, daughter of Dr. Guthrie.

It was with the keenest enjoyment that we listened to a familiar talk upon the Acropolis, by Rev. Mr. Constantine, of Athens. He prefaced his remarks by saying that Greek architecture is based upon a system of crookedness, illustrating this by the irregular positions of the Temple of Wingless Victory, the Parthenon, and Erechtheum. He introduced us to the Acropolis at the Propylæa; but instead of hastening at once to the Parthenon, he made us stand in the gate and view the grandest of buildings from the "artist's own standpoint." He then led us close to the marvellous Temple of Athena, and showed us the drums discarded because the keen eye of the sculptor saw the flaw which is apparent to our eyes only after twenty-two centuries. He told us of the *generosity* of the English, who carried the statues of the pediment to England and returned to Greece plaster casts of the same. Then he led us to the Erechtheum and gave us some idea of its wonders, leaving us with a great desire to see for ourselves the grand ruins so familiar to him.

WE believe the COURANT has never printed a list of Abbot Academy's missionary daughters, therefore we insert the following: Mrs. Dr. Hamlin (Henrietta Jackson, '30), Mrs. Everett (S. Haynes, '45), Miss Martha Gleason, '79, and Miss Clara Hamlin, 73, Constantinople; Mrs. Dr. H. M. Scudder (Fannie Lewis, '36), India, now of Brooklyn; Mrs. Sherman (Martha E. Williams, '34), Jerusalem; Mrs. Worcester Willey (M. A. Frye, '43), Indian Territory; Mrs. Beebe (S. Wardell, '52), Marash; Mrs. Adams (C. Plimpton, '55), Prague; Mrs. Fuller (A. D. Gould, '56), Miss H. N. Childs, '76, Aintab; Mrs. T. Jones, of English Church (Martha Cooley, '56), Sandwich Islands; Mrs. Livingston (M. Tracy, '56), Rebecca Tracy, '59, Sivas; Mrs. De Riemer (E. True, '57), Oodooville; Mrs. Dr. Berry (M. Gove, '67), Mrs. Pettée (Isabella Wilson, '74), Mrs. Cary (Ellen Emerson, '77), Yokohama; Mrs. Geo. Gutterson (Emma Wilder, '74), Madura. Miss Charlotte M. Adams, '74, daughter of Rev. Geo. Adams, of Holliston, was accepted as a missionary to Syria under the Presbyterian Board, when called by the great Master to go up higher.

The wives of President Washburn (H. Hamlin, '58) and Professor Grosvenor (L. Waters, '72), of Robert College, and Belle Bliss, '78, and Carrie Byington, '81, of the Scutari Home, though not strictly in missionary work, come so near it that they should be mentioned in the same connection.

THE following quotation from *Wide Awake* for November tells us of the noble work which Miss Kate Smith, '73, is doing. Speaking of the Concord School of Philosophy, the author says: "But doubtless the children will feel a deeper interest in the leaders of the Kindergarten movement, who were attracted to this school by Miss Peabody, their acknowledged head. One of the most remarkable was Miss Kate D. Smith, of San Francisco, who conceived the idea of applying this system to the relief of the very lowest classes of the poor children of her city. To this task she brought great personal beauty, fearless courage, and an indomitable will; she secured perfect discipline by conquering the hearts and winning the love of the wild young gamins. In the poor places which she was compelled to visit to find her

pupils, she was sometimes subjected to rudeness, but her nobleness of character was soon apparent even to the worst of men ; they soon accorded her the respect which was her due. Once on parting with her little girls, with the kisses which they always claimed, a set of roughs saluted her with jeers ; turning upon them, she said, ' If you had been kissed in your childhood by good women, you would not have insulted me thus.' After this speech she received no more trouble from that quarter.

"Miss Smith's Kindergarten is now the centre of attraction for visitors interested in the system, and she has many spectators in her rooms every day who study her methods. She lectures on educational subjects twice a week, and still finds time to write the most charming stories for the juvenile magazines."

A HANDSOME donation of books has been received this term from our kind friend, Mr. Edward Taylor.

MISS ELIZABETH CHADBOURNE'S name was omitted by mistake from the list of teachers in the last catalogue. Her scholars will not soon forget the enthusiasm which she awakened in her classes.

HAVING duly celebrated the triumph of our candidate for President, the next question of importance was whether Phillips Andover or Phillips Exeter should triumph in foot-ball. Through the courtesy of our neighbors, seats were reserved for us at a safe distance from the damp ground ; and though we held our breath at first lest some one should be hurt in the mad scrambles after the ball, we soon came to the conclusion that the players must be invulnerable, — a conclusion somewhat shaken by later developments, — and gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the game. Most of us were very much in the condition of the individual immortalized in the "Phillipian," who "didn't know touchdowns from goals," but every bit of information which any one was fortunate enough to have was passed along the line, and we waved our handkerchiefs when we heard the Phillips cheer ; and although we would have liked a more decided victory for Andover, we concluded that the result was as satisfactory to *all parties* as it could well be.

A TALK on the Eastern Question, given at Bartlett Chapel, by President Washburne, of Robert College, Constantinople, was very interesting. One of the most helpful things about it was that the speaker did not take it for granted that his audience knew all about the state of affairs in the East, but explained clearly from the beginning. Those of us who remained to hear about Robert College, and the work it is doing, found that also very interesting.

THE senior class has completed the study of Logic of Christian Evidences, and taken up Psychology in its place. The examination was made interesting and helpful to them by the presence and questions of Mr. Wright, the author of their text-book. The fear and trembling with which an oral examination is usually attended was much lessened by the kind manner of their visitors, whose criticism they were sure would be lenient. Their only regret was that the book which had been so interesting and useful to them was so imperfectly represented. After the examination, the class and its teacher took a walk to Sunset Rock, and came back rested and ready for study.

WE have been unusually favored by visits from old scholars this term.

THE customary levees upon the hill have been varied this fall by a sociable in Bartlett Chapel, intended to be less formal than the levees, as the ladies were expected to appear in simple dress, without gloves, and the invitation was given from seven to nine. We were received by Mrs. Phelps and Miss Park, but the guests were few, as it proved most of those expected were invited elsewhere that evening. However, the idea is a sensible one and worthy of success.

A LECTURE and concert course, under the auspices of the Young People's Social Club of the South Church, has given us several pleasant evenings. One of the best entertainments of the course was the lecture by Dr. MacKenzie on "Debt and Credit." We enjoyed a double pleasure in hearing him again at prayers the next morning.

THE concert given by the Spanish Students in costume was also very enjoyable.

GENEROUS friends in town have kept us well supplied with apples this fall. The orchards and barrels to which we were so kindly invited to go seemed truly inexhaustible.

'83 HAS begun to gather its members for class meetings. Doubtless we shall soon hear of '84.

THE last COURANT spoke of the entertainment given to raise money for new sidewalks. Our expectations, so long disappointed, are at last partially fulfilled, for a ribbon of concrete really extends from Mrs. Cheever's to Mr. Draper's store.

EXCHANGES.

BEFORE launching our small literary bark on its seventh voyage, it becomes us to take a rapid survey of the crafts from other shores that are lying at our docks. The cargoes are rich and various, and are pervaded with the true spirit of the young American, as invariably as they bear Uncle Sam's stamp, and swing to the breeze the national flag.

THE *Brunonian* is a craft that rides lightly enough over the waters; which she may easily do, as she is never heavily laden. An abundant stock of light goods, consisting chiefly of gossip and fun, is not wanting, and a certain bale marked "Study," upon examination, discloses some things of real value; but as we glance into the cabin and behold the aged and time-honored CERVANTES sitting per force by the side of the Danbury News Man, our sense of the "eternal fitness of things" is offended, and we can but pity the captain for his evident lack of perception.

A STANCH, well-built vessel next comes to view, bearing the name *Williams Athenæum* in bright letters on her prow. We step on board with pleasure, for we are always glad to get tidings from her port, as the sometime home of so many men of wide-spread fame; and we cannot blame her for an additional air of pride, just now, in consequence of the late political victory which gives to her harbor a national interest.

WE next turn to the *Beacon*, which at first sight is a harmless-looking craft; but when we notice a conspicuous card on the pilot-house, setting forth in strong terms all that such a vessel should and should not be, and rather contemptuously noting all defects in those with which she has come in contact, we involuntarily glance about us for visible evidence of this lofty perfectness which she demands in others. Our search, however, being in vain, we are puzzled, and are led to inquire — what before we had forgotten — the home port of this strange craft, when the problem is solved, for she hails from none other than the neighboring village of Boston, where the glasses are of such a make that it is impossible to “see oursel’s as ithers see us.”

AND now floats up to the wharf a small yacht, whose name we discover to be the *Greylock Monthly*. As we step down upon her deck, we are confronted by several ponderous-looking bales, marked respectively, “Coligny,” “Battle of Gettysburg,” “Discoveries among the Ruins of Babylon”; but we go no further, and glance instinctively toward the shore, for that a craft of such slender proportions can bear in safety such weights seems incredible. But we are assured that there is no danger while she is resting in quiet waters, and out of curiosity we descend into the hold, where we are stifled by a strange gaseous matter formed by the union of “Locals” with puns of the second degree; and we are glad to escape to the fresh air, where we step across the gang-plank to a barge of pompous mien, bearing the appellation of

College Herald. We are at once informed that it is owned and sent forth by three distinct corporations, the College, Academy, and Institute of Lewisburg, Pa.; and as the joint property of these imposing associations, we look a little more closely both at the ship and its cargo as we pass through. Notwithstanding this ownership, we find in our course not a few weak points that would lead us to fear for her safety in rough waters; an examination of her freight reveals an evident lack of the element strength, and through the neglect of either the captain editor or one of his printer sailors, the laws of navigation as contained in English Grammar are transgressed in the line “Among the neatest and sparkling magazines,” etc. Besides these defects, her cargo consists chiefly in produce for home consumers, — locals, personals, seminary and academy items constituting the greater part.

AND now we finish our rounds by an inspection of the (two) largest ships that are moored in this quiet harbor, and which are called respectively *The Crimson* and *Oberlin Review*. The first is a seaworthy vessel, which shows at the outset the wealth (*not* the literary opulence) of the owners, by the large quantity of advertisement bales with which almost one half the hold is stored. Aside from these, it contains a fair amount of so-called poetry, a good deal of welcome information concerning the coming Greek play, and various bundles of light goods evidently intended for recreative purposes.

THE *Oberlin Review*, on the other hand, is laden with products of clear, vigorous thought, and it is not easy to make a tour of inspection without finding something worth remembering. Especially interesting, perhaps, are the bales marked “How the Earth prints History,” and “Future American Literature,” both of which are forceful and well constructed; and as we turn to leave, the impression is stronger than ever, that upon this vessel there is a well-trained crew and a strong hand at the helm.

PERSONALS.

Most of our wanderers in Europe have returned. Prof. S. M. Downs and wife met us in September, full of enthusiasm, and prepared to give us the benefit of their trip,—Mr. Downs with his new music, and Mrs. Downs in lectures on cathedrals,—which we are anticipating with great pleasure.

'81. Carrie Ladd, having also spent her vacation in England, France, and Switzerland, reached Andover in October.

'73, '77, '79, '77. Lottie Barnard, Anna and Nellie Barron, and Josephine Richards came home in November, after their more extended travels in Europe, Palestine, and Egypt. They left Miss Strickland for longer study in Germany.

'76. Miss Harriet Newell Childs sailed for Aintab, Turkey, Sept. 25, 1880.

'81. Carrie M. Byington is teaching music in the Constantinople Home, and has a class of eighteen pupils.

'80. We are glad to know that Clara Shipman has reached her home in the Sandwich Islands in safety.

Hattie Gillchrest has returned to her home, Liverpool, Eng.

MARRIAGES.

'73. May 1, 1879, Lelia M. Woodcock to Charles D. Monroe, of Southbridge, Mass.

'78. June, 1880, Mattie H. Hutchinson to William H. Ray, principal of McCollom Institute, Mt. Vernon, N. H.

'75. July 14, 1880, in Plymouth, N. H., Elizabeth A. Dodge to William R. Parke, of Plymouth. Address, 102 Broadway, Providence, R. I.

July 29, 1880, at Saco, Me., Mary G. Montgomery, teacher in '76, to Rev. W. F. Slocum, of Salisbury, Mass.

'76. Sept. 4, 1880, Mary B. Paullin to William Brooks Close, of London, Eng.

'79. Sept. 7, 1880, Helen K. Ladd to Henry J. Corbet, both of Portland, Oregon.

'78. Oct 13, 1880, Abbie J. Meach to William K. Sheldon, of Charlotte, Vt.

'68. Oct. 20, 1880, at Epping, N. H., Abby T. Stearns to Frank W. Spaulding, M. D.

'77. Oct. 21, 1880, at Glenn's Falls, N. Y., Delia Abbott to Frank M. Wait.

'66. Oct. 21, 1880, Ella J. Shaw to Samuel Usher, of Winchester, Mass.

'79. Nov. 3, 1880, Carrie B. Archer to Charles D. Spear, of Blackinton, Mass.

'79. Nov. 16, 1880, in Boston, Helen M. Chamberlin to Arthur H. Pray.

'70. November, 1880, in Lawrence, Ellen P. Battles to William C. Webber.

'78. Dec. 1, 1880, in Lynn, Lizzie M. George to William H. Burns.

'75. Martha B. Ripley to Francis C. Faulkner.

'77. Anna K. Eaton to Horace Murchie, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

'78. Rumors are afloat of the marriage of Carrie W. King, of Appalachicola, Fla.

'68. Dec. 25, 1880, Henrietta M. Eaton to Rev. John J. Blair.

DEATHS.

'66. Dec. 11, 1879, in Dorchester, Emma D. Coffin, Mrs. Geo. Atherton.

'71. August, 1880, in Boston, Sarah H. Perry.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'81.

CLASS COLOR, CHERRY.

<i>President,</i>	SARAH M. PUFFER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	FANNIE H. GRIGGS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MARY G. WHITCOMB.

'82.

CLASS COLOR, LIGHT BLUE.

<i>President,</i>	ABBIE J. McCUTCHINS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	KATE C. GEER.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	LILLIE A. WILCOX.

'83.

<i>President,</i>	EDITH CARPENTER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	MARY STUART EDWARDS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MARY FRANCES WALKER.

Society.

THE SPHINX.

<i>President,</i>	CARRIE A. LADD.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ROSE STANDISH PERKINS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	SARAH FORD.

Executive Committee.

ROSE STANDISH PERKINS.	MARY L. GEER.
EDITH CARPENTER.	

Messrs. TIFFANY & CO.'S various departments of design, connected with the different branches of their business, enable them to produce original and successful drawings for articles which they manufacture.

Their facilities for executing orders for INVITATIONS and other Stationery, SILVERWARE and JEWELRY, are unequalled in this country.

Correspondence invited.

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

JOS. GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL,

Paris Exposition, 1878.

His Celebrated Numbers - - 303-404-170-351-332

And his other styles may be had of all dealers
throughout the world.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
NEW YORK.

ESTES & LAURIAT,
Booksellers and Importers,

301-305 Washington Street, Boston,

(OPPOSITE OLD SOUTH,)

OFFER TO BOOK-BUYERS THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE

STOCK OF BOOKS—NEW AND OLD,

In all departments of Literature, and in all styles of binding, displayed on the shelves and counters of their

NEW BOOK STORE, the finest and most commodious in New PRICED SECTIONS,
England. One entire side is devoted to books in

from 25 cents to \$3 per volume, thus affording buyers the opportunity of making selections at their own convenience.

Encyclopædias, Dictionaries, Books of Reference, Standard Drama, History, Poetry, Fiction,
Fine Art Books, Choice Etchings, Plain and India Proofs,
English Reminders, etc., etc.

LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED TO ALL CUSTOMERS.

Strangers visiting the city are cordially invited to call and examine our store and stock, where the latest publications will always be found.

Also Publishers of The American Art Review, Guizot's Histories of France and England, Rambaud's History of Russia, Martin's History of France, The Globe Encyclopædia, Dictionary of Commerce, etc., etc.

OPPOSITE THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE.

N. J. BARTLETT & CO.
BOOKSELLERS,
No. 28 Cornhill,

No. 32 Museum Street, {
London, Eng. }

BOSTON.

Libraries and small quantities of Books purchased.

One of the Pleasantest Summer Resorts
IN NEW ENGLAND.

Mansion House, Andover,

"ON THE HILL."

Open all the Year.

Coach at Depot on arrival of each train. Passengers conveyed to any part of the town.

A good LIVERY STABLE connected with the house, where may be found safe carriage and saddle horses. Prices as low as the lowest.

CHARLES L. CARTER, Proprietor.

**J. NEWMAN & SONS,
FLORAL ARTISTS,**

BASKETS AND BOUQUETS, for Exhibitions,

A SPECIALTY.

WEDDING DECORATIONS,

FUNERAL DESIGNS.

Choice Plants, Verbenas, etc., \$1.00 per Box.

FRESH FLOWER SEEDS.

NO. 7 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

THOMAS HOWELL,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

Feathers, Mattresses, Bedding, &c.

Furniture to let in any quantity.

PARK STREET - - - - ANDOVER.

Opposite the Post-Office.

J. E. WHITING,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

ALSO, DEALER IN

FANCY GOODS, TOYS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES,

Soaps, Lamps, Chimneys, Confectionery.

FOREIGN  DOMESTIC FRUITS.

Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

MAIN STREET - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

T. A. HOLT & CO.

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods & Groceries,

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,

ANDOVER, MASS.

SMITH & MANNING,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries,

ESSEX STREET,

ANDOVER, MASS.

DOW & NEAL'S

Millinery and Fancy Goods Store,

SWIFT'S BUILDING,

MAIN ST., ANDOVER, MASS.

The latest styles of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Neckties, etc. Stamp-
ing and Pinking to order. Assortment of Worsteds and Materials for Fancy
Work constantly on hand.

Agents for "Domestic Monthly" and "Domestic Paper Fashions." Kid
Gloves cleaned and dyed.

BENJ. BROWN,

DEALER IN

*Ladies', Misses' and Children's***Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.**

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER.

Swift's Building, Main St., Andover, Mass.

GEORGE H. PARKER,
DRUGS *and* MEDICINES,**Fancy and Toilet Articles,**

SPONGES, ETC.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

DRAPER'S BLOCK, ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHN H. CHANDLER,

Directly opposite Post-Office, Andover, Mass.

DEALER IN

PERIODICALS, STATIONERY,**Fancy Goods, Fruit and Confectionery.**

Agency for Mme. Demorest's Reliable Patterns.

Unmounted Photographs

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN WORKS OF ART,

Embracing reproductions of famous original Paintings, Sculpture, Architectural Subjects, etc. Price, cabinet size, \$1.50 per dozen. Send stamp for Catalogue of 1,600 subjects.

JOHN P. SOULE, Publisher,**338 WASHINGTON STREET - - BOSTON, MASS.**

HARRY S. TILTON,

(Successor to JOSEPH ABBOTT,)

MANUFACTURER OF

PICTURE FRAMES,

AND DEALER IN

Stationery, Fancy Goods and Confectionery.

I receive my Confectionery fresh every
Tuesday and Friday.

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER.

JOHN PRAY,

Livery and Boarding Stable.

HORSES, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES AND BEACH WAGONS
TO LET AT REASONABLE RATES.

Hacks furnished for Weddings, Calls, Etc.

ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHNSON & CO.'S
ANDOVER EXPRESS,

32 COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Leave Office at 11.00 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

GOODS SHIPPED BY FREIGHT AND EXPRESS TO
ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Elm House, Andover, Mass.

E. D. HATCH, PROPRIETOR.

Terms - - - \$2.00 per day.

W. F. DRAPER

OFFERS FOR SALE

All kinds of Books and Stationery

USED IN THE SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES
OF ANDOVER,

At Low Prices.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

The Winter Term of Eleven Weeks

Will Open on

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1881.

For Admission or Information

Apply to

MISS PHILENA McKEEN - - PRINCIPAL.



THE ABBOT COURANT.

Edited by

EMMA J. LYON, '81.

ROSE S. PERKINS, '81

MARY R. HILLARD, '83.

LILLIE A. WILCOX, '82,

Business Editor.

VOL. VII.

JUNE, 1881.

NO. 2.

ETCHING.

THE art of etching is a very old one. Until recently it has been practised by but few modern artists. Within a few years there has been a great awakening in the interest felt in this art among people generally; although, perhaps, it is one which will always have more fascination for the few than for the many.

The mechanical part of the process of producing an etching is as follows: On a plate of burnished copper of any desired size a thin covering is spread, of a substance called "etching-ground." When properly applied the plate looks as if covered with a thin black varnish. Upon this the drawing is made, with a steel point which easily penetrates the varnish and lays bare the copper at every stroke, making a drawing consisting of shining lines on a black ground. The point need not cut into the copper, but only through the ground.

Then the plate is covered to the depth of a half an inch or more with nitric acid diluted with water, which corrodes, or, technically speaking, bites the exposed lines, thus engraving them upon the copper, so that when the plate is cleaned the design is found to be engraved upon the plate, and is ready for the printer.

This is a very brief description; but every part of the process is attended with many modifications of which there is no time to speak here. But to give a little idea of some of the possibilities, the way

of obtaining light and dark lines may be touched upon. When the plate has been subjected to the acid long enough to bite the lines in the picture which are intended to be the faintest, — as, for instance, the sky, — it is removed, the acid rinsed away, and a thin varnish applied with a fine brush to those lines, so that the acid can no longer reach them. The plate is then plunged again into the acid; and this process is repeated on different parts of the picture, according to the degree of light and shade desired, until only the lines which are meant to be very black and bold remain; and these, having been exposed during the whole process, are of course the most deeply bitten. It will be seen that much judgment is needed in regulating the time of biting.

In an etching the lines differ much in texture from those of an engraving, which are made by cutting the metal with a sharp instrument. The action of the acid produces a more ragged line, which gives warmth and life, and is more like a sketch directly from the hand of the artist, as indeed it really is.

Many artists have taken great delight in etching, because so much may be expressed with so few lines, and so wide a range of light and shade is possible. Rembrandt was probably the greatest of all etchers. Among modern artists those best known as etchers are Haden and Whistler in England, and of the French school, Jacques, Lalaune, Méryon, Appian, and Corôt.

A very thorough handbook on etching has recently been published, called "Lalaune on Etching." It is translated by Mr. S. R. Koehler, who has added an introduction containing an exceedingly clear description of the process for the use of beginners.

H. FRANCES OSBORNE.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

I SHALL not try to tell again that story so often told — the story of the great Rebellion. I shall not even attempt to describe to you a single battle. I will only give, if I can, some impressions which that dreadful struggle made upon the mind of a child.

I did not ask others, or even question myself, why there was so much noise and confusion; there was nothing strange to me in the booming of guns, the tramping of horses, and the smell of gunpowder. I had always seen mother's face sad, and her sighs were the first sounds I could remember. When she found time to caress me it was with a

troubled look, and she so often called me her "poor little girl." I supposed grown-up people were always sad; for I had never seen any but the "blacks" who were merry and gay; and they were the only people who seemed to have time to talk with us children.

Aunt Dinah was my constant companion. Her round, black, shining face shone like her new buns when they had just been whisked over with the white of an egg. She was my Scheherazade. Her stories were wonderful to me; her songs and Methodist hymns were better than an opera; and the "traps" and little bits of trash in her pockets were treasures indeed. In short, she was the most wonderful auntie that ever wore a black skin. Always ready to answer my questions and explain difficulties, Aunt Dinah was quite a philosopher in her way; when hard questions could not be answered, or my little sorrows explained away, she would sing me to sleep with such soothing songs as,

"O Canaan, bright Canaan!

I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

Don't you see the angels beck'ning, and a calling me away?

Don't you see the golden city and the everlasting day?"

One night she had been singing for some time; the sun had gone down, and the old kitchen was quite dark, except once in a while the fire would blaze up for a moment, and then die down again, making a strange shadow on the wall; and still I was wide awake. Suddenly there was a sound outside the door — at first, a prolonged, agonized groan; then a wild shout; and then followed the well-known negro chorus, "Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

The door opened, and I can never forget that sight. An old negro woman came limping into the room, shouting and singing, while the blood was streaming from an ugly cut in her forehead. There were two little children clinging to her dress, too much frightened to cry; and a third, a boy somewhat older than the other two, was holding her sleeve, saying: "Hush, now, mammy; you don't know what you are talkin' about. Don't make so much fuss, or old Marse will be after us, and then we should cotch it."

She paid no attention to what he said, but sank down upon the floor, moaning, "I'm a-dying, I'm a-dying"; and then she would shout and sing. The boy explained, in a few words, that his master, in a passion that evening, had struck her with the iron poker, and then thrust them all out-doors, saying they might try their freedom for one night; and she had not known anything, "but had been singin' and carryin' on ever since."

Aunt Dinah took me away to my own room; and when I asked

why God let such a wicked man live, she said: "Lor, Honey, he will be gittin' powerful oneasy one of these days; it will be an awful case for the poor critter's soul when he dies. You just go to sleep, Honey; the Lord will take care of him when his time comes."

A few days after, on looking out of the window, I saw old "Uncle Will," the negro minister, at the head of a funeral procession. Dinah explained: "The poor old woman you saw the other day has done gone to glory."

Aunt Dinah's cheerfulness was wonderful. In times of the greatest danger and excitement she went through her daily round of duties, and I do not remember ever seeing her countenance in the least ruffled or disturbed.

There was another day, when the whole house seemed to be alive with gray soldiers. They were tramping up and down stairs, and lounging and smoking in the parlor. Half dazed with the confusion, I ran out into the porch; and there I saw a fearful sight. Mother was fronting a rough looking soldier, who was pointing a cocked pistol at grandfather's white head. Her eyes were flashing, and she trembled with anger, as she said, "Will you frighten this poor helpless old man into his grave? You excite him with your insolent talk, and then shoot him for what you have tempted him to say." Then, turning, she said gently, "Come, Father, into my room. You will find it quiet there."

I followed them; but we had no sooner reached the room than "Black Rose," who was not always as composed as Aunt Dinah, rushed into the room, all out of breath. She exclaimed: O lor, Missis, what in dis world are we goin' to do? They have done broke in the smoke-house door, and have took off every bite of bacon and flour. And down cellar — Lor, such a sight! every one of the spikes out of the barrels, and the whole cellar is like a river of vinegar and 'lasses. And they has took out every one of the best blankets and puffs, and strapped 'em on their horses for saddle-blankets; and they are makin' lint out of Missis's best table linen. I'd rather see the whole place burned up; I would so. Der aint no sayin' neber, 'bout no kind o' things in dis yer world. Sam has just come in from the lower place; and he says they are diggin' the sweet 'taters, and have done took every horse, even to ole blind Jerry. And, what's worse, they are goin' to camp on the lower place. Lord knows, Missis, how in dis world we are goin' to live." And this was a question that came up many times during those four years.

For some time the rebels filled the place; until one day the cars,

which had not been running for some time, came whistling into the station, and from them emerged a crowd of blue coats. There was running and shouting and hiding. Little black Bill came running into the house, saying, "Missis, the bullets are just whizzin' through the yard, and I heard 'em say that Mrs. Smith was standin' by her winder, and was accidentally shot."

Mrs. Smith was one of our near neighbors; so we cuddled together behind the chimney for protection against the swiftly flying bullets. But soon it was decided that even this was not safe, and a ladder was put down into a large empty cistern which had been used for a place of refuge. Aunt Dinah was washing at the time, and did not stop till mother called: "Auntie, come with us, and help carry the baby; for we shall be killed if we stay here."

She wiped her hands, saying, "I did hope I should get my clothes dry first. Sun shines so hot they'd get plum dry in no time." She went with us, but could not be persuaded to remain, so eager was she to get her clothes dry; and when we returned she was washing, and singing:

"Sometimes I'm up; sometimes I'm down;
Sometimes I'm level with the ground.
And I don't want to stay no longer."

Another day came four soldiers in gray, carrying a wounded man. He was dressed in blue, with bright buttons and tinsel epaulets; his face was pale, and his cap had fallen from his head; a wound was bleeding profusely, where an enemy's bullet had pierced his side. I ran to ask Aunt Dinah what it all meant. She told me: "The sick man is one of the brave Yankee boys, chil'; and they have shot him, and are goin' to take him to Libby prison; but the poor soul will never live to get there, thank the Lord! They put him on the sofa. He opened his eyes; but it 'peared like they didn't notice anything 'round, they had that far-away death look in 'em. His lips were moving, and your ma went to him to see if she could hear what he was sayin'; but the only word she could understand was 'mother.' He was thinkin' of home, poor critter; he was powerful weak. They said they must go on with him; but your ma begged 'em to let him die in quiet. They said they were sorry not to 'blige her, but they had no time to wait for a man to die. Then they took off his boots, and they all tried 'em until they found one who could wear 'em, then searched his pockets and looked over his pocket-book; but there was nothing in it but a picture of a lady—most likely his mother. Lor, child, you mustn't cry; it's nothin' more than happens every day. They have done gone now. Run in and see your ma. I must be gettin' supper."

This was all Dinah told me about the wounded soldier, and I never knew who he was; but the memory of that sad face often comes to me like a dream.

There was a day that followed this time of gloom like a ray of sunlight. Mother's face looked brighter than I had ever seen it before. From over the hills there came the sound of the drum and fife. All was in a state of commotion and hurry. "The Yankees are coming," was the cry we heard on every side; and very soon the steady tramp, tramp could be heard in the distance. Then the great army began to pour into the streets. The music was cheerful; the blue and gold of their uniforms looked gay; and the stars and stripes were floating proudly over it all.

Then the cloud gathered again, and a dark day followed. There was heard that cry that came before — "The Yankees are coming." But now the house was all sadness, and mother's eyes were filled with tears. The tramp, tramp again could be heard in the distance, and the great army once more poured into our streets. Was it the same army — these weary soldiers, with their blue and gold covered with dust and blood? Many a horseman carried an arm in a sling, or, instead of his blue cap, wore a bandage bound over a cut in his forehead. Some rode with one knee over the front of the saddle, to support a shattered limb. The horses were in a worse condition than their riders. Many limped past, as if scarcely able to move; and I saw two lie down in the street and die. The stars and stripes, which had waved over them so proudly a few days before, now trailed low in the dust. Mother, as if she could not endure the sight longer, drew down the curtain, as if to hide some grief, I knew not what. And this is the last word-picture I have of those dreadful days.

H. E. G. '81.

A GLIMPSE OF SPENSER'S HEROES.

THE Tales of Chivalry, which so engrossed the interests of the Spaniards as to lead a contemporary of Spencer to write *Don Quixote*, had had their day of popularity in England; still, enough interest in them was felt by the mass of the people, and the court manners were chivalric in such a degree as to warrant the seeker of court favors in making the heroes of his "*Faerie Queen*" knights, who have "skill to ride" and joust, and who conquer dragons and storm enchanted castles.

The Red-Cross Knight, our first hero, though invincible in arms,

is impetuous at first in his attack upon error ; afterwards is credulous, hence often deceived by Duessa, then almost persuaded by Despair to put an end to his own life, and, finally, is taken under the care of the Graces, where he grows in wisdom and in the strength which prepares him for his final terrible struggle with the Dragon.

Sir Guyon, representing temperance, is naturally more cautious than the Red-Cross Knight, but his curiosity, as well as self-confidence, lead him to listen to the specious arguments of Mammon and linger too long in the close air of the magnificent caves. Neither of these knights is alone ; the one being inspired by the presence and cheering words of the lovely Una, the other counselled by the cautious Palmer.

The Red-Cross Knight excites our sympathy and we admire, rather than blame, his impetuosity, wonder that he does not sooner yield to the cool but powerful sophistries of Despair, and rejoice at last to see the gold of his character refined from the dross.

The "wary-wise" Sir Guyon is too like a man of the world ; he gives much valuable advice and is always on his guard against a foe ; we may try to imitate him, but do not follow his adventures with the absorbing interest which the younger knight excites. The latter, who "of his cheere did seeme too solemn sad," says little, and we learn of him only through his deeds, in which he is "right faithful true," while the former preaches a sermon on the slightest pretext. No one can, however, deny the worth of these short homilies, each of which, like the following, might furnish a motto for a knight of the present day :

"Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse than foe ;
But to be lesser than himselfe doth marre
Both loser's lott and victor's prayse also :
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth overthrowe."

It is with disappointment, perhaps, that, expecting somewhat of increased power, as well as interest, in the presentation of the last of Spenser's heroes, we find Sir Calidore, the champion of Courtesy. But there is a depth of meaning in our author's interpretation of courtesy which is rarely linked with its modern use. Not alone the courteous manners, nor yet the "gentle mind" which "by gentle deeds is knowne," but pure thoughts and a pure heart must mark the possessor of this virtue. Well might such an one be accompanied by some "virgin born of heavenly brood," like "fairest Una" ; but our gallant courtier rides forth alone to destroy all malice, slander, and impurity which wandered at large in the form of the Blatant Beast.

It is harder to follow his adventures than those of the other knights, for the poet introduces so many subordinate characters and inferior plots that the mind is confused and burdened in trying to remember all. Indeed, we leave the book with a less distinct image of the hero than of the monster he overcame, and, perchance, with a practical determination to wage perpetual war against that destroyer of man's peace who has roamed at large since the death of good Sir Calidore. Perchance, better still, because more definitely, we resolve to use the preventive against his "poysnous sting" prescribed by the hermit:

"First learn your outward senses to refraine
From things that stirre up fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talke restraine."

"Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will;
Subdue desire and bridle loose delight."

"Shun seeresie, and talke in open sight."

We have seen that Duessa and Mammon prevented for a time the success of the Red-Cross Knight and Sir Guyon; a very different person, the lovely Pastorella, turns Sir Calidore aside from his pursuit; and Spenser, on the plea that it shows his courtesie even to the lowest, excuses the long delay of the gentle knight who, with "manners mylde" and comely guize withal and gracious speech" "through both the eies and both the eares did steale the hart away." But we cannot help a feeling of regret because of the days idly spent in apparent forgetfulness of his mission, and Sir Calidore himself is ashamed of what seems unfaithfulness on his part. Might he not but for this delay have prevented the dangerous wounding of brave young Timias (supposed to represent Sir Walter Raleigh, who was injured in many ways by the slander of his enemies), and the havoc produced in homes, monasteries, and even in the sanctuaries by the rampant beast?

This foe is at last brought under control, and much more easily and quickly than was the fierce dragon which the Red-Cross Knight only by supernatural aid overcame. In fact, all the encounters described in the sixth book are like those of a tournament in comparison with the fierce battles we witness in the first book.

As we have seen, neither the soldier, the man of the world, nor even the pure-hearted courtier is free from fault. Perfection of character is reserved for *the* hero of the poem, Prince Arthur, in whom is seen "the image of a knight perfected in the twelve private morall vertues," each of which, for the sake of variety, has a sepa-

rate "patrone," Arthur being introduced only at critical moments to rescue the knight from danger.

We first catch a sight of him when, winning the confidence of the disconsolate Una, he tries to discover the cause of her trouble, which he soon repairs by freeing her knight from the Giant's dungeon. He is in quest of the Fairie Queen who, he confides to Una, won his heart one night in a dream. Still further on, in his journey, when rescuing Sir Guyon, whose strength utterly fails him on leaving Mammons haunts, he appears "full of princely bounty and great mind," generous to his foes and humble when victorious; for he it is who says:

"Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstand
Oppressor's powre by armes and puissant hand?
Suffise that I have done my dew in place."

S. F. '81

NORAH.

FROM the time that we rushed en masse into the kitchen, and found in the place of the fiery-headed, freckled daughter of Erin who had so long held sway therein, and who, to say the least, was not the object of our undying affection, a middle-aged, gray-haired, Irish woman, who welcomed us with a cheery smile and a hearty "Shure an' if here aint the childers, bless their little hearts," to the end of her sojourn among us we were Norah's complete subjects. With by no means sad hearts we had hailed the departure of her predecessor, and had even been so ill-bred as to swing on the gate while watching her retreating form, and send after her such tender farewells as "Good-by, you old hop-toad," — a name which seemed to us to represent the embodiment of all evil — or "Bridget's mad and I am glad," together with the rest of that delightful ditty so fascinating to youthful minds, forgetful of the fact that just above us were the study-windows of our respected father. For which indiscretion we older ones were kindly allowed to spend the next half hour in the privacy of two somewhat dimly-lighted apartments commonly known among us as the "shutting-up closets." A name, the sound of which has many a time sent a peculiar chill meandering down my spinal column. Such being the state of affairs we did not look forward to the advent of a new superintendent of the culinary department with wholly unprejudiced feelings. But who could resist good-natured, kind-hearted Norah?

In personal appearance she was short and rather stout, with strong, brawny arms, feet by no means small and always encased in shoes a size too large, gray hair screwed up in a knob at the back of her head, small, deep-set, gray eyes, and a set of shakily false teeth which were continually dropping down in a most alarming manner whenever she attempted to smile or engage in conversation. For a time these teeth were a mystery to our juvenile minds, and it was long before we could settle the cause of their looseness. At length, however, the matter was satisfactorily decided by the bold announcement of one ingenious youth that they were never made for Norah at all, but were one of the heirlooms of the family. This solution of the problem we implicitly accepted as indubitable.

As to her education it is to be feared that, strictly speaking, it was not what it should have been. Although we sometimes found her poring over a book or newspaper, apparently with the deepest interest, we soon learned that it was not well to attach too much importance to this fact; for more often than not the newspaper would be upside down, or the book a discussion of some weighty theological subject quite beyond her powers of comprehension.

Although she was very strong and stalwart she was the greatest of cowards, and always slept with a huge jack-knife under her pillow. When she was first with us she was one evening left alone in the house, and when the family returned she was nowhere to be found. It was thought that she had forgotten the instructions she had received, and had gone out to see some friend. But as it grew very late and she did not appear my mother became alarmed, and began to search the house, going from one room to another, and everywhere calling her. But all was to no purpose until, finally, some one, half in fun, suggested looking in the umbrella-closet, a small apartment, not much more than three feet square. The door, which fastened by an outside catch, was opened, and there to the horror of all was Norah, wedged in between the walls, limp and unconscious. All sorts of visions immediately arose of burglars and cruel murderers who had completed their atrocious work by leaving this unoffending victim to perish of suffocation; but when Norah began to revive, under the influence of powerful restoratives, her first words were, "Och, be jabbers, an' was'n't I afther thinking I'd be a bit safer if I jist sat in the closet till yes 'ud be comin' home. An' didn't the ould door, bad luck to it, come bangin' together an' shut me in wid niver so much as a bit of air to fill me lungs wid, until I was that choked I could'nt breathe at all, at all. Shure, an' I'll never be afther stayin' alone again." And never after that was

she requested to do so. One such experience was enough for us as well as for her.

On another occasion the youngest hopeful of the family, who was deeply interested in zoölogy, one day in early Spring found a number of small black water-snakes sunning themselves near a neighboring pond. They were stiff and torpid with cold, and it was an easy task to capture them. When he reached home with his treasures the brilliant thought came to him of putting them under the kitchen stove in order to thaw them out. Accordingly, without mentioning the fact to any one, he there deposited them, and went off to his play. Shortly afterward we were startled by a succession of howls and shrieks which issued from the kitchen and resounded throughout the house. Rushing to the scene of action, a most tragic sight met our eyes. Standing in the sink, in one hand holding a towel, while with the other she gathered up her dress, was Norah, her eyes fairly starting out of their sockets with terror, while little black snakes were wriggling about the room in every direction. It was some time before quiet and order were restored; and never, I think, did Norah entirely forgive the author of the disturbance.

During the summer it was one of Norah's duties to milk the gentle Alderny cow, and it was a pleasure to see her as she started for the barn with the bright tin milk-pail over her arm, accompanied by her crowd of attendants. First were the two cats, rolling over and over in the pathway before her; then the "childers," contending with one another as to who should have the desired privilege of taking hold of Norah's hand; while back of them came the whole flock of chickens, and bringing up the rear was the little dog Jip. And then when she was seated on her three-legged, wooden stool, as the milk foamed up white in the pail at her feet, she would tell marvelous stories of her childhood, to which all seemed to listen with equal interest, the cow and the cats, the children and chicks, and the little dog Jip.

Toward the end of the Summer we went, as was our custom, to spend a few weeks at our Summer home near the salt water, and Norah accompanied us, greatly delighted with the thought of going to the "say-side." We arrived at our destination in the evening, and during the night all was calm and tranquil. But the next morning Norah's distress was sad to behold. As soon as we descended to the dining-room she came rushing in from the kitchen with her apron over her face, weeping copiously, and entreating to be sent home. "For shure," she said, "niver can I be afther standin' the sight of the say, bringin' to me moind all me thrials

whin I was comin' over from the ould counthry. Indade I was that sick that the very thought of it is more than I can abide." "But," said my mother, "you knew that you were coming to the sea-side. Why did you not tell us of this before?" "Indade, mum," responded the girl, "an' its mesilf as would have been afther tellin' yez, but shure an' I didn't know the say-side was by the say." And so my mother yielded to the poor girl's entreaties, and Norah was sent back to the country to await our return.

Occasionally wild ideas of improvement in regard to the arrangement of the wood-house would take possession of her, and, leaving her household affairs to attend to themselves, she would don an old calico gown, and putting on a "shaker" bonnet adorned with a gorgeous pink cape and strings, would devote her whole energy to her self-imposed task. Armed with a broom and dust-pan and enveloped in a huge cloud of dust, she seemed not unlike some terrible avenger, and one could not but have a secret feeling of pity for the sticks of wood she so mercilessly hurled about. But the order she evolved when this spirit of reform seized hold upon her was something goodly to look upon. And perhaps, after all, the sticks of wood had advanced far enough in their development from diatoms into human beings to know that order is Heaven's first law, and, though we knew it not, looked upon Norah as their patron saint.

She had the real Irish nature — impulsive, warm-hearted, full of energy, and possessing a certain shrewdness and native wit. Her manner of expressing herself was often quaint and refreshing, very unlike the conventional terms to which we become accustomed.

At one time my mother found occasion to reprove her for allowing the kerosene oil-can to stand in the kitchen, telling her that the odor of the oil was very disagreeable. Whereupon Norah responded, "Shure an' it do be seeming to have a wild kind of smell, now don't it?"

But, alas, all things, it is said, must have their day, and Norah's stay with us was no exception to this rule. After she had been with us about six years she began to have a great longing to see Ireland once more, and this longing grew until she could not withstand it. And so, much to our regret, she left us, promising that if ever she returned to America she would straightway come to us.

And now, as we gather around the fireside winter evenings, the conversation often turns to Norah and her funny ways, and with undiminished ardor we confidently await her return from old Ireland.

THOUGHTS ON THE MARBLE FAUN.

To be able to read the Marble Faun with entire appreciation of its scenic beauties and moral import, one should possess the wide knowledge of an accurate historian and extensive traveller, the profound insight of a philosopher, and the quick, responsive sympathy of a fine, poetic nature. Lacking one, or perhaps all, of these requisites, the reading of this romance becomes a study. It has no meaning for superficial skimming; but give it careful research and earnest thought, and there will open before the enlightened understanding such a wealth of unimagined beauties in art and history, such a revelation of genius, that Hawthorne, instead of a clever story-writer, becomes a lasting benefactor. For, while Miriam and Hilda, Kenyon and Donatello thread the intricacies of the Eternal City,—while midst statues, columns, and triumphal arches are laid the scenes of their strange and tragic story,—while Vatican and Pantheon are witnesses afresh to storms of human passion, one is led to refer to works of art and travel, and to examine with that enthusiasm which study alone can give those pictures and statues which have received a touch from his discriminating pen. Never to be forgotten is my own delightful experience. I had almost finished the Marble Faun, when, while thoroughly aroused and bewildered by thronging memories of the Roman past,—while in reading of the Capitol, the Pantheon, the Pincian Gardens, and the Tarpeian Rock, Cicero, the emperor Augustus, Lucullus, and the traitor Marcellus seemed as if evoked from the dead,—there was placed in my hands a rare and curious copy of this work. Illustrating by charming photographs Hawthorne's every allusion to works of art, even the streets through which the aesthetic company took its moonlight ramble, it seemed a veritable treasure of the gods. Imagination was no longer needed; for everything had the vividness, the distinctness of a living reality.

In addition to the inestimable aid which books afford, I enjoyed that matchless charm which lies in the spoken word, while hearing from the lips of a dear and travelled friend, who had herself trod the streets of the "great ruin," words of animated description. Sharing all admiration for this, the most artistic and subtly delineated of Hawthorne's writings, with book in hand and heart swelling high, she had visited those scenes immortalized by associations of him, and told with kindling eye many a glowing tale,

—dwelling with love upon the Virgin's shrine and the pure white doves which still hover about the grim and ruined battlements.

In this way, becoming more fully acquainted with its brilliant settings, I came into sympathy with the story; and, attractive as was the character of Miriam with its oriental cast, unique as was that of Donatello, still, for me the gentle Hilda with her deeply artistic temperament had an especial charm. How like she was to Hawthorne's own Una, the delicate New England flower! I fancied — perhaps it was but a fancy — that Hawthorne, in delineating the purity, the exquisite delicacy and sensibility of this fair young artist, had taken a peculiar pleasure, as though she were far more than a mere creature of fancy. Moreover, it is a strong proof of his delight in her that he ascribes to her so wonderful a copy of Beatrice Cenci. For in his Italian Notes we are clearly told of his admiration for the portrait. He says: "As regards Beatrice Cenci, I might as well not try to say anything; for the painter has wrought it in a way more like magic than anything else. It is the most profoundly wrought picture in the world. No artist did it, or could do it. Guido may have held the brush; but he painted better than he knew." Yet well-nigh perfect he represents Hilda's conception of the great original; her wondrous copy and exquisite words forming one of those finely written passages of the Marble Faun which lead us to think that what Hilda was to the souls of the great painters, such she was to this gifted author — "a finer instrument, a more exquisitely effective piece of mechanism, by the help of which" his finest and most secret thoughts first found utterance.

But from the outset Donatello very naturally engrosses the greater part of a reader's attention; for in him is found an absolute freshness of fancy whose rarity creates a corresponding fervor of interest. From the beginning to the end there is an unfolding of character so unique and remarkable that, though at first remanding it to the realm of myths and pleasing fancies, we finally recognize — if in an exaggerated form — mere human nature, and arrive at the development of great moral principles.

How such conceptions rise in the minds of gifted writers is ever a matter of the keenest interest. Rarely is it ever known. Hawthorne, however, forms a notable exception; for in his Italian Notes we find stated in the most natural and charming manner the germ of the idea which afterward grew into the finished work. He seems ever to have had an especial delight in the fauns, calling them "strange, sweet, playful, rustic creatures, linked so prettily, without monstrosity, to the lower tribes." Then, while contemplating one,

he writes, as though it were a passing thought: "Their character has never, that I know of, been wrought out in literature; and something quite good, funny, and philosophical might very likely be educed from them."

We are permitted one farther little peep into the recesses of his mind, and see the growth of the idea and its hold upon his fancy. In the Hall of the Dying Gladiator, the faun of Praxiteles with its irresistible charm revived afresh the quaint idea, rapidly suggesting the method of treatment which we find so successfully developed in the treatment of Monte Beni. But in being admitted behind the scenes we find no crudities to mar our former high appreciation; we do not feel that "at the moment the skill of the art is perceived the spell of the art is broken." We do but gain a truer idea of the subtilty of that intellect, the beauty of that art which from the simplicity of the thought could evolve a creature illustrating through the varied experiences of his life, through his transformation from a state of innocency to one of responsible manhood, the educating power of sin, the efficacy of suffering.

E. E. I. '82.

MISS H. FRANCES OSBORNE.

THE etching which adorns this number of the Courant is the work and gift of Miss H. Frances Osborne, of Peabody, Mass.,—a pupil of Abbot Academy in '64, where she received her first lessons in painting. She afterwards studied in Boston for a long time, in the studios of Mr. Guerrey, Miss Knowlton, Dr. Rimmer, and others; and at the art schools at Lowell Institute and the Art Museum, where she was for three years. Dr. Rimmer was a physician by profession, and became a self-made artist. However differently critics may judge him, Miss Osborne says she owes much to his instruction. Some persons have assigned to the Hunt school the "Study of a Girl's Head" in the parlor of Smith Hall, which was presented to Abbot Academy at the Semi-Centennial, by the artist, Miss Osborne. She was never a pupil of Hunt's; though her teacher, Miss Knowlton, was.

To her work of portrait-painting and studies of living models, in her studio at Salem, she has lately added etching, as a kind of recreation. This she "took up," as she says, after having seen the process but once.

Miss Osborne has been a member of the Boston Art Club for

several years, and has sent pictures to their annual Exhibition. Perhaps the criticism of one of these, by G. P. Lathrop, in *The American Art Review*, for March 1880, will give some idea of Miss Osborne's work as an artist.

"In H. F. Osborne's 'Little Puritan' a spark of unmistakable originality is encountered. It is a mere study, hung up high, — a girl's head, hooded, — but it shows a keen, unbiased perception. The artist has seized upon a characteristic American physiognomy, and given it a share of ideal value. 'The Little Puritan' is pure, simple, well done as far as it goes, and so vivacious as to create a smile of pleasure."

DRIFTWOOD.

THE common phrase "woman's rights" shows just what a mistaken idea people have entertained in regard to this subject; that is, that voting is a natural right. If our government were based upon the Declaration of Independence, and if the power of suffrage were a natural right, as is there implied, there could be no excuse for not allowing women to vote. Although the ideas obtained from the French communists served their purpose as watchwords of our Revolution, they neither are nor can be the basis of any good government. Governments are established for the greatest good of the greatest number; and if, in the judgment of the wise, some of the governed are incapable of choosing their rulers, they are deprived of no natural or acquired right in not being allowed to make such a choice. If we admit that voting is not such a right, the question as to who shall vote becomes merely one of wisdom or policy.

The danger in our day, and in this country, is not that too many will be deprived of the right of suffrage, but that too many will receive it. At the close of our last war the question arose whether the states which had seceded should be received as states, or whether they should remain territories until they should earn the place in the Union which they had forfeited. The danger of allowing rebellious, dissatisfied people the power to help in making laws for the loyal was clearly seen by a few; but they were overruled, perhaps wisely.

Then the nation gave the ballot into the hands of an ignorant race just freed from slavery, with the mistaken idea that it was theirs by right. Apparently little but harm has as yet resulted from an

act so unlike that of a wiser ruler, who trained a race of slaves forty years before allowing them to have a share in their own government.

The question now is, whether the nation will go on in the same way, or whether it will more wisely make stricter limitations. The only thing now to be determined is, whether or not it be good policy to allow women to vote; and two things are to be taken into consideration — the effect on the government and on women themselves.

Women can hardly claim that they are superior to men, especially in politics. And we cannot believe that they would exact any reforms which they could not have brought about in some other way. As for temperance, women have as yet manifested no great wisdom in ways or means, and by their wish to vote for this cause have shown how little they understand the fact that laws are of little avail without the power to enforce them behind. The desire to purify politics is certainly a good one; but every woman who makes her home the centre and source of noble influences does more toward purifying politics than she could possibly do by voting. If women could still feel that old-fashioned idea that the home is the real throne of power, and that there is the sphere for the greatest and best action, they would have little anxiety to leave it for the exciting and demoralizing field of political struggle.

It is needless to rehearse the many arguments regarding the effect of the exercise of the right of suffrage upon women. But there is one fact which serves better than any argument. The best and most intelligent women of the country, as a class, have a decided and apparently instinctive objection to voting; and so long as this remains there can be but little doubt as to what is the right course.

R. S. P. '81.

We are rejoicing in a new Reading-room. The need of it had long been felt in school; nearly every room from garret to cellar had been proposed, and we had almost reached the conclusion that the luxury must be given up until the money could be raised for the much-needed new buildings. At last, however, by careful planning, the classes were so arranged that No. 3 could be appropriated for the purpose. The desk and platform were taken away, the room carpeted, and the book-case containing the weekly library brought down from the Hall. The Senior Class gave their present to the school in furnishing the new room with chairs, table, curtains, and lamp; and the result is as cosy a little reading-room as heart could wish. All the magazines and papers were placed here, and a number of new ones added. Every one who has searched the various music-

rooms for the last Harper or Scribner appreciates the convenience of having a place for them. No doubt each periodical had its place before, but nobody seemed to know exactly where it was. Now it is very easy to stop a moment in the reading-room as we go from recitation at noon or come back from walking to look over the daily paper or read an article in the last magazine. Mr. J. C. Barnes of Brooklyn, N. Y., has given two periodicals, *The International Review and Magazine of American History*. We are indebted to Prof. Moran for "*La Famille*," and to Mr. H. M. Ladd of Portland, Oregon, for the "*West Shore*." Other departments of the library have also received presents. Miss Florence W. Swan, '77, of Portland, Me., has given three valuable works on Physiology. The department of literature has been enriched by a present of thirteen volumes from the class of '80. At Christmas Mr. Edward Taylor gave the school Chamber's *Encyclopaedia*; and valuable additions have been made to the Art library through the money made beyond the expenses of Mrs. Downe's lectures on English Cathedrals.

The interest of the Alumnae Association fund has become available for the first time this year, and part of the money has been expended in buying microscopes for the Botany class. The interest is to be used annually to furnish apparatus necessary in the several departments. It is considered best to give all, each year, to one department, so each in turn will have a share in the advantage. This is a work in which all old scholars can help; that is, by joining the Alumnae Association. The entrance once paid, their gift is repeated over and over in the yearly interest. Old scholars can do much for the school by giving little things which would amount to much in the aggregate. All cannot send costly engravings, but many can give a book, a picture, a fossil, or other things which add so much to the interest scholars take in a school. One is not lacking in opportunities to find suitable presents if she only have the inclination.

Some of the old scholars have kindly remembered us. Miss Anna Dawes, '70, of Washington, has given a valuable model of one of the temples of the ancient Cliff Dwellers of Colorado. Miss Helen L. Page, '79, of Rutland, Vt., presented the school with S. Holloway's fine engravings of Raphael's seven Cartoons, now at South Kensington Museum. Miss Carrie Byington, '81, of Constantinople, Turkey, sent the school a large photograph—an interior view of the Mosque of St. Sophia; it is taken with such rare skill as to give the spectator the impression that he is actually standing within the building.

Saturday, May 21, the school received a most valuable present, a copy of the revised New Testament. Long after the edition is in common use this will have an historical interest. It is an elegantly bound presentation copy from the Revision Committee, given us through the kindness of Professor Thayer, one of the revisers.

S. F. A. '81.

We have recently enjoyed a highly interesting and instructive series of lectures by Professor Young of Princeton College. The first lecture introduced us to that august personage, the sun, whom Professor Young is particularly fitted to present, on account of his long and intimate acquaintance with him.

As we were told of the form, dimensions, and composition of the sun, the degree of heat which it supports, its extreme brilliancy and power of attraction, we felt our own insignificance among the visible creations of God. But as we listened to his description of a spot moving across its disc, the peculiar shapes it assumed, and were told of the terrific whirlwinds and tornadoes which caused them, we were filled with amazement, and grew eager to see some of these things with our own eyes; a sight which we were fortunate enough to behold from our observatory, by the aid of the Professor.

After spending an evening in getting acquainted with this "attractive," though "distant," friend, we were all the more eager to meet our neighbor, the moon, upon the following evening. Although we had imagined that we knew something about her, we now discovered new characteristics and new phases of her life. We were surprised to see her features, which we had before fancied resembled those of a man's face, resolve themselves into the mere superficial results of the commotion going on behind her seemingly placid countenance. But, to drop the metaphor, we had a new world opened to our view as we looked at the enormous craters and volcanoes on its visible side; the range of mountains with the deep cañons running through it; the enormous cracks on its surface, and its universal sterility. We longed to get a view of the other side, to see if there was any moisture there and if signs of fertility were not visible. One thing we are sure of, and that is that the other half has nights lighted only by the stars.

The next evening we were shown that our earth, or *the* world, is only one of eight similar bodies all revolving round the sun. After seeing mighty Jupiter rush through space with amazing velocity, towing along his four moons; after examining Saturn's wonderful rings and his retinue of eight moons; the dignified, sedate, and

stately tread of Neptune on his lonely, dim course, we came back to mother earth with a sigh of relief.

Then we discovered a few of those erratic, troublesome "tramps," the asteroids, on their way around the sun, with their numerous bands of brothers and sisters; but as these were so diminutive we did not attempt to keep track of them, but followed only a few of the largest or most peculiar, winding in and out among the stars. How suggestive is the thought that probably these scores of wanderers are the remains of a once large planet, which from some cause flew in pieces, sending fragmentary planets in all directions.

In this connection, our admiration was awakened by an account of the youthful rashness of Adams and Leverrier, who, independently of each other, sought to discover that disturbing element in our system, which proved to be the birth of the eighth planet, Neptune.

The lecture on the earth was mostly taken up with explaining the mathematical calculations and philosophical experiments by which the facts of the revolution of the earth on its axis, its rotundity, its density, its diameter, the flattening at the poles, and other interesting phenomena are proved.

But the comets and meteors fairly fascinated us. We gazed at the enormous tails of the comets, and marvelled at their brilliancy and the almost inconceivable rate of speed with which they rush along. We listened with astonishment to accounts of the masses of meteoric iron which have fallen on the earth, and of the wonderful spectacles which they have exhibited in rushing through the air, or bursting over the heads of the frightened people beneath.

We enjoyed the showers of falling stars through which we passed, some of which resembled a snow-storm, with this important difference—that they left no traces behind them. The Professor told us that probably these star-showers were the results of the explosion of a comet whose orbit crossed ours, and that these fragments, at the point of intersection, were attracted by our earth.

The course closed with an evening devoted to fixed stars. Our lecturer tried to give us some idea of the distances of even the nearest of these; but it was almost too much for our imaginations to comprehend. Then we were told about the curious appearance and disappearance of certain stars, and the slow fading out of others; and we wondered if our sun would ever burn out, and vainly tried to explain the mystery of it all.

The facts of the enormous size and distance of the star-clusters and nebulae made us feel our insignificance, and realize the power of God, the Creator of all these marvellous things. This feeling

was intensified as we were told that each of these innumerable stars is probably the centre of a system corresponding to our solar system ; that system revolves about system — even our own sun, which we had considered so firmly fixed, moving on in space ; and that, to all appearances, the centre of everything is one of the Pleiades.

The unusually clear illustrations of the stereopticon, in the hands of Professor Young, added much to our appreciation of the subject ; while his genial and enthusiastic manner greatly increased our enjoyment. We trust that Professor Young's visits to Abbot Academy will be frequent in years to come, that future classes in astronomy may enjoy the rare treat with which we have been so highly favored.

L. A. W. '82.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

WE find the editor's drawer filled with the usual miscellaneous collection; and as we look back over the months which have passed since our last issue, we wonder that any one can call school-life monotonous. For most of us the days are not half long enough; and we cannot help suspecting that if any find them dull and slow in passing, it must be because they lack interest in the work for which we are here. Besides the concerts, lectures, etc., which we record, there are the long walks to which these beautiful summer days tempt us, and which give us the best rest and recreation. However, it is not our object to paint a picture of school life, but to give our readers the news from Abbot for the past six months, laying special stress upon the red-letter days in our calendar.

Monday, Feb. 21st, was one of these, to a part of the school, at least; for, after various class-meetings and consultations, that evening had been decided upon for the Senior Reception. The afternoon was a busy one; and the work of transforming the Academy Hall into a parlor went on right merrily, in spite of the snow-storm which raged without. The other classes kindly gave their help. Not a Senior was allowed in No. 1 while the girls of '82 arranged the table, adding their own gift of fruit. The Junior Middle Class was equally busy decorating the hall with flowers. A friend outside the school also remembered us by sending a beautiful design of flowers. In spite of the cheerful prophecies of fair weather, undoubtedly made with the charitable purpose of keeping up the spirits of the hostesses, supper-time found the snow still falling. The Seniors clung to the belief that some of their friends would be able to come, in spite of the storm; and the event justified their confidence. A goodly number of guests assembled, and the evening passed quickly and pleasantly. After the last friend had departed a few minutes were devoted to "talking it over"; and, taking a last look at the scene of the festivities, each remembered with a sigh that everything must be put in order to-morrow. But our forebodings were groundless. We doubt if if any member of that class fully understands, to this day, how everything got back into place so quickly. Again, our schoolmates came to the front, and straightway it was done. "Many hands make light work" was never better exemplified. And the Seniors hope with all their hearts that when '82, '83, or '84 "give a party" they will find as kind and generous helpers.

The definition given by a member of '81 — "The Seniors — Why, don't you know? They are the girls whom everybody is so good to" — was

.

farther illustrated on the Saturday following the reception. The week which had "come in like a lion" was "going out like a lamb," and the day was as beautiful as heart could wish. After a forenoon spent in the delights (?) of composition work, imagine the joy of the fortunate Seniors to hear from the lips of their worthy president that Mr. Carter, proprietor of the Mansion House, had invited the class to take a sleigh-ride. Of course, they "accepted with pleasure," and at half past three were ready for a start. If all the bright remarks which were made during that ride were recorded, the *Courant*, as well the class, would be immortalized. Six o'clock found them driving up to Smith Hall, just in time for tea; for '81 has the best intentions in the world as to punctuality, as it has proved many times, in spite of that unlucky exception when the longest way round might have proved the shortest way home.

Last fall we made the acquaintance of Mills Seminary, through the visit of Mrs. Mills, and her description of that Californian daughter of Mount Holyoke. Since then we have acquired a new interest in two other girls' schools in quite another quarter of the globe. Miss Parsons, of the Constantinople Home spent a Sabbath with us last term, and interested us all in the girls gathered there. Miss Olive Twitchell, '76, paid us a farewell visit a short time before she sailed for Turkey to take charge of a school at Broosa; and we heard from Rev. Mr. Schauffler of still another girls' school, near Prague.

THE students and friends of Abbot Academy have this term enjoyed a rare treat in the lectures by Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs on the Cathedral Churches of England, which were profusely and well illustrated by the stereopticon. The first lecture was upon Durham and York; setting before us Durham's low, massive architecture and heavy pillars, the tomb of the Venerable Bede and the chapel containing the uneasy bones of St. Cuthbert, that famous hater of women. What particularly impressed us at York Cathedral was its beautiful east window, and the great heart on the west front immortalized by Walter Scott. The next charmed evening we spent at Winchester, the White City, whose cathedral church hardly interested us so much as the historic and traditional memories lingering in the city. The town hall, containing the so-called "Table-round" of Arthur and his Knights, the druidical stones, and the great cross combined to bear our thought and imagination back to legendary times:

"Merrily sang the monks of Ely
As king Canute rode by."

Here, again, in the Fen country historical associations crowded up, bringing before us that combat by which William gained England, when the monastery at Ely held out the longest against him, harboring that brave Englishman, Hereward the Wake. We spent pleasant evenings at Lincoln, Wells, and at Glastonbury Abbey, whose ivy-covered ruins were charming in themselves and in their associations which hung about them, reminding us of the Holy Grail and the knights of King Arthur's Court.

Canterbury and the little church of St. Martins were the last and, if possible, the most interesting of all.

The art class spent several pleasant hours on Wednesday, June 8, studying pictures at the Art Museum and the fine engravings from the old masters at the Public Library. We are very fortunate as students in being so near Boston; this is especially true of the music scholars, many of whom have been able to attend the best afternoon concerts of the season.

Indeed, we hear some of the best artists of Boston, both instrumental and vocal, in our own hall in the annual series of piano recitals given under the direction of Professor Downs. The first of the recitals for this year was held in the Town Hall, May 18; Mr. Ernst Perabo, pianist, and Miss Daisy Hall, vocalist. Although disappointed in not being able to hear Miss Cary, who was obliged to cancel her engagement on account of the death of a friend, we soon found ourselves charmed by the playing of Mr. Perabo, who, as always, by his fine touch and rare intermingling of power, delicacy, and true poetic feeling, held the audience in rapt attention. Miss Hall's Slumber Song was particularly sweet.

Upon the afternoon of May 28 we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. William Sherwood and Miss Fanny Kellogg in the Academy Hall. The programme, though long, was varied and full of interest. The Romanza, by Shumann, played by Mr. Sherwood, being especially beautiful. Miss Kellogg sang in her usual charming way; the song "On a March Night," by Taubert, was very bright and pleasing. We have a third recital in anticipation. Besides giving us pleasure, these recitals set before us a high ideal for our admiration and imitation.

Class walks seem to be a favorite mode of recreation with the class of '81. Not discouraged by the first expedition which ended so disastrously, she has proved her ability to go to walk and not get lost four times this year. Two were recorded in the last Courant: the expedition to Indian Ridge with Mr. Wright and the walk to Sunset Rock after having passed safely through her first senior examination. The last Saturdays of the Fall and Winter terms were celebrated the same way, with a difference. We all felt like giving a vote of thanks to the classmate who had received a box of good things just before our last walk, as well as to the kind friend who sent it.

The fourteenth annual Draper Reading took place Tuesday evening, May 31. A hard shower just before seemed likely to dampen our prospects of an audience; but before eight the rain ceased, leaving the air delightfully cool.

The evening entertainment was opened by an account of "The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things" (Mrs. Walker), Emma J. Lyon, '81; followed by "Facts" (Dickens), Lizzie Tyler, '82; "The Falcon" (Long-

fellow), Annie E. Watts, '82; "New England Weather" (Mark Twain), Rose Standish Perkins, '81; "Jo., Kiah, and Co. (Jennie Woodville), Sarah M. Puffer, '81; David and Dora's Housekeeping" (Dickens), Annie E. Frye, '82; "The Night Watch" (Coppeé), Effie Jean Dresser, '82; "Twelve Miles from a Lemon" (Gail Hamilton), Valeria Wilcox, '83; "The Lady of Shalott" (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps), S. Frances Ames, '81; "The Asylum for Decayed Punsters" (O. W. Holmes), Lillie A. Wilcox, '82.

The readers entered into the spirit of their selections and carried their hearers along with them. Many among the audience were aware of a fellow feeling for the victim of the "Total Depravity" of a sack "wrong side out"; and the "Facts" concerning the horse were so remarkable as to excite applause. We honored the chivalry which sacrificed the Falcon; then pitied ourselves for such suffering from New England Weather at the same time, but when we thought of the ice-storm resolved to call the "accounts square." We saw cripple Jo. as he announced himself "Busted agin," and not a few quietly wiped away tears at the untimely death of poor little Kiah. Our sympathies were divided between David doomed to go "without his dinner" and his little wife who "didn't get married to be reasoned with." We shuddered lest the night-watch end in murder, but drew a sigh of relief as Christian womanliness conquered revenge. The hardships encountered on being "Twelve Miles from a Lemon" were suggested by the skirmish to attract the attention of the butcher, which, by the way, was given so naturally that, it is said, during a rehearsal, the butcher really did stop at Professor Churchill's to ask if they were calling him. Our hearts ached for the poor little Lady of Shalott shut up with her tiny glass and her "rat-trap voiced" sister. But when we heard of that much-needed institution, the Asylum for Decayed Punsters, we longed for more explicit directions as to its location; not for ourselves, but for certain companions who, contrary to Holmes' theory, prove that the feminine mind can originate puns. The whole evening was a success, and "flowers, blushes, and bows," marked the close of each reader's piece.

The last Draper prize speaking at Phillips Academy was, we thought, unusually good, and we sincerely sympathized with the perplexity of the committee of award, who at last announced Messrs. Balts, Symons, and Roe as the successful competitors for the prizes. The Means speaking in the winter had a special interest, as the pieces spoken were original, and gave a double insight into the gifts of the young men who entertained us. The prizes were awarded to Messrs. Paradise, Green, and Thayer. On both occasions the Glee Club discoursed sweet music as we awaited the slow decision of the appointed judges.

One day last term our usual Saturday afternoon exercise gave place to a talk on Greece from Mr. Eaton. He prefaced his remarks by saying

that he did not propose to give us a lecture on the geography, history, or art of Greece, but only to tell us a little about what he saw there. His narration was instructive as well as interesting and entertaining.

Notwithstanding the evening appointed for the lecture of Mr. John L. Stoddard on the "Country of the Moors" proved cloudy and threatened rain, the house was well filled. His management of the stereopticon was perfect; his vivid pictures and pleasant descriptions made us feel like real travellers in Spain, witnessing the horrors of the bull-fight or the glories of the Alhambra. The speaker regretted the destruction of many of the Moorish palaces, some of which, however, have happily been restored, and closed his lecture, leaving every one convinced of his peculiar skill in interesting an audience, and with a desire to go to Romantic Spain and study its beauties in person.

Through the courtesy of Professor Smyth the members of the Senior Class have had the benefit of his lectures on church building and the catacombs; the subject being in the line of our senior studies, and so having a special interest for us.

We are interested in good athletics, and so were glad to attend the winter meeting in the Gymnasium, though we must confess we enjoyed the performances on the trapeze and parallel bars better than the boxing and wrestling.

We had thought that the time-honored "levee" was a thing of the past, and were beginning to mourn over the lack of outside festivities, when we were cheered by a kind invitation from Prof. and Mrs. Smyth, who made the evening very pleasant within, though it was raining without.

The members of the Senior Class and the readers spent a very pleasant evening at Prof. Churchill's on June 10.

The servant girl, who has received instructions to carry the cards of all callers to a teacher, boldly demands, on opening the door for a dignified Phillippian, "Your ticket, sir."

Teacher in Chemistry to class who have complained of water as uninteresting: "It is rather dry, but you will like it better when you get into it."

"Er ging zu dem Nachbarn" translated: "He went toward the barn."

Recitation in Butler: "It is impossible to find the precise bulk of the human body" — she meant soul.

"Fem. Sem.," hearing of a case of chronic forgetfulness, inquires: "Isn't there a disease called chronic?"

German Recitation. — Young lady, expressing a wish to go to the black-board, remarks: "Ich wünsche zum Teufel zu gehen."

EXCHANGES

The *Crimson*, with its usual budget of entertaining reading, has again arrived. Far be it from us to criticise this "recognized leader of college journalism"; still, the thought will creep in, as we read its somewhat unfavorable notice of the *Oberlin Review*, that possibly it would not be amiss if the *Crimson* occasionally devoted a portion of the space allotted to contributed articles to something rather weightier than "A Bald-Head," or "A Counterfeit Presentiment." The editorials, however, sustain well their usual standard of excellence.

The *Brunonian* opens with a short editorial on the dedication of Memorial Hall, presented by Mr. Sayles to Brown University, and now at length finished, after two years spent in its erection. In an article upon John Josselyn, the scientist, who visited New England toward the close of the seventeenth century, we are given an account of some of the marvelous sights and strange adventures of his travels in the new country. The *Brunonian* also contains a report of the commemorative service of the late Professor Diman.

Occupying a foremost place as to the arrangement of contents in the *Oberlin Review* is a rather uninteresting poem, entitled "Sumner," of which it may well be said, it is "linked sweetness long drawn out, so much space does it manage to cover. Foremost in literary merit is a well-written and interesting article on "Progress in Modern History." The ordinary locals and personals claim their share of attention, and the editorials are not of a character to cause special comment.

The *Greylock Monthly* is an enterprising and successful little paper. The historical column is this time devoted to an account of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, that woman "whose story, like Helen of Troy's will continue to move the hearts of men as long as the gray hills stand about the Lake of Monteith and are mirrored at evening in its depths."

The *Williams Athenaeum* comes, as ever, a welcome visitor. Since the last issue the editorial board has undergone a change; but, judging from the first number of the new year, this change will in no way lower the character of the paper. The new board has seen fit to enlarge it; and the present number shows this to be an improvement. The editorials are unusually interesting. Among others is one upon "The Vassar Girl of the Present and Future," in which the Vassar young lady is spoken of as comparing very favorably, both intellectually and morally, with the young men of our American colleges.

PERSONALS.

'81. Louise F. Johnson sailed, on the 25 inst. for a two years' stay in Europe. She will spend the summer in England, and then go to Berlin to study German and art.

E. Josephine Wilcox, Class '81, sails, July 2, with a party from Wellesley, for a summer tour in England.

Mrs. Selah Merrill (Addie B. Taylor, Class '64), expects to make her home in Jerusalem, as her husband has recently been appointed consul.

Miss Strickland, a former teacher, visited us recently, on her return from a protracted stay in Europe. She spent the last year in a German boarding-school in Dresden, where she taught English and studied German.

Miss Lina Kimball, the matron at Smith Hall, has been suffering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism; but we are glad to say she is now recovering.

Lucy C. Deane and Agnes L. Bullard have been obliged to leave school on account of ill health.

'74. Elizabeth N. Goddard sailed for Europe in May.

MARRIAGES.

'69. Dec. 23, 1880, Mary LeB. Esty to Frank M. Stockwell, of Frammingham, Mass.

Nov. 2, 1880, Mary E. Steele, Class of '67, to Charles Rickey, of Chattanooga, Tenn.

'77. Feb. 26, 1880, Emily W. Clark to Frank W. Stearns.

Jan. 26, 1881, Kate W. Dresser, Class of '76, to Oliver D. Thompson, of Pittsburg, Penn.

'76. Feb. 2, 1881, Ida M. Peck to A. F. Nettleton, of Boston, Mass.

March 22, 1881, Helen H. Bowers, Class of '77, to Edwin N. Lovering, of Randolph, Mass.

'70. March, 15, 1881, May Reakirt to Harvey Tilden.

'78. Feb. 1881, Caroline W. King to Edwin P. McIlvain, of Apalachicola, Florida.

'75. Ada B. Lafflin to Chester M. Dawes, Esq., of Chicago, Ill.

'74. June 2, 1881, Isabel K. Ray to George E. Atherton, of Dorchester.

'80. June 15, 1881, Mary Gertrude Flint to Charles Ronello Elder, of Boston.

'73. At North Andover, June 15, 1881, Mary W. Davis to Thomas D. Peck, of Pittsfield, Mass.

'81. March 24, 1881, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Pres. P. A. Chadbourne, Williamstown, Mass., Emma F. Chadbourne to Rev. Sumner G. Wood, of New Ipswich, N. H. Upon reaching her new home the bride found in waiting a box containing an elegant china tea-set—a present from the class of '81, of which she was formerly a member.

DEATHS.

'65. Dec. 24, 1879, in Foxborough, Susie H. Green.

'75. Feb. 1881, in Stoneham, Mrs. Melvin Waite (Mary F. Wiley).

'52. April 23, 1881, in West Andover, Mrs. Wm. Burt (Sarah E. Brown).

April 25, 1881, in Cincinnati, Ohio, Mrs. J. H. Hewes (Caroline B. Abbot, Class of '70).

'67. April 25, 1881, in Arlington, Mass., Mrs. Wm. Hyde (Ella L. M. Smith).

'73. April 14, 1881, in New London, Ct., Mrs. Elisha Turner (Mary W. Harris).

'72. May 31, 1881, in Leicester, Mrs. Wm. DeLoss Love (Ada M. Warren).

In St. Augustine, Fla., June 3, 1881, Miss Ellen A. Hasseltine.

Class Organizations.

'81.

CLASS COLOR, CHERRY.

<i>President,</i>	SARAH M. PUFFER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	FRANCES H. GRIGGS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MARY G. WHITCOMB.

'82.

CLASS COLOR, LIGHT BLUE.

<i>President,</i>	ANNIE F. FRYE.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ANNIE T. CHANDLER.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	LIZZIE E. TYLER.

'83.

<i>President,</i>	MARY R. HILLARD.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ANNIE TORREY.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	KATE FOLSOM.

SOCIETY.

THE SPHINX.

<i>President,</i>	ROSE STANDISH PERKINS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ANNIE T. CHANDLER.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	ANNIE E. WATTS.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

ANNIE T. CHANDLER,	CAROLINE A. LADD,
MARY R. HILLARD.	

The Abbot Courant Advertiser.

MESSRS. TIFFANY & CO'S

various departments of design connected with the different branches of their business, enable them to produce original and successful drawings for articles which they manufacture.

Their facilities for executing orders for INVITATIONS and other Stationery, SILVER WARE and JEWELRY, are unequalled in this country.

Correspondence invited.

UNION SQUARE, - NEW YORK.

JOS. GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS
RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS EXPOSITION, 1878.

His Celebrated Numbers - - 303-404-170-351-332,

And his other styles may be had of all dealers
throughout the world.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
NEW YORK.

HARRY S. TILTON,
(Successor to JOSEPH ABBOTT)
MANUFACTURER OF
PICTURE FRAMES,
AND DEALER IN
STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS AND CONFECTIONERY.

I receive my Confectionery fresh every
TUESDAY and FRIDAY.

MAIN STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,

ANDOVER, MASS.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS



Leading Numbers: 14, 048, 130, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.



L. S. WATERMAN,
FLORIST,
HIGH STREET, ANDOVER,

AND

Post Office Building, LAWRENCE,
Has the LARGEST GREEN-HOUSES in Essex
County, and is prepared to fill large orders at
short notice.

JOHN PRAY,

Livery and Boarding Stable,

Horses, Carriages, Buggies, and Beach Wagons to Let at
Reasonable Rates.

HACKS FURNISHED FOR WEDDINGS, CALLS, ETC.
ANDOVER, MASS.

BENJ. BROWN,

DEALER IN

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S

BOOTS, SHOES, and RUBBERS.

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER.

Swift's Building, Main Street, - - ANDOVER, MASS.

DOW & NEAL'S
Millinery and Fancy Goods Store,
SWIFT'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

The latest styles of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Neckties, etc. Stamping and Pinking to order. Assortment of Worsted and Materials for Fancy Work constantly on hand.

Agents for "Domestic Monthly" and "Domestic Paper Fashions." Kid Gloves cleaned and dyed.

SMITH & MANNING,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS and GROCERIES,
ESSEX STREET,
ANDOVER, MASS.

J. E. WHITING,

DEALER IN

**Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE.**

ALSO, DEALER IN

FANCY GOODS, TOYS,
PERFUMERY, BRUSHES,
SOAPS, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS,
CONFECTIONERY.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

MAIN STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

THOMAS HOWELL,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

Feathers, Mattresses, Bedding, &c.

Furniture to let in any quantity.

PARK STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER.

Opposite the Post-Office.

VALPEY BROTHERS,
 DEALERS IN
MEATS, VEGETABLES,
POULTRY, &C.
CORNER MAIN STREET AND ELM SQUARE.
ANDOVER, MASS.

G. H. VALPEY.

E. H. VALPEY.

JOHN H. CHANDLER,
 Directly opposite Post-Office, Andover, Mass.
 DEALER IN
PERIODICALS, STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.
 Agency for Mme. Demorest's Reliable Patterns.

ELM HOUSE,
ANDOVER, - - - MASS.
E. D. HATCH, PROPRIETOR.
Terms, - - - \$2.00 per day.

GEORGE H. PARKER,
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,
SPONGES, ETC.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

DRAPER'S BLOCK, - - - - - ANDOVER.

THE ABBOT COURANT.

Edited by

A. J. McCUTCHINS, '82.

EDITH E. INGALLS, '82.

MARY R. HILLARD, '83.

ANNIE WEBBER, '83,

Business Editor.

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

NO. 1.

MISS EUNICE'S CHILDREN.

It was the minister who began it. He had finished giving the notices, and every one was settling down to listen to the quiet sermon that always followed, when a little rustle of surprise ran through the congregation; for instead of reading his text he took off his eye-glasses, and held them between his thumb and finger while he spoke, in his mild, hesitating way, of a good work that was being done by sending poor children from some of the large cities to spend a few weeks of the summer in pure country air. He ended by saying that he had thought there might be some in the parish who would be glad to aid in this work by receiving such children into their homes for a short time; adding, that if this was so, he would be glad to be told after service. Then he put on his eye-glasses, read his text, and began his sermon; little dreaming of the state of uncertainty into which his words had thrown one rather mature lamb of his flock.

Miss Eunice had carefully spread out the skirts of her silk gown, and opened her Bible ready to find the text, when these words of the minister's came like a thunderbolt upon her unsuspecting soul.

"Well, Eunice Darrow," she said severely to herself, "there's a call of duty to you; that's plain enough. But dear, dear, to think of having them wicked New York children around, plaguing the life clean out of a body! I've no doubt they'd steal everything they

could lay hands on, so that I should'n't darst to leave 'em alone in the house a minute. And what I could do when I had to go out to the butcher's cart is more'n I know. Why, laws sakes, they might set the house afire, for all that I can say, afore I could get in!" And, in her excitement at the thought of such a calamity, Miss Eunice shut her Bible with a snap; never once remembering that she had not looked up the text.

All through the sermon the contest went on, although outwardly Miss Eunice looked as calm and dignified as ever, save for an occasional snap of the black eyes, as she thought of the possible diseases the children might bring: "small-pox, too, no doubt; and here I have'nt been vaccinated these twenty years." And the struggle was a hard one. But Miss Eunice had not the blood of the Puritan forefathers in her veins for nothing. After the benediction she quietly met the minister, and said in unfaltering tones, very much as if she had been asking for the drumsticks of a chicken: "I'll take two of those children, Mr. Andrews, if you please."

Two days later the minister called to tell Miss Eunice that he had found places for thirty children, and that he had written to New York, and had received a reply saying that the children would be sent up on Thursday. This announcement sent her into a flutter of excitement. "I really had'nt thought as they'd come so soon," she said. "But I dunno as it makes much difference, after all. I don't spose I shall need to fix up much for 'em. There's the kitchen chamber they can have, and that's all ready, for 'twas only last week I gave it a good sweeping. But what takes me is how I'm going to get 'em here. You see I have'nt got any horse, and its a good two miles any day from here to the station. I spose I might ask Mr. Skarrit to fetch 'em up when he goes to take his milk to the train, but he's so absent-minded. Like as not he'd drive off, and never once think of 'em till he'd got half way home. And come to think on't, he don't go to meet that train, any way, but only the one for New York; so that'll have to fall through." But at last her mind was put at rest by the assurance that arrangements had been made for meeting the children at the station.

When Thursday came Miss Eunice was all astir, bustling around, and feeling quite important as she arranged things in the most scrupulous order. "Well, I declare," she thought, "it does seem good to have some one coming from out of town. I did'nt realize how pleasant 'twould be. Now I think of it, I don't believe there's been any one here since uncle Jason and his wife came over to sister Marthy's funeral, and that was nigh six years ago this month.

I remember aunt's admiring my different kinds of phlox as she started home that day. There, I guess I'd jest better pick a few flowers and set 'em on the table in the front room. May be the children 'ud like to look at 'em." And so she tied on her sun-bonnet, stiff with strips of pasteboard, and went out to the flower-beds bordered with box, and running down on each side of the path to the white gate, with its overhanging lilac bushes. Here she picked a quaint, flat bouquet of sweet-william, pinks, verbenas, sweet-alyssum, and mignonette, and, carrying it in, placed it on the table in the cool, dark room, with its fire-place filled by feathery asparagus.

It was almost sunset, and Miss Eunice's tea-table, with its snow-white cloth and old-fashioned blue dishes, had been waiting nearly an hour when she heard the rattle of a wagon and a loud "whoa" out by the gate. "There, that's them," she thought. "I spose I'd better go out to meet 'em. I wonder if I look all right!" And then holding her handkerchief, with the creases where it had been ironed still fresh in it, she went down the front path to meet the cheery-looking man who was just taking out of his wagon the last of his load—two timid, wan-looking children, very different in aspect from the unruly street Arabs who had haunted Miss Eunice's imagination the Sunday before.

"Here are your children, Miss Eunice," he said; "and I guess the best thing you can do is to give them their supper and put them to bed. The little gal there seems pretty tired. Here, bub, here's your bundle." And with that he drove away, leaving the odd trio standing by the gate.

The boy was the elder of the two children; but he certainly was not more than ten, although his face had a sad, careworn look about it. In one hand he carried his bundle, while with the other he held that of his little sister, five years younger than he, whose great blue eyes gazed up at Miss Eunice full of awe, and whose face was so pale and thin that Miss Eunice thought to herself, "poor little critter, she don't look as if she'd ever known what it was to have a good, square meal." Then, smiling encouragingly, she said, "I'm real glad to see you children; come right in!" and led the way to the house, "There now, you can take your things right off down here, and we'll have supper quick'rn wink."

She placed the children in the wooden chairs before the table, and devoutly bowed her head to ask the blessing. When she had finished, she said, as she spread out her napkin in her lap, "There now, I must confess there's heaps more satisfaction in saying it out loud when you feel as if there was some one else besides the ca

listening. That's right, children, tuck your napkins up under your chins. I didn't know as you'd know how to fix 'em, but I guess your ma's told you how, haint she?"

"Yes, ma'am; but mamma is dead now," replied the little girl gently.

"Why, sakes alive, you don't say so! Who takes care of you and your pa?"

"Please, ma'am, papa is dead too, and Jimmie takes care of me. And he's real good to me; aint you, Jimmie?"

"Well, I never!" "ejaculated Miss Eunice, holding the britannia tea-pot suspended in the air, as she gazed over her glasses at the children opposite. "Well I never! You don't mean to say you two babies live all alone by yourselves, do you?"

"Yes, ma'am; and Jimmie blacks boots. But it was only last winter that mamma died, and it's so lonesome without her."

"Humph, I should think so," was all Miss Eunice could find voice enough to reply, as she went on pouring her tea, with spectacles that had suddenly grown strangely misty. And then she poured rich creamy milk into the blue cups, and gave them to the children, with great slices of spongy white bread and saucers of shiny black huckleberries, saying, as she did so, "eat all you want; there's plenty more out in the kitchen."

When they had finished their supper, Miss Eunice went to the high chest of drawers, and took down from the top the great family Bible, just as she had done every day for years. Then lighting a candle, for it was beginning to grow dusky, she opened it on the table before her. She opened it at the place where the mark was; but then she thought to herself, "I dunno as I'd better read here to-night; Marthy never used to take to Leviticus, somehow. I can go back to it after the children are gone." And so she turned to the story of little Samuel. To the children together on the settle at the other side of the room Miss Eunice seemed very far away, as she read, by the flickering light of the candle, of how the Lord called to Samuel in the night. And when she knelt to pray, and offered her supplication in the same energetic way in which she scrubbed her kitchen floor, the little girl nestled close to Jimmie, and even he felt better after he had put his arm around his sister.

After prayers were over, Miss Eunice's first words were, "Now, children, you can go straight to bed and sleep as long as you want to. But there now, I haven't asked you what your name is, little gal. It's lucky I thought of it; for I guess Mis' Skarrit would think it was kind of funny, if she should happen to run in this evening, and

find that I didn't know who I'd got in my own house. What did you say? Sissy? Haint you got any other name than that? Well, I do declare! Not but what it's a good enough name, child," seeing the look of dismay on the girl's face, "but somehow it seemed to take me by surprise."

As Miss Eunice led the way up the steep, narrow, back stairs the thought came to her that she had made ready only one room. "I never thought but what they'd be two boys," she said to herself; but I spose I can put the gal in the room off the head of the stairs." After she had seen the children settled for the night, and was busily engaged in clearing the table, she suddenly heard the patter of bare feet, and turning, saw Sissy in her nightdress. Between little sobs the child said, "Oh, ma'am! mayn't I please sleep with Jimmie? I never slept anywhere else but with him in all my life." At the sight of the child's tears Miss Eunice's heart melted within her. "Why of course you can if you want to. You just stop crying, and I'll fix it all right in no time." And taking her in her arms she carried her up to the kitchen chamber. When she came down again she nodded to her cats, as she went on with her dish-washing, and said, "I dunno what Mis' Skarrit would think of that; but then I don't see as there's any harm in it, after all."

It did not take the children long to feel at home with Miss Eunice, or to become acquainted with the cats and the chickens. And, as Miss Eunice more than once thought to herself, as she heard them laughing and playing together, they really did make her feel years younger.

When Sunday evening came, after the early tea had been eaten, and the children, sitting on the doorstep, had watched the red sun drop below the western horizon, Sissy stole softly up to Miss Eunice's side, and said to her, "Won't you please tell us a Bible story? Mamma always used to tell us Bible stories Sunday evening."

Miss Eunice looked down at her with an odd expression on her face. But she could not bring herself to say no to the child looking so confidently up. So she replied, "Well, I'll try; but I never told a story in my life, and I'm afraid I'll make queer work of it."

Then she lifted Sissy up on to her knee, and began to tell of Daniel in the lion's den. As she went on, Sissy's eyelids drooped lower and lower, until at last she was fast asleep, with her head on Miss Eunice's arm. "Well, that's the first time a child ever went to sleep on my lap," she thought, looking down at her, in the darkening twilight. "I wonder what I'd better do with her. I dunno but I might as well let her sleep it out. She aint much of a heft, and

"I guess I shan't mind." And so old Miss Eunice sat and held her and thought of her own childhood and of her mother long ago laid to rest, until a tear rolled slowly down her cheek, and she bent over and gently kissed the child, blushing in the dark as she did so, and saying, as she energetically wiped away the tear, "what a silly old fool I am."

The days flew by as if on magic wings. All the time Miss Eunice grew more attached to the children and more deeply interested in them, until she almost forgot that they were not her very own. But one day, in the midst of it all, the minister called again; this time to tell her that the other children were soon to go back to New York, and to ask her to have her's ready to go with the rest. Miss Eunice said nothing; and after the minister had left she sat for a long time trying to think how it would seem to be without them. At last she arose to go about her work, saying, with a sigh as she did so, "well, if they must go, I spose they must." But a moment later her face brightened, and holding the broom she had just taken up with a firmer grasp, she exclaimed, "Well I never! Why didn't I think of that before? I'll jest keep 'em allars. There ain't a soul to say a word about it but jest the children, and I guess if I don't mind they won't." And Miss Eunice was as good as her word. '83.

THE VALUE OF THE IDEAL.

THE age in which we live is pre-eminently the age of realism. All tendencies of thought and aspiration have in view the one main end of fact. Our philosophers are materialists, our novelists are mere dissecters of human nature, our very poets are metaphysicians. The higher, nobler flights of fancy and imagination are checked by the heavy hand of Science, that

"Vulture, whose wings are dull realities."

Men live too hard and fast to think. Action has swallowed up reflection; reason has superseded imagination. Everything must stand the test of actuality or pass into oblivion. We have grown into a race of Peter Bells, and we have no prophets to show us our error, but those great prophets of the past whom men say we have distanced now, forgetting that genius and truth can never be distanced. The primrose is but a primrose; beauty is but illusion; men stop to analyze what they call their appreciation of the sublime; love is mere passion. Religion even approaches the verge

of the common-place—that which has always been the highest expression of men's highest thoughts, the noblest development of man's nobility. It panders to the spirit of the age, and seeks proof, which should be proof of itself. It has come down to argument, and from that the descent is quick—to what an end! Though

“Grand the Forms, and grand the Memories”

of the pristine vigor and purity of men's minds, embodied in the pathos of ancient mythology, in the tenderness of chivalry, in the once noble ideality of art, to-day they are but forms and memories, based in the dazzling light of knowledge, put to the feeble test of practicality. Advancement—literary, social, political, philosophical, but never psychical, never ideal—is what men strive for. Great Pan is dead indeed! That superstition died with him let us rejoice; but if the divinity of men's natures must die too, if our sense of the beautiful and sublime must decrease as our wisdom increases, let us be ignorant.

Yet every man has his ideal—every man who has a human heart, who is something more than a lump of sordid clay. It is the value of these ideals for which we wish to contend, their value, if attained to, in bettering and ennobling this nineteenth century of ours, in making our hearts healthier and cleaner. Much of this character of the age of which we have spoken is the necessary result of our progression, and is allied to so much that is wide and soul-satisfying in comparison with the narrowness and confinement of ages past, that it can never be looked upon with regret. Moreover, if men have grown more earnest in their work, more sincere in their fulfilment of duty, may it not give us cause for gladness? Surely we should not grieve for that. But the faculty for work is not the highest faculty we have. We need to be lifted out of ourselves sometimes, to reach beyond our petty every-day needs and obligations, to attain the regions of all grandeur and loveliness, to bathe in the beautiful sunshine of ideal nature and goodness.

We are as a nation too ready to scoff at the transcendental, too quick to check all longings for it. Irreverence is our most marked characteristic and our most baneful one. We do not, like the poet, raise perpetual benedictions for those

“High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.”

We laugh instead. We are without the moral courage to sustain that which may not be understood, and alas! too often, ourselves without the ability to comprehend. This is the danger that threatens

us — that we may become so earthy, so sensuous, so stolidly unappreciative, that nothing will be too sacred to escape the darts of our ridicule, which even now assail much which was once invested with holiness. We shall be left with nothing to admire, nothing to love, nothing to fear, if our irreverence is not curbed. We shall reach in life what Hume reached in philosophy — nihilism. We shall become mere animals, incapable of deep feeling, sordid, narrow, ignoble, unlovely — grovellers in the dust, with little inspiration towards goodness or truth.

It is not, then, that our matter-of-factness, our practicality make us better or higher or more contented? Ah no! Instead they drag us down from those heights which aspiring imagination alone can reach. "The detail is melancholy"; it is the *plan* which is "seemly and noble" in our lives; but we need a true conception of both to live genuinely. We need to carry our ideal into our every-day life, and model our every-day life upon the wider conceptions of our ideal; to intensify the one by practice and ennoble the other by its contact. Far from being inconsistent, they are each the natural complement of the other. Either alone is worse than futile, the one leading to fantasy and utter folly, the other to a monotonous mechanical existence, fit rather for brutes than men. Together they elevate our thought and our action by their harmony, satisfying our hearts with their strength.

Our lights are few enough to aid us along "the little sinuous path of earthly care." Why should we refuse to let that of the imagination brighten its dimness? Why not rather follow our instincts — yield to the vague searching for the unattainable, the wild longing for what is beyond, the eager desire for all that is grand and beautiful and sublime, stirring our souls to an awakening conception of what is infinitely above us and infinitely great — the highest part of our natures? For what else are these yearnings given us, except to make us better? The stamp of spontaneity characterizes them, and our noblest aspirations are our spontaneous ones, no matter whither their obscurity may lead us. Better, it seems to me, to live with our ideals a daily possession, though they be illusory and uncertain, than to live a moment without them; better

"Thirsting for truth, to go wretchedly to error"

than never to have felt the divine thirst.

E. C. '83.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

If we could conceive of our English literature as deprived of all the works which may properly be termed historical novels, a need would at once be felt which its other wealth of poetry, philosophy, romance, or even history, could not supply. The historical novel consists of a romance the characters and events of which are historical, while it is left to the invention of the writer to furnish the episodes.

We are here reminded of the question, so long discussed by the French and English schools, concerning the province of poetry. The French denied that didactic poetry is poetry, for the reason that its prime motive is to instruct; while true poetry should aim first of all to please. The English decided that these two purposes could be combined, and the result be properly termed poetry.

To the majority of people the word conveys the idea of a light story, requiring little attention and less thought, — a mere trifle to while away a tedious hour, or to afford recreation after a continued mental strain. In this popular use of the term, we may well ask if a book half history should be called a novel. But the analogy is not complete; since to instruct is a perfectly legitimate aim of the prose writer, though denied to the poet. Thus in the *tendenz* romance the main purpose of the author is to correct evil in some existing institution or change the current of public opinion; and this plot, since it is of secondary importance, is moulded to fit the primary aim.

Moreover, it is argued that no philanthropy or history should interfere with the onward march of events and the unity of movement in a novel. Everything in connection with the story should heighten, and not overshadow, its effect. As in a portrait the background should be such as to give greatest prominence to the figure, so the details of a novel should be made subservient to the plot, as a mere groundwork for the design of the story. In no case should a mass of facts be allowed to warp or interfere with the natural and continued development of the events. No author is justified in using the novel as a mere vehicle for conveying dry facts, historical or philosophical, however great may be their intrinsic worth. Whichever side of the argument we support, the existence of *tendenz* and historical novels remains a fact not to be ignored.

The uses and advantages of the historical novel are many. Persons who would be overwhelmed with the thought of reading a history of England, or of a particular epoch, devour with eagerness the Wa-

verly Novels, in which the very same periods are described. History, dry and uninteresting as it is considered by many, glows with life and color under the magic influence of the novelist's pen. In this way many people who otherwise would be ignorant in this respect, come to have some idea of the onward sweep of human progress, and even of the philosophy of history.

Another advantage lies in the fact that a historical character as portrayed in a novel is much more vividly impressed upon the mind than by any mere description of the ordinary historian. Imagination is brought into play, and by its means the characters become real and living, instead of conventional forms or shadowy phantoms of a remote age. The mere fact that one thus easily and for so long a time remembers these characters is a strong argument in favor of becoming acquainted with them through fiction. There is so much to be learned, and things are so easily forgotten, that it is wisdom to acquire knowledge in a way which makes the strongest and most lasting impression. Again, whatever compunctions we may have concerning novel-reading in general, we can never feel those moments wasted which are spent in giving us vivid conceptions of causes which have in times past influenced the destiny of man.

A disadvantage of the historical novel is, that the author is tempted to sacrifice truth to fiction; in which case a false impression of both events and actors is made upon the mind of the reader. But, thanks to the widespread knowledge of to-day, such an one would at once feel the keen point of criticism, ever ready in defence of truth.

A successful and scrupulous writer in this branch of literature must possess rare qualities of mind — rare, because so seldom combined. He must be able to discern motives and weigh character, to penetrate the coverings of conventional life, until the real man is reached. He must unite with this judgment and keen penetration a vivid imagination and the power of weaving history and romance so that neither shall appear in patches, but that both shall blend and harmonize in his web of words.

Our minds at once turn to Walter Scott, the king of this realm in composition. Under his pen historical romance reached a height of excellence unattained before or since. He himself created it, and later writers have but followed his outline, applying it to different periods of history in different countries or cities of the world. By the peerless Waverly Novels we judge of all other writings of this class. He in them fixed a standard for future critics. Miss Brad-don's recent attempt to reduce the works of Scott to a minimum of size for the benefit of children and easily wearied readers, by cutting

out the plot from the surroundings as one would cut out the figure from a piece or cretonne, is to be lamented and condemned.

It is only when we think over the descriptions of scenery, customs, manners, people, and the thousand usages of life, that we can have any conception of the vast amount of material an author must possess to start with, or the magnitude of the task of writing a historical novel. Bulwer when he was about to write his "Last Days of Pompeii" lived at Naples, availed himself of all works bearing upon the subject, consulted all existing records, studied the ruins, and worked out his plot almost on the spot of its enactment. By this means he conjures, as if by magic, from those old ruins the city of eighteen centuries ago, with its marble mansions, gay with painting and rich in ornaments from the hand of the sculptor and artisan; while we see and hear the fashionable and wealthy Romans who throng its streets. His description of the eruption even surpasses the letters of Pliny in vividness; and the whole work in its brilliancy is well described as "glowing like a cinder from Vesuvius."

In striking contrast to this picture of luxury and wealth are the sufferings of the early Christians under the Roman emperors, as portrayed by Mrs. Charles. Her numerous works enable us to live, as it were, in fancy in that dim age of martyrdom.

From reading Carlyle's history of the French Revolution, of which he was very fond, Dickens conceived the idea of a novel which should depict the period which stands for all that is terrible and appalling. His "Tale of Two Cities" was the result. Here the horrors of that time are described with a vividness unequalled save in the reality, and with a power surpassed only by that of the historian himself.

The recent developments concerning the history of Egypt, and the vast amount of actual knowledge of that long period furnish an entirely new and fresh field for the writer of historical romance. Ebers combines a vast fund of knowledge concerning the physical features of the country, the customs and general traits of its strange inhabitants, with political events in the lives of their various sovereigns. There is a peculiar charm in that land of pyramids and sphinxes. In reading "Uarda" one finds himself floating on the Nile, visiting the stately temples, or viewing the procession of the festival of Apis. Not less vivid are the characters. Rameses II., contemporary of Moses, becomes a reality, and a noble one. Pentaur the epic poet of Egypt, equals our highest conceptions of his character.

The past is our ever-present teacher. No branch of literature is

so full of life-lessons as history; and for this reason the historical romance especially commends itself to us not only as a source of pleasure, but as a means of instruction and an inspiration to right living.

A. J. McC. '82.

ST. CECILIA.

I SEE the profile of her lovely face,
 Bent, as if looking from some far-off cloud
 To the wild Babel of earth's raging, loud,
 Through the dim vistas of ethereal space;
 Her mild eyes turned from that far height, to gaze
 With wonder sweet upon its ceaseless strife,
 Upon the turmoil of this mortal life—
 A look with more of pity than amaze.
 Far, far above the jarring sounds which rise
 And ring, alas, forever in our ears, —
 Above the din of earthly hate and wrong, —
 A flood of heavenly harmony she hears,
 Sweeping the purple depths of air along,
 The silver chord of angel symphonies.

KENTUCKY.

A KENTUCKY lady relates that she has often experienced extreme amusement at the strange ideas held by apparently well-informed persons with regard to her native state. She has frequently been confronted with "I beg pardon, but where did you say you lived?" and the interrogator evinced uneasiness, as though it must be a very delicate subject to broach. Meanwhile an expression of polite surprise suffused his countenance, as though he marvelled that a country where wigwags were plenteous and scalping an ordinary occurrence could produce so civilized a person. Then with the most disinterested generosity, he condescended to impart gratuitous information calculated to shed a ray of light across her benighted intellect. 'Tis true the humble recipient of this kindness had, in turn, marvelled at such a deplorable lack of practical knowledge, and been astounded at the narrow-mindedness which assumes that outside of New England one is beyond the pale of civilization. In a like spirit of philanthropy, a Kentuckian will now vouchsafe sadly needed information about the

fairy-land of the Union, the centre of surpassing wonders, the state of beautiful women and chivalrous men, the home of romance and of song.

In the first place, let us think of what Kentucky is in itself, merely as concerns its natural features. It has a soil Utopian in fertility, and a collection of phenomena which are the marvel of the world. As in Rome, beneath the scene of human action and human interests, there lay a series of labyrinthine caves and corridors, so in Kentucky, down deep in the secret chambers of the earth the mighty Architect has built many an Aladdin's palace. In a forest of gigantic trees, and almost tropical foliage, one approaches a deep ravine, and by an abrupt descent into the earth reaches the stillness and awful grandeur of Mammoth Cave. The infatuated wanderer, fascinated by its bewildering splendor, is led on and on as by the beckoning finger of some wicked gnome who flits about this mysterious abode, ready to annihilate the investigator of its secrets. These gorgeous chambers, roofed in with stars or adorned with huge stalactites and stalagmites, carry us back to the bewildering magnificence of the "Arabian Nights," make us feel as though we had found the cave of the "Forty Thieves," and had divined the "Open Sesame." Could this work of countless ages, this monument of Nature in all its unfathomed significance be understood, could its inscriptions be deciphered, could that slow sluggish river of the Echo yield up the experience of the ages, what a history it might tell! Could this work which antedates the pyramids, open its vast treasure-house of knowledge, it might tell of the time when God's spirit moved upon the face of the waters and the dry land appeared.

What state can rival Kentucky in her rivers? That winding stream which bears her name a distance of two hundred miles through scenery of quiet beauty, or between bold and rugged cliffs that grandly rise on either side, may well rival the wonders of the "castled Rhine." And as one steams up the Ohio, well named "beautiful river," when in its breadth and sweep it is touched by the golden beams of sunset, he craves, alas, the genius of a Byron to immortalize the scene. The bed of this noble river is a perfect storehouse of geological treasure. At low water the region about the falls affords most valuable testimony to the work of the world's formation. For this reason, Louisville has become quite a centre for learned and enthusiastic geologists.

Not only the geologist, but the botanist luxuriates in this rich field, for Kentucky is noted for the wealth of its flora. Time would fail me to tell of the wonders in the "blue-grass" region, whose

products are famed beyond the seas, and whose women are noted for the wondrous depths of their liquid brown eyes.

For an introduction to a fine old family of Kentucky one has but to refer to Mrs. Stowe. In her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she has given us a true idea of the real chivalrous Kentuckian, noble in his instincts; impulsive and warm-hearted as the cavaliers from whom he claims descent; and I venture to say, a Yandell, a Logan, or a Breckinridge would equal in pride of his ancestral line an Adams or a Hoar.

The imaginative cast of the Southern mind seeks to invest all things with a touch of romance; and as one listens to tales like old legends in their awesome character, he is carried back to the days of chivalry, when brave knights and fair women moved in an atmosphere of poetry and song. Not far from Louisville there is a wood, like that through which Undine's knight had to pass, begirt with strange horrors. The trees are like the primeval forest; the foliage is fearful in its density; and one can scarcely enter a yard from its outskirts before all trace of a path is gone. The farmer, as he passes it in early morn or late at night, hurries by in secret dread; and the little children tell in hushed tones of the "Lost Island" far within, from whence there is no return. As one stands in this wild spot, underneath vast arbors formed by interlacing branches and trailing vines, it requires but little effort to see wicked sprites peeping out from secret nooks to mock and laugh at this complete bewilderment.

Another legend is that of Throckmorton's ghost. It is the tale of a man whose sin, like some black Nemesis, ever pursued him; who, like Manfred, was forced to live in the shadow of a dreadful curse —

"By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
And forever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell."

This love of the mystic and romantic has developed among Kentucky women a number of story writers, whose style is distinguished for vivid coloring, and whose main success lies in the delineation of intense passion. Such writers are springing up all over the state, and their contributions to the leading journals show the germ of marked ability in fictitious narrative. The graceful sonnets of Amelia Welby, the Louisville poet, have not only met a cordial response, but have kindled the poetic spark in others; and who can say but, in the coming future, this sunny land may tell through her impassioned daughters many a stirring tale?

The majority of Kentucky girls, however, seek the stage as the

natural outlet for their higher emotions. Their success in this department is surpassing, and their special aptitude for dramatic action is every year becoming more noticeable. Mary Anderson, praised or blamed, has won a name for herself; and another, though less known, has gained the favorable notice of Washington critics. Though this may be deemed a misdirection of talent, it still indicates a fund of undeveloped energy.

Though noted for beauty, imagination, and grace, the young women of this state have not shown themselves deficient in genuine intellectual ability or in high ambitions. Sharing the aspirations of so many women of the age, they have chosen the high road to learning, and are numbered among that great company which fills the noblest institutions of the land, and by their rank have proved themselves in no wise inferior.

Kentucky has educated some truly great and good men. She has given to the Union a brave general in Zachary Taylor, a great orator and statesman in Henry Clay, and a true poet in George Prentice.

Who can say, then, that Kentucky has not much to boast? May she not proudly lift her head among her sister states, and yield to none as her superior? She has indeed proved herself worthy of the admiration of her scattered children, who, in their far-away places, may well think with fond love and pride of their old Kentucky home.

E. E. I. '82.

THE SEASONS.

Yes, the spring had really come. Even the dreary old croaker, with his one swallow that doesn't make a summer, was forced at last meekly to draw in his horns, and admit that nature, after all, is an uncompromising opponent in a contest of that kind. For who could hope to maintain his case, when every breath of balmy air and every swelling bud flatly contradicted him, and nature impertinently waved the yellow tassels of the pussy willows in his face? Why, the very hens, as they scratched and clucked together on the sunny side of the barn, knew better than that. The streams were rushing along through the meadows, fairly dancing and sparkling with joy at the sight of all their dear old companions. There were the blossoms of the blood-root, with their spotless petals that would so soon go fluttering to the ground, the dainty anemones, the clusters of liverworts bravely pushing their heads up through the warm

mould, the dear little May-flowers fairly blushing at their own beauty and fragrance. And there, down in the hollow beyond the waterfall, were hundreds of adder's-tongue lilies, with their mottled leaves, nodding a welcome to the waters as they passed. Overhead the great fleecy clouds were slowly sailing onward. And the swamp maples, remembering their glory of the fall before, had blossomed out into suits of crimson before they donned their summer attire of green.

And should not the trees and flowers rejoice together, and the sun come pouring down warm and bright? For was not the wee spring queen abroad that day, gazing for the first time, with her round blue eyes, at all the beautiful things? The downy fern fronds, as they nestled close together, told each other of the little, nameless wanderer who had come into the world to grow with the flowers. And the great elm-trees could look down upon her, as she lay in state in her carriage, and was drawn up and down the long gravel path. Such a tiny queen as she was — only a bundle of white blankets, with nothing to be seen but a little face that peeped out from among them, with two warm, soft cheeks and a little rosy mouth. Hardly old enough even to smile. But the trees did not mind. They only knew that she was their queen, and at the sight of her each swaying limb felt a fresh thrill of life; and when, at last, the nurse-maid rolled the carriage away, each tree sent after it a shower of seeds as a sort of mute invitation to come again. Nor was their request scorned. Every sunny day came the little carriage with its one passenger, until the buds on the elm-trees had changed to leaves, and the meadow through which flowed the stream had grown blue with violets.

Now the air was laden with the fragrance of wild elder. The birds had flown back from the South, and built their nests in the crotches of the trees. Upon the hillside the gay columbine blossoms were nodding in the wind, on their long, slender stems, amid clusters of saxifrage scattered about in the rocky soil. The edges of the wood just beyond the pasture lot were bright with wild azaleas, underneath which grew smooth, shining leaves of young wintergreen. Down in the swamp the children were filling their pockets with flag buds, and watching the pollywogs as they wiggled about in their muddy pools. The roadsides were lined with starry innocents and gay with buttercups. And as the baby queen took her daily airing brother Ned would come running up, his long, fair curls floating out behind him, and his fat hands filled with the bright blossoms, to lay them lovingly against her cheek, saying, in persuasive tones, "Does

'oo 'ove butter, ittie dirl?" At the sight of the yellow flowers the restless hands and feet would be all a-quiver with delight, and the blue eyes would follow Ned with a wistful look as he ran off to his play again, gravely remarking, "I dess 'oo does, 'tus I does."

And then the days grew warmer and warmer. The month of roses came, bringing with it fresh mornings, when the dew hung in great drops on every blade of grass, and the breezes came stealing in through the morning-glory vines, bringing suggestions of wild strawberries and water-lilies. As soon as the first rays of the sun crept in at the nursery-windows baby's eyes would fly wide open; and then nurse must come and take her up right away, or a bad little spirit would begin to show itself, making her face grow very red, and her back very stiff. But after she was once dressed, then all was peaceful. By that time the sun had dried the grass on the lawn; and there, in the middle of her gaily-colored blanket spread in the shade of the oak-tree, the little maiden would sit, jabbering away in her baby talk, or laughing in such a pretty, gurgling way as brother Ned scattered showers of daisies and clover over her.

By this time she had grown so large that every one said she must have a name. So one quiet Sunday morning she was carried in her father's strong arms, across the green where she had so often watched the children at play, to the church. And here she was christened with the name of the grandmother who had died long before, when her own little girl was no older than baby, and who was lying silent in the churchyard outside. As the minister laid his hand gently on the fair forehead, a beam of sunlight came straying in at the window, and rested on the vase of Easter lilies standing near the font. Baby, seeing it, stretched out her hands toward the flowers, and smiled, all to herself, at the pretty sight.

After this came the hot, hot weather, when the merciless sun beat, day after day, on the parched earth. And there were terrible reports from the great cities of strong men stricken down on the burning pavements, and of little children dying in crowded tenement-houses. But even then there would be cool nights, when the dew-soaked grass sparkled in the moonlight, and the wind blew softly through the vines that made a net-work of shadow on the porch floor. Sometimes, too, the moonbeams would steal in through the windows, and see baby Beth fast asleep in her crib, with one hand thrown out on the pillow.

All too soon the summer days went by. All too soon the golden-rod and asters took the places of the summer flowers, and the leaves put on their brightest colors, and then went floating to the ground to

be blown about by the autumn wind. The nights grew sharp and frosty, opening the chestnut burrs, and revealing the brown nuts concealed within. And then, after supper, when all was dark and cold out of doors, little Beth would lie on her mother's lap before the cheery, open fire, her white socks taken off, and her plump rosy feet stretched out to the blaze, as she listened to the marvellous story of how "This little pig went to market, and this little pig stayed at home," or learned to "Patticake, patticake, baker's man" with her dimpled hands. Ned would bring his stool to join in the fun; and the father would look out from behind his newspaper to bark like a dog, or quack, for the benefit of the little ones.

When the first snow-fall came Beth's bliss was complete. Tied into her high chair before the window, she would sit and pat the panes of glass, and gaze out, with eyes round with wonder, at the thousands of snowflakes that filled the air. Noiselessly they fell, covering everything with a mantle of white, and transforming the most familiar objects into grotesque and beautiful forms. The branches of the spruce-trees were so weighed down by their load that the lower ones almost touched the ground. And yet when the night came the snow was falling still. But in the morning what a beautiful sight it was. Not a cloud to be seen in the blue sky; and the sun smiling down on a world of spotless white, that sparkled and glistened beneath its rays. At first not a person was to be seen out of doors, and hardly a footprint had marred the smooth surface of the snow that had drifted up about the door. Soon, however, the world was astir, and the air filled with the merry sound of sleigh-bells. And baby Beth must have her warm cloak wrapped about her, and take her first sleigh-ride before the noon sun melts the snow.

After that came days when the air was keen and nipping. And more snow-storms descended to cover the earth with a warm garment, and protect it from the frosts. Almost every day little Beth sat by the window, and watched brother Ned go flying down the hill on his sled, or saw him roll together great balls of snow to make a snow man. And so the weeks went by till Christmas time had come and gone, and it was almost spring once more.

And then one night baby Beth awoke with a harsh, rasping cough, that roused the whole household, and drove terror to the heart of her mother. All night they worked over her, putting hot flannels on the tender chest, and rubbing the little hands and feet to keep them warm. But in the morning she was no better; and it was with heavy hearts that they saw the sunshine come streaming in, and watched the doctor as he gravely shook his head at the sight of

her parched lips and flushed cheeks. And to-morrow will be her birthday, thought the poor mother, as she put away the little dress that had been hung on the accustomed chair the evening before. All day they eagerly watched for some change; but none came. The heavy lids were almost closed over the eyes that noticed nothing, — not even little Ned. And the mother's heart ached as she heard the labored breathing, and tried to relieve the paroxysms of coughing. Brother Ned felt that something was wrong. And after nurse had put him to bed, and his mother, with a sad look on her face, had come to kiss him good-night, the little fellow curled up in a round heap, and cried himself to sleep, whispering with quivering lips, between his sobs, "I 'ants baby Befh."

When he opened his eyes the next morning it was the first day of spring, and the air was bright and beautiful. But all he saw was his mother bending over him, with tears in her eyes. She took him in her arms, and held him close, as she said:

"Little Beth is better, Neddie boy. The doctor says she will get well by-and-by."

And so the seasons came and went.

M. R. H. '83.

HILDA.

THE real Hilda, the heroine of Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, was a Boston girl. My mother has often given me reminiscences of the time when they were together. Of her early life my mother knew only that she was the child of parents who were in very comfortable circumstances. At the age of eighteen, in company with several other New England young ladies, she went west with Horace Mann, for the purpose of helping to establish his great educational experiment. At Yellow Springs, Ohio, Professor Mann founded Antioch College, a boarding-school for both boys and girls, where they received exactly the same kind of an education. It was there that my mother first met Hawthorne's "fair-haired New England girl," as a senior classmate who roomed just across the corridor. She was slender, a little above medium height, and by the girls was considered as not so very pretty, but as possessing that kind of beauty which is most desirable, a womanly delicacy and intelligence expressed in her face and whole bearing. In dress she followed her own individual taste rather than the prevailing fashion; and during her three years of college life she was never seen wearing any other colors than laven-

der, navy blue, black, or white, and all her suits were in the same style. Her hair, too, was not arranged like that of the other girls, but in a simple, becoming way.

The reserve characteristic of the New England girl, her refinement, and position in the school invested her with an ideal charm ; and she was watched and approved of, from afar, by all the other pupils. The first year at Antioch she was a pupil, the second and third years she took the advanced studies, and taught chronology to the fourth English class, the lowest in the college. In 1853 or 1854 she travelled in Europe, and it was there that Hawthorne became acquainted with her. Two years afterwards she returned to Antioch College, resumed her duties as a teacher, and was married to the Professor of Rhetoric, a man indulgent to his pupils, charitable to the world, and very much liked by his friends, but in his family cold-hearted and selfish. Almost from the beginning they were unhappy together. In the second year after their marriage they removed to New England ; and here the wife's intellectual ability was attested by the fact that she was the first woman who was chosen to be a member of the Boston Board of Education. Soon after she was deserted by her inhuman husband, and left to provide for herself and children.

A letter telling of her shame at this public avowal of the incongeniality of their home was the last one my mother ever received from her former schoolmate. Nor did she hear anything more of her until about six years ago, when one morning she read in the daily paper of the death by suicide of a lady bearing the name by which "Hilda" had been known to her friends. After many inquiries my mother's fears were substantiated. The idol of Antioch had thrown herself off the bridge into the Charles river. Her last days had been a continual struggle with poverty ; but we cannot think it was because of this she forsook her two little girls, who have since been cared for by relatives. The coroner's jury brought in the verdict "death from momentary insanity" ; and this must have been the truth, for a woman with as strong purpose in life and as firm faith as hers could not have committed such a crime unless when reason had deserted her.

C. V. D.

MY SHIP FROM OVER THE SEA.

AFAR o'er the ocean, there's sailing to-day
A good ship, so stately and gallant and gay.
'Tis sailing straight onward, through sunshine and storm,
Through the shadowy night, and the gladsome morn.

There are many more boats on the waters wide,
Gliding steadily on o'er its swelling tide;
But there's never a one so fair as is mine,
With its glistening decks and its masts of pine.

Mine is laden with jewels and treasures rare,
And the fragrance of myrrh fills the balmy air;
It is bringing pure thoughts and holy desires,
While the incense of prayer feeds its altar-fires.

Oh, I daily am longing the time to see
When this vessel of mine will sail home to me.
I'll know then no sorrow, no mourning for sin;
For all will be peace when my ship comes in.

Do you ask me whence comes it, from out what land?
What seas it sail over? by whose command?
I know not the answer; but I fancy, ah me!
That the land is called No Man's, the country — May be.

"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN."

"There was an old woman,
And what do you think?
She lived upon nothing
But victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink
Were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman
Scarce ever was quiet."

In the study of history, or perhaps more in the study of the progress of Christianity, there are few features more striking than the wonderful advance of woman in the world. But spite of the fact that the magic power of education has served to tear apart the veil of superstition that made misty the blessed sunlight of truth, and break the iron fetters of custom that restrained her freedom, we do not often find the soul of woman possessed by that calm and repose that is her greatest charm. A spirit of unrest is sometimes

painfully marked. Like the old woman whose brief and pathetic story furnishes text for our sermon, she "scarce ever is quiet." In childhood we have felt a pity for this character made historic by Mother Goose, as we pictured her solitary existence, and the unhappy, fretful frame of mind her biographer touches upon so delicately. And as we were growing to put away childish things and search for the "tiefe gedanken" in what is apparently simple, it was suggested to us with startling force why the life of this woman, who is a representative of a class, was in no sense a success. How could it be when she "lived upon nothing but victuals and drink"?

There are many aspects of the "woman question" to-day, and we have our little complaint to make; but it is not directed against the laws and unjust oppressions of state or country, or even against the long-established social customs which seem to burden and chafe so many of our fair aspirants. It is made because of those women and girls who are to-day served with the same questionable kindness that tries to satisfy them by supplying merely their physical wants; those who reach out after something higher than that which is simply and solely practical, who crave intellectual and moral stimulus, the aesthetic side of whose nature makes certain demands for which there is no supply. Some women are eager for access to books. They long for something to read which will give them new trains of thought, lift them, if only for a few hours, from out the weary work-a-day world into the charmed realms of thought and imagination. Some among them really long for study, for education, seeming to realize what it takes many who are more favored, years to learn — their own ignorance and narrowness of mind. What they want they cannot really say, and yet without it they starve. With others the craving is for music. Perhaps the only sound of harmony in their discordant lives is the anthem of the church. Then there are those whom a little social enjoyment would brighten for whole weeks; and those whose lives have lost their freshness, who, scarcely knowing what is lacking, would yet find untold joy and satisfaction in the sight of a young face, the sound of a merry laugh. More than this, there are those — and a shame it is to many of us — whose patience and love are not to be measured in this world, who would be made happy by a simple "thank you" or "please," now and then. There are young women in our cities who would not only be made happy, but would often be saved from utter ruin, by a cordial invitation into the holy influence of some "home"; to whom simple, kindly hospitality would be a perfect revelation, and whose hearts would be

reached by it much more quickly than by tracts or Sunday-school discourses.

But it is not merely the life of deprivation and poverty that is typified to us by this unsatisfied old woman of our rhyme. In many a palace of old, and in many a brown-stone front of to-day, has the beautiful princess pined and longed in vain for much the same food as her humble sisters. Her trouble has been not to gain recreation from weary labor, but the harder task of finding employment for idle hours and days. There is a selfish narrowness in her aims, and a wearisome monotony in her occupations that ought not to satisfy. There is one great difference between the first class of women of whom we have been speaking and this latter class; with these it is a wilful starvation. For how can a woman take even a "bird's-eye" view of the work there is in this world,—of all there is to see, if she will only look, to hear if she will only listen, to learn if she will only heed, and to do if she will but work,—and yet be idle? We fancy that there might have been some kindly, sympathetic soul who, if she had but known her, would have had the tact to make our old woman content. And so we wish there might be those who would know how to give of their abundance to worn and tired, to fretful and complaining women, whether the half-understood need be for æsthetic, intellectual, or moral culture. '82.

MARIA ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

THIS charming artist was born in Switzerland, and was the only child of a portrait-painter. She was always devoted to her father, and very fond of him, even after he became a bigoted, notional, peculiar, old man. He, in return, was excessively fond and proud of his talented daughter, and superintended her education with great care. As a child she was lovely both in appearance and disposition, and early manifested signs of talent and those charms of manner which afterwards made her so popular among the people of London. Her gift for painting was hardly more marked than that for music. She had a fine voice, which, with cultivation, would probably have placed her as high in the musical world as she became in her chosen profession. Her father's preference probably influenced her decision. When only twenty years of age she was taken by her father to Italy, where she was recognized at once as a girl of rare promise. In Florence the choicest galleries were opened to her, and she was

admitted into the best society, where her native grace and inherent good-breeding enabled her to conduct herself with propriety and with a charming *naviété* captivating to all. In Rome she was especially admired by the celebrated connoisseur and critic, the Abbé Winckelmann. The following is an extract from a letter to his friend Franck: "I have just been painted by a stranger, a young person of rare merit. She is very eminent in portraits in oil. Mine is a half-length, and she has made an etching of it as a present to me. She speaks Italian as well as German, and expresses herself with the same facility in French and English, on which account she paints all the English who visit Rome. She sings with a taste which ranks her among our greatest virtuosi. Her name is Angelica Kauffman."

When twenty-three years old Angelica left her father and her sharp-tongued, critical, yet true friend, Antonio Lucchi, and accompanied the wife of the English ambassador to London, where she lived for many years. Lady Wentworth, her benefactress, was a handsome woman, with winning ways and an amiable disposition. But she was fully aware of her charms, and expected that any one whom she condescended to patronize would be duly grateful, and would defer to her wishes in everything. As long as these conditions were fulfilled she was exceedingly gracious and kind; but when the fortunate recipient of her favor dared to assert her own individuality or independence, Lady Wentworth at once withdrew her smiles. Angel, so called by her friends, was for a while the favored one, and lived in great comfort and freedom in the house of her patronness; and was introduced into the most intelligent and accomplished of London society. In this circle she won many friends as well as admirers. One of her best friends was Sir Joshua Reynolds, who helped her by his suggestions and criticisms, and by his kindly interest in her success and welfare. It is even said that he made her an offer of marriage, but this rumor has really no historical basis. But her experience was no exception to that of most women who have been generally admired. There were ill-tempered and unreasonable people who criticised her either unjustly or with merely truth enough in their charges to make them all the more difficult to refute. Some of these uncharitable feelings were caused by jealousy of her superior charms, and some were a consequence of the observer's seeing nothing in her but the shallow woman of the world, leading a butterfly existence. Nevertheless, she worked, and worked hard, at her beloved art, giving only her evenings to society, and spending the mornings in her studio, the afternoons in visiting public and

private galleries. When Lady Wentworth tired of her favorite, Angel took a house of her own, and settled down in most comfortable fashion. Here she received her artist friends, and here at last her father joined her, filling her cup of happiness to the brim by his presence in that little home. At this period she finished some of her best pictures. She had many orders, and was happy and successful in her work, although her peace of mind was disturbed by Antonio, who had also come to England, and was the same plain-spoken critic as before, presuming to find fault with her painting as well as with her apparent coquetry, yet easily wounded by any careless or irritable remark of hers which reflected on his friendship. He made her interests his, and was a help to her in her really unprotected position, for her father was too old and eccentric to be depended upon to guard his idolized child. But Angel seemed at this time entirely to overlook this kindness of Antonio, and to perceive only the sharp, rough, apparently surly side of his extremely sensitive nature.

In the midst of her common-place London life we now meet the facts that throw a halo of romance about the career of this woman artist. The suddenness and strangeness of the events which followed so closely upon each other at this time give them an air of unreality. A certain Swede, Count de Horn, who had noticed her in Venice, had lately made his appearance in London society. He was peculiar both in looks and actions; exceedingly gallant and courteous to ladies, but had such an air of unrest, and was so erratic in his movements that men kept aloof from him, and regarded him with a suspicious eye. He became quite an adorer of Angel, paying her marked attention, almost in spite of her expressed wishes. One night at a magnificent ball he succeeded in fascinating her by his insidious words to such an extent that when he had separated her from the rest of the company he dared passionately avow his love, and tell her that she must be his good angel, and save him from the perilous position in which he found himself. He declared that only her beauty and wisdom could rescue him; and at last she consented to join him the next day and become his wife. They separated at the church door, and he never met her after that hour, save in general company. On suddenly leaving London, he sent her a most enigmatical note, saying that everything would be right in a few days, and their marriage could be announced. Very soon she went to Windsor, upon receiving an order to paint Queen Charlotte's portrait. While here she expected her husband to appear, and that through her entreaties the queen would obtain pardon for him, though

she was still ignorant of what the crime had been to which he darkly hinted. But alas ! while they were sitting there one day, talking as Angel worked, Count de Horn was announced ; and when she followed the queen secretly, to see him come up the stairs, to her terror and dismay it was not her husband who appeared, but a stranger whom every one called by her husband's name. She was almost maddened by the shock, and upon reaching her home in London, to which she fled, she sank into a state of utter prostration and weakness, from which she rose a crushed, disheartened woman. It was discovered that her husband was an impostor and forger who had assumed the name of the real Count de Horn, having stolen his money and papers. Worse than this, he had been married before, and his wife was still living ; though since she was a Protestant and he a Romanist the marriage was by some considered invalid. He had used Angel simply as a tool, hoping to win through her the favor of the queen, and so had blighted her life ; but she still considered the marriage vows she had taken upon herself binding, and after procuring his escape from the country she went back to the old life, miserable and despairing. After long months of pain she gradually outgrew the intensity of her suffering, and, though still considering herself bound to the man whom she had never seen nor heard from since that awful parting, she recovered her interest in life, its duties and pleasures, and went her way a sadder, yet a wiser woman.

Ten years after, she and her father were visiting a friend in the country, when Antonio, whom she had not seen for years, appeared, bringing with him the proof of the pretended de Horn's death ; and soon afterward she and her true old friend and lover were married, and moved to Rome, where they lived a peaceful, happy life, strong in each other's love. She was one of the two women who were original members of the Royal Academy of England. "Her great forte lay in those poetical and mythological subjects in which the youthful figure could be introduced in all the charms of graceful attitude, and these subjects she treated in a fascinating manner. She had fine taste, and drew correctly, and her pictures are distinguished by an air of mild and virginal purity." L. A. W. '82.

From our Special Foreign Correspondents.

YORK, ENGLAND.

In the first place, I have just come from spending Sunday with our dear Miss Kendall. It is a great satisfaction to write that name, for "Mrs. Clark" obstinately refuses to come trippingly off my tongue, and I have struggled with it for the last three days. We came to York late on Thursday, and my first care on Friday morning was to make my way to 28, Pavement, where I had been told was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clark. But they moved about two months ago, and are now living in a dear little home in a new part of the town, called Feversham Terrace.

How good it did seem to be ushered into a room that looked as if it had been transported bodily from the United States, with Harper's lying on the table, a photograph of one of my class-mates resting against a shelf of books, and another of our late President on the mantel!

In a very few moments, of course, Abbot Academy was the theme, and this afternoon has gone like a dream, while we talked over the old days there, and exchanged such scraps of information as we possessed concerning its past and present inmates. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have made York seem so much like home that I look forward to leaving in the morning with great reluctance. Besides, I haven't seen half enough of the grand old minster, though we have spent hours within its walls. I can't begin to tell you how the few cathedrals we have seen impress me, only that when I enter one of them I feel a thrill, and the longer I stay and look, and absorb the various beauties of the wondrous work of man's hands, the more I feel disposed to linger, and after tearing myself away, to return again and again. We have not seen many yet—only Chester, Durham, and York, of the old ones. We reserved them for the last of our sights in England.

L. F. J. '80.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND,

November 1.

Let me give you a description of the pension where I am staying at present, learning to talk French. It is situated on the Grand Quai, or broad street, extending along the shore of Lake Lemman, separated from it by a narrow park called the Jardin Anglais. From the window of my room is to be seen the beautiful blue lake, with white sails gleaming in the distance. Although the waters

usually look so calm and peaceful, sudden squalls are of frequent occurrence, and pleasure parties seldom venture out. Steamers ply up and down the lake, stopping at the various villages.

This building is very plain, resembling all the others on the street; and of course the school occupies a flat; to occupy a whole building would be an unheard of thing here. Besides, we would not need that amount of room; for the school consists of only about a dozen boarders, and thirty or forty day-scholars. Indeed, it is more like a family than a school; for we are treated by the teachers exactly as though we belonged to them. They counsel and scold us, and look after our wardrobes, besides teaching us in the class-room. Three or four girls occupy one large room; but, as we are rarely in it during the day, this is no serious inconvenience. It does not much resemble the rooms in an American school. The floor is uncarpeted, but very clean. We have single beds, and these would look odd at home. They consist of iron bedsteads covered with white cloth, and in the place of the counterpane is a feather mattress. The latter would be very comfortable if it would stay in place; but it is always slipping off in the most exasperating way.

There are girls of all nationalities here, — German, Dutch, Italian, Russian, English, American, and German-Swiss, — all anxious to learn French. Two of my room-mates are German-Swiss, and the other is Russian. The last named has been here for several years, and so is French in her manners; but she still retains all those superstitious ideas which she learned as a child. Another girl in whom I am interested is from sunny Italy, and she has the strong characteristics of her countrywomen, — so indolent she likes to lie in bed half the day, and yet possessed of an intensity of passion that flashes forth at the slightest provocation. Recitations are carried on during about the same hours as in a school at home. In the evening, however, we do no studying, but bring our work, and sit together in one of the class-rooms while an interesting book is read aloud, either in French, German or English; for nearly all the girls understand those three languages.

Of course, being in the midst of the city, there is no lawn about the pension; so every pleasant Thursday and Sunday afternoon in summer we go out to a *campagne* which has been leased for the season, where there is a magnificent grove with a tiny stream running through it, over which is thrown a rustic bridge. Here we write letters, read, and amuse ourselves any way we please. We go to walk every day, and march two by two, in a long column with a teacher at the head, in most decorous fashion; for we are not per-

mitted to go arm in arm, and must never fall out of line. The girls never go out of the house unless accompanied by a teacher or some member of their own family. No doubt you think it would be dreadful to be so restricted; but in reality we have very pleasant times. The teachers are always getting up some pleasant surprise for us, such as a ride or a long walk into the country; and then everything is so new and strange, it seems all the time like reading an interesting book.

E. R. C.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

We had been invited to spend the day with Lady Cavendish, the daughter of a real earl. We knew she was much interested in charitable and educational work; but when our invitation came we did not know whether it was to her father's house or to one of the "Princess Mary Homes," where she supports and educates forty or fifty poor children. We finally concluded to wear our best, expecting to have at least one butler to stand behind our chairs. So, in our silk dresses, with what little real lace we possessed, and light gloves in our pockets, we started. As we stepped into a second-class car at a junction, we noticed a small woman wearing a short, black dress, rather shabby gloves, and carrying a rusty sun-shade, but having a kind, pleasant face. To our surprise it proved to be Lady Cavendish, come part way to meet us. We mentally concluded to keep our light kids in our pockets. At last we stopped at a little country town, and walked to a modest cottage, the home of Lady Cavendish when she is about her work among the poor people. We were served with milk and biscuits; *we* should say crackers, but in England that means only fire-crackers.

We next walked about half a mile to the home of a helper in the work, where we had lunch in the smallest little dining-room. After lunch we sat for a little time in a sort of glass porch, where we were served with cups of tea and what appeared to be little strips of scorched pie-crust; but we drank our tea and ate our pie-crust "as though to the manner born." We then were taken to the "Home," a circle of brick cottages, a store, chapel, hospital, and laundry. Ten children, assorted sizes, are placed in each house, under a house-mother who teaches them to fill the position of house-maids; for they do not believe in educating the children above the class in which they were born. Each matron is supplied once a week with groceries and house-keeping utensils from the store, which is so attractive I should like to tend it myself.

We went into one cottage just as the children sat down to dinner;

and as we came in they all rose, closed their eyes, and sang a little grace; and in the afternoon we went to the school, and they sang for us, and as we left they all gave three cheers for the American ladies. We went back to London with a different idea of one noble lady from that we had held before, and a better notion of English charities.

E. J. W. '80.

BLANKENBURG AM HARZ,
GERMANY.

We have just been to the castle, which is not far from here, but much higher. We climbed the sixty or eighty steps which lead to the church, and then ascended a winding path. The castle is very plain and straight on the outside, and is built round an open court, right into the rock, a point of which shows through the floor of the little theatre.

Maria Theresa was born here, and of course it is filled with remiscences and pictures of her. The room in which she was born is pointed out, and there is a long corridor hung with pictures cut out of paper and pasted on silk, which she either made herself or had made for her amusement. The dining halls are handsome, large rooms, with inlaid floors, beautifully smooth, and heavy, solid chairs with the monogram stamped on the leather. One room contains a beautifully carved sideboard, displaying the glass stamped with the crest, and cut handsomely. One of the state-rooms was hung with yellow brocade satin, the bed having a canopy and curtains of this brocade and a quilted spread of plain yellow satin. The Duke of Braunschweig often comes to the castle.

Our excursion to Wernigerode was delightful. We took a carriage, starting about eleven. Wernigerode is somewhat higher than Blankenburg, and lies more among the mountains, much nearer the Brocken. On the way we had beautiful, broad views on one side, over the meadows and little towns, and on the other the hills with their almost black foliage of firs, contrasting with the soft yellows and reds of the oaks and beeches.

We walked round the town a little before dinner, and after dinner visited the Schloss. This castle stands on a high hill. There is a beautiful, long, winding avenue through the Thiergarten, and you come out quite suddenly upon the mass of buildings. The castle is modern in appearance, though some of it is said to be very old. I am afraid the modernism was part of its great charm to me, as well as the fact that it was occupied by a real live count, the Graf von Stolzburg-Wernigerode. As he was really in the house we could

have only a glimpse of the grandeur from the outside and a look into the lovely little chapel. We did have one unexpected glimpse of magnificence. As we were going out of the court a page passed us, clad in short clothes, fine velvet or satin knee-breeches, etc., carrying a tray of food. We were conducted through the gardens, large and well kept, and for Annie's entertainment took a look at the two bears. The count is quite an important personage, exceedingly rich, and has had some high position under the government.

S. F. R. '80.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

DURING the brief period of our editorship we have been haunted by a number of gay, bright faces — the spirits of our gifted predecessors. It may be that a glance through the file of our worthy paper, whose earlier issues are radiant with fashion notes and gossip, sparkling wit and startling novellettes, was a summons for this joyous company. They throng about us as we write, looking with lingering love upon this new number; charging us, ere they vanish, to make it as faithful an exponent of school-girl life as in the days of yore. Reverently we hear the words of our winsome sisters, who, we know, would have us fill our pages with the old fun and frolic. But our loved Courant has of necessity assumed a graver tone; for changed are the times and the seasons. During its existence of eight years it has thrown off the first effervescence of youthful spirits, and entered upon a wider life. While its range has been broadened and deepened, it has extended its researches into the remotest corner of the globe, and now centres within its pages many varied experiences. Indeed, our fledgling is longing to spread its wings; it feels the thrill of the great world's work about it; and while it responds with ready sympathy to the throes of a nation's woe, it is restive when compelled to record the changing of a ribbon or the falling of an idle word. And for fear that our little paper may, like Theseus, soon lift the stone, and break away from all restraints, we are forced continually to curb these lofty aspirations; bearing in mind that "little incidents are the foliage of great events, and may be lost in the distance of history."

Then, perchance, this graver tone may be due to our graver interests; for are we not seeking to probe the mysteries of deep political questions, to fathom the depths of party tenets, and to realize the crying need of Civil Service Reform; fitting ourselves by wide culture, by that universalism which the age demands, to be in the fullest sense intelligent women? For this reason it is fitting that the exponent of our sentiments should doff its lighter character. For this reason it has been our aim to follow the Pythagorean maxim, — to observe a due proportion in all things, to avoid excessive joy as well as excessive solemnity, and to keep the several parts of our paper in time and harmony, like a well-tuned harp.

On the evening of October 7, Mr. John B. Gough delivered in the Town Hall his new lecture, "Platform and Personal Experiences," the proceeds of which he generously presented to Abbot Academy for the benefit of the art department. His audience was large and enthusiastic, consisting

of Andover's most prominent and distinguished men; while it is needless to say we, as a school, attended in a body. The experiences culled from a life of thirty-nine years as a lecturer charm by their very freedom, and by that large liberty which he confesses it is his purpose to take. As usual, Mr. Gough convulsed us by the exceeding cleverness of his stories, or moved us by their pathos; but bold would be the person who would presume to repeat them; for without the touch of his inimitable manner they would strikingly resemble the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. We would merely add that the most laughable and effective were those told of his audiences, who, dull, unimpressible, unruly, or tumultuous, were easily controlled by ready wit or pointed repartee.

The absurdity of that forced elaboration which seeks to counterfeit genuine enthusiasm by vulgar bombast was shown by the highly unique and exhaustive exposition of the lines,

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

While the necessity of true feeling, of quick sympathy, to produce effective speaking, was strikingly illustrated by the sermon of the colored preacher who brought to his hungry flock tidings of such glad joy that at the close they could well join in the triumphant hallelujah.

During the evening Mr. Gough made frequent allusions to Mr. Spurgeon; and by his graphic portrayal of this great preacher the audience had the enviable opportunity of enjoying the diverse characteristics of the two greatest public speakers of the day.

Mr. Gough closed with one of his powerful discourses on temperance; and his words emphasizing the immense responsibility in the hands of teachers to check through the young the demon of intemperance were extremely effective.

Through the liberality of the Trustees the institution is rejoicing in new pianos, square, upright, and grand. The instruments are from the manufactory of Messrs Chickering and Sons, and, having been carefully selected by Mr. Downs from a great number, are of unequalled excellence. In addition to the opportunities and pleasure this change affords the large and flourishing music class, it is an improvement in another respect; for instead of the unwieldy square in No. 2 and No. 25 are new and cosy uprights. The rickety cane-seat stools, so inconvenient and inflexible, have likewise disappeared, and in their place are elegant black-walnut ones, upholstered with plush, made by Postawka. They are quickly and easily adjusted, and we know not which to admire more, their beauty or convenience.

The well-deserved appreciation which Andover people and Andover students have for Andover's great elocutionist makes the reception of other readers always doubtful here. One who stands the test, and meets with favor so marked as that which greeted Mr. Ridde, must assuredly

have talent. As he is still a young man, it is all the more marked, and speaks much for his possibilities, considered either theatrically or in that branch of the art which he at present distinguishes by his choice. He is an ambitious young man, and it only remains to be seen what he will make of himself.

His programme for the evening was a good one, both as fitted to hold the attention of the audience, and show in what his peculiar ability consists. His acting was seen in his first selection; his wonderful vocal power in the second; the third displayed his tragic capabilities, and the last his comic. His rendering of "Come Here" emphasized strongly his limitations, and showed that he was far from being master of his art. It was not only forced, but frequently conscious, in its endeavor for effect. It is perhaps to his credit that, while he read this feebly, he gave so well his extracts from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, needing less precision and less feeling, required more talent. We do not care to expose our ignorance by remarking on the Greek, farther than to say, in the most non-committal manner, that we thought it very fine. We did think so; but we often have to admit that fine things are incomprehensible. As to the last selection, we are inclined to think the fault lay as much in the writer (Mr. Wheelwright?) as in the reader. That it was witty and amusing we do not deny; but the wit was broad,—often so much so as to be quite pointless,—and the fun was exaggerated from satire to low comedy. Still, there were many bright hits; and Mr. Riddle, as either Sally Go-bang, Mrs. Skinner, or the rhapsodical aesthete, won much applause.

It was on the 6th of October, if our memory does not mislead us, that the members of the Abbot Academy received an invitation to attend Colonel Higginson's talk upon "Methods of Reform," delivered before the Porter Rhetorical Society in Bartlett Chapel. It needed but his name to cause such of us as were able to go; and we think it impossible that any one could have regretted that decision. For although Mr. Higginson spoke to young men, and for young men, yet he spoke upon a subject of so much interest to all thoughtful people, and with so much discrimination and practical weight in his conclusions, that most of us must have felt we had realized a very definite gain. Mr. Higginson's talk was full of illustrations and allusions which were of deep interest. We wish to thank him for the many ideas he presented to us, which will remain with us and cannot but be of service; and we also wish to thank the society for the kind invitation which enabled us to hear him.

A short dissertation

On association.

If ideas are attractive

The soul is not active.

The new feature of this number, our special foreign correspondence,

will be of interest to many of our readers, who will be glad to hear from their former schoolmates.

At the suggestion of Mrs. E. C. Coles of Ipswich, William A. Banister; Esq., has kindly sent us some sixty volumes from the library of his mother, the late Mrs. Hale of Newburyport.

Mrs. Ellen Huse Ames, who at the Semi-Centennial presented us with the beautiful bronze figure of the "Spinning Girl," has recently contributed twenty dollars toward the building fund. It would be pleasant if many more would follow her example.

The Misses Williams have generously loaned us, during their absence in Rome, three valuable pictures. They are copies, made by themselves, in oil, of Guido's "Aurora," "The Marriage of St. Catherine," by Murillo, and Guericino's "St. Margaret and the Dragon."

It may be pleasant to the class of '80 to know that the Literatures of Hallam and Sismondi, their gifts, are of daily use to the class in General Literature.

An interesting gift, lately received from Miss Anna L. Dawes, of the class of '70, is a cartoon of one of the panels which form the frieze of the rotunda in the capitol at Washington. The series represents single scenes of importance in American history. The work was designed and partly executed by the distinguished Italian artist, Brumidi; indeed, it was his last work.

Miss Belle Smith, '83, has presented the school with a collection of minerals from New Mexico and Colorado.

Some of the valuable books which have been recently added to the library are, Birch's new edition of Wilkinson's Ancient Egypt, in three volumes; The History of Ancient Egypt, by Professor Rawlinson, in two large volumes; Guizot's History of France, in eight volumes, handsomely bound and finely illustrated; Ferguson's work upon Architecture, in four volumes; also the Life of Albert Dürer, and Masson's Life and Works of Milton. For the class in English Language there is the Hand-book of Anglo-Saxon and Early English, by Corson.

Miss Alice Bird, '83, has given to the school a collection of bird's eggs and nests "to match." Small boys are requested not to read this item.

We are looking forward with more than usual interest to the annual series of piano recitals, since we are to have the pleasure of listening to Madame Schiller; her first appearance after an absence of three years in Europe.

The first meeting of the Sphinx was held October 26. The programme comprised vocal and instrumental music, a debate upon the justice which the Earl of Essex received at the hands of Bacon, the new feature of extemporaneous speaking, and historical tableaux. Much credit is due

the executive committee for the success of the entertainment. It was also the occasion of the first use of the new curtains, which are both serviceable and ornamental.

Through the courtesy of Phillips Academy we were invited to the foot-ball game with Adams Academy, and were just in season to see the final stop-short (?), and the victorious exit of the P. A. eleven upon the shoulders of their enthusiastic schoolmates.

The school has unanimously decided to send its Christmas gift this year to the Industrial Home at the North End in Boston. Mrs. Caswell, to whose talk last year much of the interest is due, has promised to visit us again before the close of the term.

On the 19th of October, the Seniors, lately promoted to their new honors, went to Haverhill on the traditional class ride. Although to the unprejudiced mind the afternoon seemed raw and chilly, clothed in their recently assumed dignity they failed to perceive the fact, and came home reporting an enjoyable time.

Old South Hall girls will perhaps be interested to know of the large increase of numbers among the German students. The Hall is filled to its utmost extent; the "tent room" and "sky parlors" being again occupied, while the dining-room is obliged to have two tables in order to accommodate all. They will also be glad to learn that the long-desired plan has been carried into effect; and that now, in addition to the instruction of Miss Brownell, the students have the advantage of a weekly visit from Fräulein Krebs.

The Honorificabilitudinitatibus Club still flourishes, becoming manifestly active on Wednesday evenings. The question at present under discussion is the feasibility of introducing free trade into the government in place of the present system of protection.

Thanks are due Mr. Ripley for kindly giving the young ladies interested in the subject a talk on banking. We wish all could have had the pleasure of hearing it.

We are anticipating much pleasure from a series of lectures upon English Literature, to be given next term, in the Academy Hall, by Dr. Vose of Providence.

Reviews, Examinations, Holidays!

PERSONALS.

'74. Elizabeth W. Goddard has just returned from a six months' trip abroad.

'80. Miss Sallie F. Ripley is spending the winter in Berlin, studying German, in company with Rev. E. Y. Hincks and his wife (Lillie Perry, Class of '63).

'81. Mrs. Wood (Emma Chadbourne) was in town in the middle of November, and visited the school several days.

'88. Alice Bird has returned to her home in Syria.

'83. Hattie Brown has been obliged to leave school for the term on account of ill health.

Miss Elizabeth F. Chadbourne visited us for a day or two at Thanksgiving time.

Mrs. Lowell, who for so long a time has exercised a motherly care over the young ladies at Davis Hall, retired at the close of the last year, carrying with her many grateful remembrances. Her duties are efficiently carried on by Mrs. Bullard.

MARRIAGES.

'70. Adelaide C. Kimball to John B. Tillotson, Nashua, N. H.

'72. Nov. 10, 1881, Helen S. Fleming to Daniel Pastorius Bruner.

Sept. 10, 1881, at Concord, Mass., E. Myrtella Whitcomb (Class of '72), to S. R. Bartlett.

Sept. 8, 1881, at East Haddam, Conn., Elizabeth M. Reed (Class of '74), to George L. Brownell.

Oct. 26, 1881, at Nashua, N. H., Kate N. Piper (Class of '75), to Charles A. Williams.

'77. Sept. 28, 1881, Cherrie E. Blackington to Joseph Paradise Reed.

'78. Nov. 8, 1881, at Lowell, Mass., Mary W. Adams to John Martin, of Zanesville, Ohio.

'78. Oct. 11, 1881, Bertha L. Wiggin to Robert A. Ware.

'79. Sept. 1, 1881, at Pittsford, Vt., Caroline A. Caverly to Henry H. Swift, M.D.

June 28, 1881, at Andover, Millie E. Berry (Class of '79), to John P. H. DeWint, of New York.

Sept. 1, 1881, Mrs. Mary P. Cowles Hall to Hon. John Cummings, of Woburn, Mass.

'75. Helen M. Fairbank to George Robert Russell Rivers, of Milton, Mass.

Sept. 7, 1881, at Somerville, Sarah L. Hall to Charles E. Ladd, of Portland, Oregon.

Dec. 1, 1881, at Wakefield, Mass., Mary E. Bartlett (Class of '80), to Arthur G. Walton.

Oct. 6, 1881, at Rutland, Vt., Susan C. Aiken (Class of '79) to Charles William Perry.

DEATHS.

April 9, 1881, at Sunderland, Mass., Hattie S. Smith (Class of '78).

'78. Nov. 14, 1881, at Apalachicola, Florida, Mrs. Edward P. McIlvaine (Caroline W. King).

Nov. 26, 1881, at Merrimack, Mass., Jane Sargent (Class of '60).

April 25, 1881, at Cincinnati, Ohio, Mrs. J. H. Hewes (Caroline B. Abbott, Class of '70).

A friend of hers writes: "From the first attack, a most severe one, Mrs. Hewes was a great sufferer, but not a murmur escaped her lips, and she died without a struggle. The next afternoon a large company of loving friends gathered to pay their last tribute of affection. The following morning her lifeless form was borne to Andover, Mass., her early home. Mrs. Hewes was a woman always glad to do her full share as a Christian worker, and was beloved by all who knew her."

'76. Sept. 14, 1881, at Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Charles W. Burrows (Lillian E. Holbrook), in the twenty-fourth year of her age.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery Slocum writes: "To the immediate circle of Mrs. Burrows's friends has come a sudden sorrow that we know will be shared by all who were connected with Abbot Academy from 1874-76. It is seldom that so young a life is called to end its direct work here, which seemed so absolutely necessary to its family circle. Had she been taken away two years ago, when two lives were specially devoted to her and dependent upon her, and she in turn made them know all the joy and comfort an only child can bring, we should have felt the peculiar desolation her loss would cause; but now it reaches further, for in October 1879 she was happily married; and to the three from whose lives and homes has been taken their best and brightest gift we give our heartfelt sympathy.

"In perfect health she came last June to visit her eastern relatives and friends; one week after her return she was taken ill, and with every care and devotion that love and skill could direct, she passed away, in six weeks, from intense suffering into her heavenly rest.

"Those who knew her in school will remember her gentleness, her faithfulness, and her perfect truthfulness of character; and those who have been associated with her since have noticed with delight her constant development in Christian womanhood. In a late conversation with the writer she expressed grateful appreciation of the influences of her home in Andover, and affectionate remembrance of her friends there, to whom she felt her peculiarly reticent disposition did not, perhaps, make known her deepest feelings. But those who lived nearest her bear glad testimony to the earnestness and consecration of her sweet and truthful character, that has been constantly growing and strengthening and broadening as broader life and duties met her."

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'82.

CLASS COLOR, LIGHT BLUE.

<i>President,</i>	ANNIE F. FRYE.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	FANNIE B. PETTEE.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	LILLIE A. WILCOX.

'83.

<i>President,</i>	ALICE L. STEBBINS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	NELLIE W. PACKARD.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	CARRIE A. BRONSON.

'84.

<i>President,</i>	FANNIE A. JOHNSON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	MARTHA M. NEVIN.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	SARAH HOLMES.

'85.

<i>President,</i>	ANNIE ROCKWELL.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	EMILY KNIEVALS.
<i>Secretary,</i>	ANNA DURYEA.

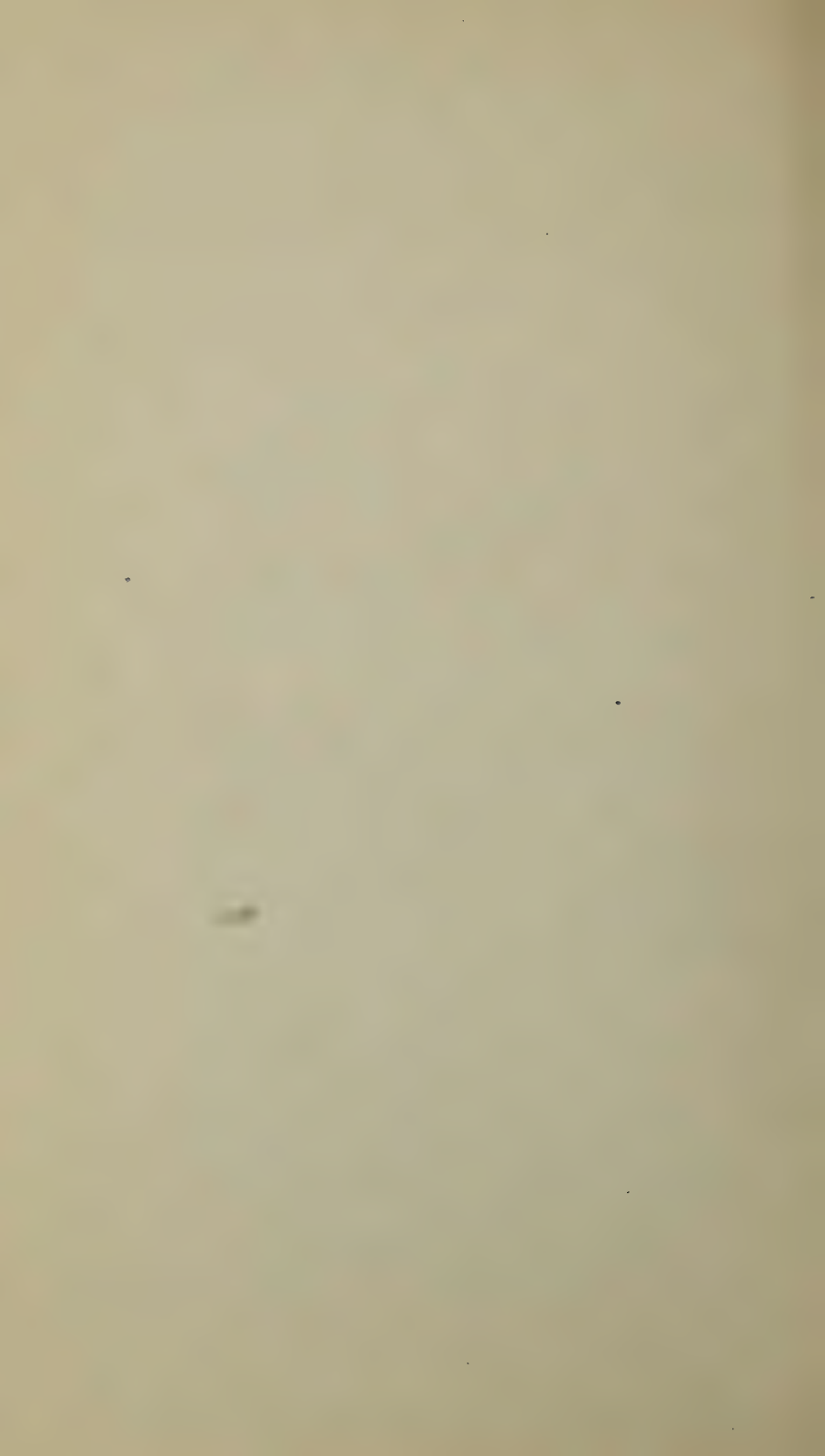
SOCIETY.

THE SPHINX.

<i>President,</i>	ANNIE T. CHANDLER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	EFFIE J. DRESSER.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MARTHA M. NEVIN.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

EFFIE J. DRESSER,	KATE C. GEER,
ANNIE TORREY.	



The Abbot Courant Advertiser.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,

ANDOVER, MASS.

DOW & NEAL'S
Millinery and Fancy Goods Store,

SWIFT'S BUILDING,

MAIN STREET, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

The latest styles of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Neckties, etc.
Stamping and Pinking to order. Assortment of Worsteds and
Materials for Fancy Work constantly on hand.
Agents for "Domestic Monthly," and "Domestic Paper Fashions." Kid
Gloves cleaned and dyed.

SMITH & MANNING,



DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

ESSEX STREET,

ANDOVER, MASS.

**LITCHFIELD,
PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER,
352 WASHINGTON ST.,
BOSTON.**

 Use the Elevator. 

**ESTERBROOK'S STEEL
PENS**



Leading Numbers: 14, 048, 130, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.



**L. S.
ATERMAN,
FLORIST,
HIGH STREET, ANDOVER,**

AND

Post Office Building, LAWRENCE,
Has the **LARGEST GREEN-HOUSES** in
Essex County, and is prepared to fill large
orders at short notice.

**JOHN PRAY,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,**

Horses, Carriages, Buggies, and Beach Wagons to Let at
Reasonable Rates.

**HACKS FURNISHED FOR WEDDINGS, CALLS, Etc.
ANDOVER, MASS.**

J. E. WHITING,

DEALER IN

**WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELRY,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE.**

ALSO, DEALER IN

**FANCY GOODS, TOYS,
PERFUMERY, BRUSHES,
SOAPS, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS,
CONFECTIONERY.****Foreign and Domestic Fruits.***Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.*MAIN STREET, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

THOMAS HOWELL,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,**Feathers, Mattresses, Bedding, &c.****FURNITURE TO LET IN ANY QUANTITY.**



PARK STREET, ANDOVER.

Opposite the Post-Office.

MANSSION HOUSE,
ANDOVER, MASS.

"On the Hill."

Terms, \$2.50 per day.

 Coach at depot on arrival of Trains. 

CHARLES L. CARTER, - - - **Proprietor.**

BENJ. BROWN,

DEALER IN

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S

BOOTS, SHOES, and RUBBERS.

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER.

Swift's Building, Main Street, - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

McLAWLIN & BAKER,

Successors to Charles L. Carter,

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Cutlery, and Cordage.

ALSO,

Farming Tools, Window Glass, Paint Brushes, &c.

ANDOVER, MASS.

HENRY McLAWLIN,

FRANK E. BAKER.

JOHN J. BROWN,
A P O T H E C A R Y,

Established, 1838.

MAIN STREET, - - - **ANDOVER, MASS.**

Brushes, Combs, Perfumery, Soap, Cologne, Guitar-Strings,
Confectionery, Fancy Goods, Sponges, &c.

VALPEY BROTHERS,
DEALERS IN
MEATS, VEGETABLES,
POULTRY, &C.
 CORNER MAIN STREET AND ELM SQUARE,
 ANDOVER, MASS.

G. H. VALPEY.

E. H. VALPEY.

JOHN H. CHANDLER,
 Directly opposite Post-office, Andover, Mass.
DEALER IN
PERIODICALS, STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
 FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.

Agency for Mme. Demorest's Reliable Patterns.

GEORGE H. PARKER,
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
 FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,
SPONGES, ETC.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
 DRAPER'S BLOCK, - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

E. PIKE,
DEALER IN
OIL-STOVES, COOK AND PARLOR STOVES, RANGES,
AND FURNACES,
 Tin, Glass, Earthen, and Wooden Ware; Silver-Plated Ware;
 Iron, Copper, and Wooden Pumps; Iron-Pipe, Lead-
 Pipe, Sheet-Lead; Zink Sinks of all sizes.

Repairing of Stoves, Furnaces, Pumps, and Clothes-Ringers.
 PARK STREET, - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

E. C. SWAN,

DEALER IN

New, and Second-Hand Furniture,

BEDDING AND CARPETS.

All kinds of SCHOOL FURNITURE for sale or to let on
reasonable terms.

Upholstering and Repairing a Speciality.

MAIN STREET, - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

THE SPRING TERM WILL OPEN ON THURSDAY,

Jan. 5, 1882.

For information and admission apply to Miss Philena
McKeen, Andover, Mass.

WARREN F. DRAPER,

PUBLISHER and BOOKSELLER,

ANDOVER, MASS.,

Offers the HISTORY OF ABBOT ACADEMY, by the
Misses McKeen, by mail, post-paid, plain, \$2.20 ; with illus-
trations, \$3.25.

Miss Bailey's HISTORY OF ANDOVER, \$3.75.

All Text-Books used in the Schools, Academies, and
Seminaries ; also Stationery, at low prices.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Miss Eunice's Children,</i>	1
<i>The Value of the Ideal,</i>	6
<i>Historical Novels,</i>	9
<i>St. Cecilia,</i>	12
<i>Kentucky,</i>	12
<i>The Seasons,</i>	15
<i>Hilda,</i>	19
<i>My Ship from over the Sea,</i>	21
<i>"There was an Old Woman,"</i>	21
<i>Maria Angelica Kauffman,</i>	23
<i>From Our Special Foreign Correspondents,</i>	27
<i>Editors' Drawer,</i>	32
<i>Personals,</i>	36
<i>Marriages,</i>	37
<i>Deaths,</i>	38
<i>Organizations,</i>	39

THE ABBOT COURANT.

Edited by

KATE C. GEER, '82.

FANNIE B. PETTEE, '82.

MARY R. HILLARD, '83.

LUCIA WATKINS, '83,

Business Editor.

VOL. VIII.

JUNE, 1882.

NO. 2.

AMERICAN LIFE AND SCENERY AS PORTRAYED BY
LONGFELLOW.

"HE is dead, the sweet musician," but we listen for the vanishing echoes of his song.

The works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "the sweetest of all singers," are not only familiar to all cultivated men wherever the English language is known, but have been embodied into the contemporary literature of most foreign nations. Anthony Trollope, in an Article in the North American Review, says that Longfellow was so unlike his countrymen, that of all poets he knew he was the last whom he would have guessed to be an American, had he come across his works in ignorance of the fact. Nevertheless, in his poems he dwells much on American life, especially in its familiar forms. "If the Americans have produced no national epic, 'Evangeline' or 'Hiawatha' is the nearest approach to it." "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and "Miles Standish" are generally considered Longfellow's finest poems, and these portray American life in three of its different phases, and are good examples of his style.

"Evangeline" is the story of a girl who was banished, with her French countrymen, from her Arcadian home, now Nova Scotia, which had been given over by the French to the English, who were enraged against them, and drove them all from their native land t

seek homes in different parts of the world. In this poem we become acquainted with Benedict Bellefontaine the farmer, and his daughter Evangeline, Basil the blacksmith, and his son Gabriel, as well as the priest and notary. We have a most pathetic story of the disappointed love of Gabriel and Evangeline.

Seated with the blacksmith before the hearth-fire, talking over the important matters of the day, the farmer gives the terrible news:

“Four days are now passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gasperean’s mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his majesty’s mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land.”

On the same evening the betrothal of Gabriel and Evangeline takes place. René Leblanc, the notary, comes in, and arranges preliminaries for the marriage.

“Now from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,
Wrote with steady hand the date and age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.

.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window’s embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently, one by one, in the infinite windows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.”

The poet gives us a beautiful picture of Evangeline herself:

“Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked, snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover, and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her
shadow.”

The sad leave-taking of their home comes at last. The poor father of Evangeline is spared the sorrows of an exile’s life, and dies on the shores of his native land just before the homeless wanderers sail.

In their exile Gabriel and Evangeline are separated, and the rest of the poem is taken up with her disappointed wanderings and search. “Life has nothing before her except the hope that she may find her lover.” She comes upon his track again and again, — only to miss him. Once Gabriel passes her, gliding swiftly along down a stream “close under the lee of an island,” but by the opposite bank, “behind a screen of palmettos,” he saw not the boat, where it lay “concealed in the willows”; “all undisturbed by the dash of their

oars, and unseen, were the sleepers." "Angel of God, was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden?"

At length, as a hospital nurse, worn and aged, waiting for death to release her,—in the wasted form of an old man, stretched upon the pallet before her,—she recognizes Gabriel. They met only to die, to be buried in that strange city, and "to become a tale to be told forever after." They met; but how changed from the happy lovers who parted in the bloom of youth!

"Long and thin and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying."

In "Hiawatha" we have the story of some of our North American Indians, and many beautiful descriptions of scenery in the western part of our country, "of the great lakes of the northland," "of the land of the Ojibways and the land of the Dacotahs," and "the mountains, moors, and fenlands." We have also the songs, the legends and traditions, and glimpses of the wild picturesqueness of the life of the savages. In the first part of the story, the great God, offended by the quarrels of his people, calls them all together by smoking his peace-pipe. He rebukes them for their wranglings and dissensions, tells them all their "strength is in their union," "all their danger is in discord," therefore "be at peace henceforward, and as brothers live together." We hear of Wenonah, the beautiful daughter of Nokomis, and mother of Hiawatha; of Hiawatha's birth and the sweet story of his childhood; of how he went to seek his father, Mudjekeewis, the west wind, among the Rocky Mountains; went so fast that he left the antelopes behind him; ran so quickly that he passed the arrow as he shot it from his bow; of how he found his father and tried to kill him and avenge his mother; but he was immortal, so Hiawatha returned unsuccessful. We are told of how he prayed and fasted in the forest:

"Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
And renown around the warriors,
But for profit of the people."

We also have the story of his wooing:

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

He had seen among the Dacotahs Minnehaha, Laughing Water, whom he woos in spite of the warning of his grandmother, Nokomis, who wishes him to wed one of his own tribe. The Arrow-maker, Minnehaha's father, gave his consent to the wooing and the wedding:

“And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
‘I will follow you, my husband!’”

We hear the story of the wedding, of Chibiabas, the sweet musician; of his death and the horrors of a famine. Minnehaha is starving in the wigwam, and Hiawatha can get no food for her. He has lost his two friends, Chibiabas and Kwasind, the strong man, and now Minnehaha, dearest of all, is taken from him by the dreadful famine.

“‘Farewell,’ said he, ‘Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you;
All my thoughts go onward with you.
Come not back again to labor;
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed;
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the islands of the Blessed.’”

Longfellow is also very skilful in portraying the life and customs of the old colonial days. And among the poems of this class which are particularly interesting and beautiful are “Lady Wentworth,” “Paul Revere’s Ride,” and most of all “The Courtship of Miles Standish.” In this poem we are introduced to Miles Standish the captain of Plymouth, John Alden the real hero, and Priscilla the beautiful puritan maiden. They had landed with the old pilgrim fathers from the Mayflower at Plymouth, and the time chosen is before the return of the ship to England. This poem is of particular interest to us, because it takes us back to the early days of our country, when there was “short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but gospel.” We hear of their “alarm and apprehension of danger” from the Indians, and see the beautiful picture of Priscilla, as she sits in her cottage by her spinning-wheel, with “the carded wool like a snow-drift piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,” while she sings “the hundredth

Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem, . . . full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many."

The "Tales of a Wayside Inn" also vividly portray the colonial days. The scene is laid in an old tavern in Sudbury town, which is thus described by the poet himself:

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be;
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality.
.
.
.
A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills.
For there no noise of railroad speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
But noon and night the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below
On roofs and doors and window-sills."

Longfellow's poems upon slavery reveal to us his love of justice and freedom. It is in one of these that he says:

"There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this commonweal
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies."

Although "The New England Tragedies" probably did not increase the poet's fame, they have interested many a household in their stories of the Quaker persecutions and of the Salem witchcraft.

In "The Birds of Killingworth" occurs the inimitable description of a town-meeting, and the characters which are peculiar to such a meeting in America. We can almost see the Squire, "descending with majestic tread three flights of steps, nor looking right nor left," as down the street he walked, as one who said, "A town that boasts inhabitants like me can have no lack of good society." And the parson, too, "A man austere, the instinct of whose nature was to kill; who preached the wrath of God from year to year, and read with fervor Edwards on the Will"; and the preceptor as well, full of his admiration of nature and the fair Almira "in the upper class"; and the deacon, in voluminous neck-cloth white as snow," who seemed "the incarnate 'Well, I told you so!'"

"The Village Blacksmith" gives a good idea of lowly life in America. It introduces us to the American blacksmith, with his "large and sinewy hands," who can look the whole world in the face, "for he owes not any man." Connected with this poem a very pretty little event is recorded; the "spreading chestnut," under which stood the village smithy, was a real tree in Cambridge; and a few years ago, after it had ceased to give its friendly shade to the passer by and had lost its beauty as a tree, the children of Cambridge had it made into a chair for the poet, with this inscription in German text around the seat:

"And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

Longfellow has glorified and, as it were, inscribed lessons on almost every object around us. Perhaps we love his poetry more by reason of the lowliness of the images introduced, and for the lessons inscribed on them, than for any other reason. We identify his memory with the loveliest scenes of our native land; the poet's eye sees, and his words reveal to us, many things which in our heedlessness would have escaped our notice.

"For him there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flames, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds."

"Longfellow is well nigh universal in his sympathies, and so is beloved of all men;" though he has given us so many beautiful pictures of American life, he does not seem exclusively our poet; he has inaugurated a literature uniting not only the American states, but all humanity.

There are two kinds of poems — "the poem of the pen and the poem of the life, each with its beauty and its blessing." The hand of the poet is now still in death; we can no longer look for anything more from his pen. But we have the memory of a noble life and Christian faith, and "the harp-strings are not really broken; they give their music still."

"Oh poet, earliest read and longest loved,
A grateful nation sadly from thee parts!
One nation? Nay; all whom thy voice has moved —
The nationality of human hearts."

M. O. C. '83.

LONGFELLOW.

I sat in the western window,
And watched the golden veil
That the evening sun was throwing
Over the hill and dale.

It touched the heads of the grasses,
And turned their locks to gold,
And shed its radiant splendor
Alike on young and old.

It colored the gray clouds near it
Purple and rosy red;
The earth was filled with the beauty
And glory that it shed.

As the twilight soft descended,
And evening shadows gray,
I thought of the life now finished,
The voice now hushed for aye.

The songs which gladden the weary,
Among both high and low,
Forever o'er cot and palace
Their brightening beams shall throw.

A life that has warmed and brightened
During its too brief day,
Has silent sunk, like evening's sun,
In golden glow away.

'83.

"THAT LITTLE NUISANCE."

It was a very hot day at Cornwall; the dining-room was hot, the dinner was hot, the people were hot and uninteresting, and we began to wish we had not come. Opposite me sat a boy about nine years old, a restless and rather unhappy looking child with big gray eyes; a seamed scar showed low down on one cheek; he was pounding on the table with his fork, and varying the monotony of this performance by kicking his feet against the rounds of his chair. Next him sat a daintily dressed woman with a light frizzed bang, with gray, innocent looking eyes, very like the boy's, and a frivolous

expression about her small and constantly smiling mouth. She was chattering gaily to her neighbor, and I heard her say in answer to some remark, "O, I have a perfect treasure of a nurse, — I don't have to see baby for three days at a time!" Then becoming aware of the clatter the boy was making, she turned fretfully, and said, "Tracy, do stop that vile noise; if you don't I shall tell papa when he comes home — you're a perfect trial." The boy stopped his tattoo and looked sullenly out the window, and presently, finding it was not ice-cream day, left the table, and I saw him wandering forlornly about the garden. I did not see him again until late in the evening. I was sitting in the hall enjoying the cool breeze which swept through the wide-open doors, when he came along with a pencil and a bit of paper in his hand. After regarding me attentively a moment, he said, "Could you make a man?" Though I had not much confidence in my artistic ability, I replied, I thought I might, and succeeded in producing a rather remarkable looking biped, which seemed to satisfy him; and after looking at it gravely he said, "Could you make a buggy?" so I made a buggy, and he walked solemnly off, without saying anything more.

I found his name to be Tracy Watson; he was here with his father and mother, and was a "beast of a boy," said the young man who vouchsafed this information. "That is Mrs. Watson in white — graceful waltzer isn't she?" After the buggy episode the boy seemed to regard me in a friendly light, and would often come and talk to me. His mother told me not to encourage him, else he would prove a perfect bore; but I liked the child; his grave honesty was amusing, — he always told the worst things about himself; and he seemed to appreciate having his own questions answered without evasion — and they were sometimes rather startling. Once he saw me with my arm about my friend's waist, and said, "Which do you like best, her or yourself?" After thinking a moment, I said, "I'm afraid myself, Tracy." "That's selfish, isn't it?" he said.

He was entirely neglected. His father and mother seemed never to say anything to him, except to nag at him when he obtruded himself on their notice. The scar on his face he got when a baby; the nurse — another treasure perhaps — had dropped a cup of scalding water on him.

One evening Mr. Watson came home, and took all the children playing about the piazza to the circus; he did n't think of looking up Tracy. Shortly after, Tracy came out on the piazza, and asked where Johnny Hurst was, and was told that he and the other children had gone to the circus with his papa. They had all gone to that

child's paradise, the circus, and left him. His grey eyes filled with tears; then he colored, and said with closed teeth, "I hate papa." Late in the evening I saw him lying asleep on the sofa in the ball-room, with flushed cheeks and wet lashes. All the people were waltzing and talking and laughing around him; his mother was there, too, perfectly careless of him.

The next morning when the children were expatiating on the charms of the monkeys, I said, "There is to be a fair to-night, perhaps you would like that." He brightened visibly, and thought he should, and asked how much it was. It was fifteen cents; and he soon came, and told me gleefully that he was going. The next morning he said to me in his grave way, "Do you think it is worth fifteen cents to go to a fair?" "Why, didn't you have a good time? there were a good many pretty things, were n't there?" "Yes, there was a pond, and you put five cents in a little boat, and it went in a place, and brought out a parcel for you." "And what did you get?" "I did n't have five cents."

The child's life was a continual series of disappointments; all because his father and mother were too busy having a good time to think whether he was happy or not; and yet it did n't take much to amuse him. One day he came to my room and asked, "Have you anything that would do for reins?" I found I had not, and asked him why he did n't go to the store and ask for some string. He said he had been, and they would n't give it to him. "Well, go and ask your papa for three cents, and then you can go and buy enough for some reins." He went off, and presently burst in again to show me triumphantly just three cents in the palm of his hand, and again, a few minutes later, with a bunch of odd bits of string tied together, which served to amuse him the rest of the day.

He was by no means a model boy, and was rather unfortunate. My friend lent him her pretty pearl-handled knife, and in half an hour he came, and looking at her squarely with his wide-open eyes, said, "I lost your knife." He generally broke or lost things. At table he would say to the servant rudely and impatiently, "See here, you! I want some more pudding"; and then, turning to me, "I hate that girl; she'll never do anything I want her to." I ventured the suggestion that perhaps if he were more polite she would. So the next time he acted on my suggestion; but the girl had become used to his rudeness, and so, as usual, paid no attention; and he soon relapsed into his old way.

We were there only two weeks, and when we came away he was inconsolable, and wanted we should take him with us. "At home,"

he said, "I'm so bad that I have to be put to bed most every day at four o'clock; and just don't I fight nurse though! but I wouldn't you." He stood on the piazza with us as we waited for the coach, looking the picture of despair. I never saw him cry; but as the coach rattled up to the steps, he turned without saying a word and walked away around the corner of the house, and we did not see him again.

Last Christmas I sent him a card, and shortly after I received a note with a wide black border from Mrs. Watson, saying that "darling little Tracy" was dead. The terms of endearment which he had never had when alive were now scattered profusely through the note. He had taken a bad cold in the fall, and died of pneumonia.

'82.

TWO SONGS.

I.

A tiny bird a sweet refrain,
Without sang brightly, though the rain
Dashed up against my window-pane.

My heart went forth to the little thing
That thus its cheering notes could sing,
Although the shower drenched everything.

II.

The skies were bright, no silver rain
Now glistened on the window-pane,
For all the world was fair again.

But from the garden sweet below,
Where lilies fair and roses grow,
Came up a song of deepest woe.

It was my little friend, the bird,
Whose cheerful song outside I heard
When all the sky was gray and blurred.

But summer skies might now be lead,
Or roses lose their dainty red,
For joy from out his breast had fled.

If hearts are right the world is fair,
Although the skies a frown may wear,
For then 'tis sunshine everywhere.

C. G. C.

LILIES.

A single lily, sweet and fair,
Fills all my room with fragrance rare.
Within, the snowy leaves enfold
A treasure rich of yellow gold.
So pure and white the petals gleam,
It seems some lily of a dream,
Some earth-sent ray of living light,
Flashed from an angel's wing in flight.

I have a friend, with life as white
And radiant with angelic light
As if no touch of earthly sin
Had power to stain the soul within.
And when I meet her, on my way
Through life's dim windings, day by day,
A sudden sunshine, clear and sweet,
Lights up the shadows at my feet;
A sudden strain of music rare
Vibrates and thrills across the air.

'82.

VESPERS.

Like a veil, at close of day,
Twilight comes so soft and gray,
Shutting out the sun's last ray.
Closed is every sleepy flower,
And sweet from the convent tower,
Chimes proclaim the sacred hour.

List! within the convent wall
Sounds of echoing footsteps fall,
Answering the solemn call.

Now the priest, with lifted hands,
Reverend, in his sacred bands,
Near the holy altar stands.

One by one, the tapers dim
Pierce the darkness, weird and grim,
While ascends the evening hymn.

On the pavement cold and bare
Forms are bowed in silent prayer,
Weary with their load of care.

Overhead some pictured saint,
Pure from every earthly taint,
Gazes from its framing quaint,

Hears the heart's despairing cries,
That with mingled incense rise
Upward to the listening skies.

At a motion of command
From the holy father's hand,
Now the black-robed sisters stand,

And a benediction blest
Sinks into each troubled breast,
Bringing sweet relief and rest.

Filled with peace almost divine,
Heads bowed low, and reverent sign,
All pass out in silent line.

'82.

THE GODS OF PHIDIAS.

"In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere."

More than two thousand years ago there lived and wrought in sunny Greece the greatest sculptor of his and of all time, Phidias. History has given to us only a dim outline of his life. It is through his works that we learn his character. To-day, mutilated as they are, bearing the devastating marks of time and war, they come to us from out the past, stamped with the genius of the master, to show us that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Phidias was the son of Charmides, born at Athens in the year 500 B.C. He first gave his attention to painting, but soon turned to sculpture. His grandest period was during the rule of Pericles, who intrusted to him the building of the Parthenon, the most famous and beautiful of the Greek temples, the pride of Athens. Situated upon the Acropolis, overlooking the city and the sea, it was dedicated to the worship of Minerva, the patron goddess of the city.

In her honor a grand festival was yearly held, when for twelve days the population of the city, bond and free, joined in processions,

games, and contests, which for brilliancy and wealth of display find no parallel in history.

It was upon the frieze of the cella of this marble temple that Phidias sculptured his greatest work, the Panathenaic Procession, which extended in either direction, starting from the southeastern corner of the building and meeting upon the west front. It is as if the scene were frozen into stone. Here are maidens with offerings of fruit, or bearing jars of oil or wine ; there, youths upon horseback, scarcely able to control their fiery steeds, or in the act of adjusting the bridles preparatory to taking their place in the moving throng. Here the crocus-colored peplos is borne aloft, heavy with embroidery from the dainty hands of the noblest Grecian maidens. The whole procession is full of life and action, moving on in eager haste, in an endless variety of form and feature. Nothing less than the genius of Phidias could have conceived and executed such a vivid picture of the gorgeous spectacle.

After finishing his work at Athens, which included two Minervas, Phidias was summoned to Elis, where he worked a number of years, and returned to his native city laden with honors.

During the evening of his life he was ambitious to execute a work which should render him unquestionably the greatest man in Greece and the most celebrated sculptor in the world. The result was the Olympian Jupiter. The Greeks had no written revelation ; each man conceived for himself the character of the gods, or formed his ideas from the old traditions and writings. From this liberty came a degradation of their divine attributes, and consequently a disrespect and scepticism which was sapping the strength of their religion. It was for Phidias to embody, in this figure, the early and lofty ideal of the character of the god of thunder. The statue was of ivory and gold ; the god is seated upon a throne adorned with ebony and encrusted with gems. On his head is an olive-wreath of the precious metal ; in his right hand is victory ; in his left, the sceptre. The rich materials and workmanship of the throne are in the most striking contrast to the grand simplicity of the seated figure. The thoughtful, benevolent face, the kind eyes, the grandeur yet benignity of the whole form, show him the father, not the avenger of men.

We may think of the master as toiling day after day in his atelier, coming from a sacrifice to his work ; just as, in later times, Fra Angelico rose from his knees to paint his angel faces. The sculptor was devout. With him art was worship, his life an offering to the gods ; thus he strove to please the divinity he adored, and to embody all noble qualities in the ivory face.

The finished work was placed in the temple. The warm light, streaming through the open roof, fell upon the marble floor, and rested upon the seated form, before which the venerable sculptor reverently stood, with his eyes upraised to heaven and his hands clasped in prayer. He implored the god under whose name he had wrought to grant him some sign of approval. From the deep blue of the heavens there flashed a thunder-bolt, straight from the hand of Jove, down to the feet of the master. A sudden joy filled his heart; his work was accepted. It is said this statue did much to revive the religious life of the Greeks, so lamentably sinking into decay.

Such was Phidias, the artist and the man. We know not which most to admire—his genius or devotion, his masterly skill or his humility. His life sounded out one word, which for thirty-five centuries has been ringing among the arches of “the corridors of time”—that word, sincerity.

We look about us for truth. Everywhere shams stare us in the face—shams in society, in the family life, and even in our religion. We live in the sight of men; forgetting the eye which pierces through all our carefully adjusted folds of appearances down into the heart, to the very motive-power of our actions. We toil and strive to win the applause of men, and are satisfied when we succeed; unmindful that every act is weighed in the scales of perfect justice, where success is as a feather when principle is placed in the opposite balance.

The world demands sincere men and women. In our high political offices, in places of trust, in our schools, and in our workshops, they are needed. Men and women who do their work, be it “mean or high,” carefully and honestly, as ever in their “great Task-master’s eye.” The life of Phidias reproves us, condemns our short-sightedness, and shows us how untrustworthy is our work.

Our own honored poet, so lately gone from us, has given us in verse the lesson of the great sculptor’s life:

“Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.”

THE PORTRAIT OF A DOG.

JIP was unmistakably a dog of high birth. His glossy black coat, with its rich tan-colored trimmings, his soft, silky ears, and, above all, his quick, alert air, at once betrayed the fact that he was no common cur, but rather a full-blooded terrier. When he first came to us he was a mere puppy, weak and uncertain on his legs, with a head disproportionately large, and a body so small that he was brought home curled up in one of the coat-tail pockets of his future owner.

What he lacked in size, however, he made up in spirit; and even at this early stage of his existence he was not a dog "to be laughed at and scorned because he was little of stature." How well do I remember taking him out the morning after his arrival, and racing with him up and down the garden path. Occasionally his poor little legs would leave him in the lurch, and away he would go, heels over head, unable to stop himself in his wild career. Yet never once did his courage fail him, or his zeal decline; but picking himself up as best he could, he would go at it again. And this was Jip to the last, — high spirited, full of pluck, and possessing an inexhaustible fund of energy.

As he grew older he lost his ungainly appearance, and by the time he had attained his full size he was as goodly a looking little dog as one would care to see. His body was slender and beautifully shaped, almost like a hound's, with nothing of that gross, thickset look which characterizes some of the commoner dogs; while his finely formed head, and firm, neat legs and feet gave him an air of distinction. But his eyes were his chief glory. Of a soft brown, just a shade darker than the little round spots of tan above them — those aristocratic spots, the trade-marks, so to speak, of the black-and-tan terrier — at times they would assume an almost human expression, as he pleaded in his dumb way for an especially rare bit of meat held just out of his reach. Or again, they would flash forth like smouldering coals of fire if any one attempted in sport to lay a rough hand on any friend of his.

Throughout his life he was a dog of refined tastes and habits. He would turn with scorn from everything but the choicest morsels of food; and as for sleeping elsewhere than on his own little cushion, close by the kitchen stove, the very thought of such a proceeding would have given him a chill.

He was also of an extremely sociable disposition, and was fairly beside himself with delight when the family gathered about the

breakfast table, or returned from church. Racing around the room in a sort of frenzy, he would rush first to one person, then to another, licking their hands, wagging his tail, and actually smiling in his ecstasy, — a canine sort of a smile to be sure, but none the less truly a smile.

He was very sensitive in regard to his personal appearance; and if a handkerchief were tied over his head or about his body, he would slink away with drooping head, and tail between his legs, a picture of abject misery.

He had a quick ear, always on the watch, and ready to catch the slightest sound. Let him be curled up in the sunshine, with his head on his paws, apparently fast asleep, and one had but to say, in a low tone, "Jip, there is Carlo out in the yard," or "Jip, Spider Shelton is coming down the street," and, before the words were fairly spoken, he would be wide awake, standing in a chair before the window, with his fore paws resting on the window-sill, gazing eagerly first this way, then that, or, with his head on one side, one ear cocked up and the other drooping, listening intently for the bark of the other dog.

But alas for the moral character of poor Jip. Would that we could here draw a veil, and hide forever this sad part of his history. All his courage, all his pluck, all his beauty were but the embellishments of inner corruption. Jip was a thief — a low-minded thief. Whether he was an unfortunate victim of kleptomania, or whether his conduct was merely a manifestation of the original sin within him, is uncertain; but the fact remains unchanged.

One might take the little fellow, and standing him upon his hind legs lay before him all the baseness and enormity of his crime, the sorrow it gave his friends, the end to which it was tending, and all the time Jip would look up with that honest air of his, as much as to say, "Indeed, sir, you are right; and I agree with you wholly, sir, wholly." But let your presence be required elsewhere for a moment, and when you return no doubt you find Jip looking as honest as ever, and wagging his tail in the most cordial manner; but, alas, the bit of meat which you had charged him not to touch, would have mysteriously vanished. Nor did he confine himself to petty larceny alone. Many were the hen-coops that suffered from his visits, and many the tender little chickens that felt his sharp teeth.

Not that he carried on his evil practice in any open-faced, brazen way. His self-respect was far too great to allow that. But he would saunter forth in a gentlemanly manner, on the mild spring days, picking his way daintily through the mud, with one hind leg

just a little raised, apparently all absorbed in drinking in the balmy air and contemplating the beauty of the sky, until he reached the chicken-coops. Here he would linger, as if half by chance, and a benign and philanthropic expression would seem to spread over his distinguished features, until you could scarcely refrain from exclaiming: "What a noble dog is this! Only see with what a paternal air of interest he watches over these inexperienced young chickens." And then you would go away with a feeling of calm serenity, your bosom swelling with admiration for the "noble dog," who was doubtless at that very moment clandestinely craunching the tender bones of one of those same inexperienced young chicks.

After he had completed his wicked work of destruction, he would continue his walk at a leisurely pace, carrying with him no trace of the tragedy so lately enacted, and leaving none behind but a few downy feathers scattered about on the ground, and perchance a dull pain that would throb in the heart of the old hen, as she gathered at night her brood beneath her wings, and felt with her mother instinct that one little nestler was gone from its accustomed place.

As Jip grew older, this sad mania became more and more confirmed. To the last his faultless exterior remained the same. Never for an instant did he forget that in his veins flowed the blood of an ancient and renowned lineage. To the last he maintained the same courteous demeanor, the same refinement of taste; but the heart within was evil, and mournfully we watched him slowly drift from the paths of rectitude to those of destruction.

Reform was attempted in all its phases. Moral suasion was used, corporal punishment, close confinement; but all were powerless to effect the desired results. The die was cast, and could not be altered. And so at last came the dreaded edict: Justice must be satisfied. The offender must die.

And thus ended the career of the polished and chivalrous aristocrat — shot dead like a common yellow dog.

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode."

M. R. H. '83.

IMMIGRATION.

THE subject of immigration presents itself to us in a new light, as we consider petitions sent in to the House from different parts of the country, asking that the influx of various nationalities may be prevented. At first, the great ingress of Germans alarmed us, lest their intemperance and disregard for the Sabbath might overwhelm us. Then the Irish invasion equally awakened our fears. We thought that unless something was done their large numbers here would soon give the balance of power to papacy. Strangely enough, now we see some of them seeking our protection against their own countrymen. To-day the Chinese immigration is considered a great evil, and it is thought necessary for the best interests of our labor system that restrictions should be put upon the Asiatics.

The great objections to each immigration are similar in character : these people — the Chinese, Irish, and Germans — do not readily assimilate with the Americans, and their various standards of living produce the inevitable conflict of races. All these objections, varying slightly in detail, apply to each class of foreigners. The general wish that immigration may be checked is due to the fact that laborers do not like competition and no race admits that there is anything good or useful in the others ; they look upon them all as calamities, and the restrictions that have been proposed in the case of the Chinese are just what each race of foreigners wants for all the others.

Unfortunately, the bills that have recently been so injudiciously passed by both Houses are not directed against all foreigners, but only against a particular class of them. The Chinese are excluded because they are Chinese. This is a direct violation of one of the first and foremost of our constitutional amendments, which was, that in the United States no man should be excluded from right of franchise on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude," or, in other words, on account of any defects for which there was no possible help. Such a partial interpretation of the laws was never before known, save in the case of the Jews, against whom until very lately there have been several disgraceful legislations among other Christian nations. If the Irish and the African savage on whom citizenship is expressly conferred, are admitted, much more should the Chinese, many of whom are skilled laborers, and much more highly civilized. If Chinese are excluded on the plea that immigrants are injurious, all other foreigners must be shut out.

The social, political, and economical difficulties which the presence of one class of foreign laborers will create among us are much the same for all classes. The decision of those difficulties in the case of one will answer for all. We cannot pursue a distinct and different course with each nation. The discrimination against a particular race, and especially against one superior in many respects to those already admitted to suffrage on principles of freedom and right, justly opens us to severe criticism. It has been said that we, after much deliberation, have adopted the old policy that China kept up for so many centuries, and against which our course was held up as an example. Hitherto the effort of the United States has been to furnish a haven of prosperity for oppressed foreigners. By these prohibitory restrictions on immigration the very spirit of our institutions is changed.

We should also consider the material loss involved. "Some twelve years ago it was decided in the West that the commercial intercourse with Asia would greatly enhance our general prosperity, and that the closing of our ports at that time would be injurious to the material interests of that coast. . . . Since that time our commercial interests involved are greater by many millions." Restrictive measures forbidding all Americans to enter other countries during many years for purposes of labor or trade may be enacted by those people, and if complained of it can be said they followed the example of a Christian nation. The loss of eastern trade, and the fact also that after it has been turned to other channels it might be regained with some difficulty are not used as arguments in favor of unlimited immigration, but are passed over lightly. Nor is the enormous wealth which the labor of this great number of people adds to the revenue of our country considered,—the fact that our material development could proceed faster with immigrant cheap labor than without, and the many comforts that make life pleasant which result from it, are overlooked.

Moreover, the intelligence of the American people, the spirit of the age, the dictates of humanity, the rights of man, and the Christian hospitality which forbid us to be forgetful to entertain strangers, are not meaningless phrases, to be twisted and turned as men please. We should consider the welfare of each immigrant's family which in the old fatherland would have been less enlightened.

As the problem of Chinese immigration is now one of grave interest to every thoughtful person, let us turn aside a moment to look at it more particularly. That there are dangers in the Asiatic invasion will not be denied. These people bring their customs and vices

here, and they soon erect temples and pursue their degrading avocations. It is feared that their influence will demoralize and corrupt us. But if the comparative few who come here to live among us are not rescued, what can the few missionaries America sends to Asia do for the millions of Mongolians there? Is the idea of Christianizing these pagans only a delusion?

The people have wonderful aptitude: they are ingenious, industrious, and so skilled that they can do anything, from the lowest manual labor to the most skilful handicraft; they are prepared to enter any of the various departments of finance, and the halls of learning and of council, as opportunity offers. Their habits are so frugal that they can conduct business with very little expense, and their standard of living is so much lower than ours that competition is impossible. The tendency of this is manifestly toward low wages and a proportional diminution of the comforts of life among the people generally. But are not the effects of *luxury* to be feared? Would this not be the needed check upon the alarming extravagance of the American people?

Though it is probable the founders of our government never thought of the Asiatics when they opened their doors to foreigners, would it not be in accordance with their spirit so to broaden our hospitality as to welcome the various peoples of the earth to this goodly land? Are the East and the West ever to know each other, to rise to a higher civilization, to recognize the brotherhood of man, to know and serve one Father? To us it seems improbable that such a millenium will be hastened by the prohibition of immigration.

C. V. D. '83.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1882.

DEAR COURANT:

No doubt you are continually reading of the social and political life at our Capital; but perhaps you would like to hear something about the undercurrent of Washington life, which flows steadily on through the various changes. This comprises the large part of the population known as our colored brothers and sisters.

Some of the negroes are educated and well off; but our idea of the "darkey" is a black, jolly person, with thick lips, broad nose, white teeth, and a not very graceful figure, and it is this class who are the more interesting.

The blacks are bright, quick to learn, and affectionate. Their education is now being carried on with great success, and the schools will, if they do not now, rival those of the white children in the same cities.

But their ideas of religion are at once startling and amusing. Very many of them save their religion for Sundays, that is, it does not seem to affect their daily lives or morals (not that this is confined to the colored race!). A great part of it consists in excitement. They "get religion," as they call it, in a very serious manner, in the churches of their own organizations.

Upon passing one of the colored churches you will hear the minister shouting and stamping loudly, and occasionally a woman's shriek or a man's "Amen"; the women sometimes become so excited that they are borne from the church fainting, or struggling violently.

I once attended services at a colored Methodist church whose minister was quite well educated, and the sermon good; but the usual excitement prevailed; during the prayer the old women behind and around me were sobbing and groaning, and sepulchral "Amens" resounded from different quarters. I was curious to see those who were so deeply affected, and turning around after the prayer, beheld a pew full of women, with closed eyes, nodding sleepily, but by the next prayer they would renew their penitential sobbing. At the same service several united with the church; the elders stood in a semicircle near the pulpit, and the new members passed along, shaking hands with each other in turn, while the whole congregation united in singing, or droning, "Welcome, welcome."

There is a very large mission school for the blacks in the north-western part of the city, under the direction of the white Congregational church; and here is one of the best places to see a crowd of them, for some three or four hundred attend, the number being particularly large near Christmas.

They are sweet singers, as every one knows, and easily catch a tune, but not always the words; for one of the Lincoln Mission boys rendered "Come closer" as "Come 'possum, come 'possum," with great force and earnestness.

The markets present very interesting features, not only within, where everything is sold, from stockings, buttons, and tin horses to living fowls, crowing and stretching their heads from their prison-boxes, but along the outside, where old negro women are stationed, huddled up in small heaps, with their pipes in their mouths, and in winter warming themselves by small foot-stoves, upon which they may sometimes be seen frying sausages or bacon. Here they sell berries, bark, wild flowers, and all sorts of odd things, gotten from the woods and their small plantations. There are boys, large and small, well dressed or clothed in rags from head to foot, waiting ready to pounce upon a lady as soon as she leaves the street-car, with "Want yer basket carried, lady?"—their usual address, whether she be six or sixty.

Numbers of the colored men are engaged either in the occupation of buying rags or selling oysters. Old ragmen wander lazily along, each with an immense canvas bag on his shoulders, drawling out with a nasal twang, "R-i-g-e-s, bones, and ole iron"; while the more inventive oystermen, with their white aprons, tin pails, and dippers, have various means of attracting attention, such as, "Hyar am yer istwas! Istwa man's gwine by! Istwas!" One cannot get the real music of these calls without hearing the peculiar rising, falling, twisting, and prolonging of the voice on the different syllables and words.

They are very fond of forming societies, and any respectable colored man or woman belongs to some grand society, which turns out at certain periods in full glory, the men wearing white aprons, and sashes over the shoulders, banners waving, and last but not least, certain of the women riding in state in barouches,—*white dresses*, bouquets, and fans being prominent features.

They are very quick to see and appreciate differences in color among themselves, and one of the mission boys, himself black, remarked, chucklingly, as a very black fellow came in one Sunday and sat down near the door, "Oh my! ain't that fellow black; he

shines just like a star." They do not like to be called black; but they themselves often use the term of each other in fun or anger.

Negroes do not mind begging in the least. Indeed, children will stop and ask for bread on the way home from school. Their usual request is, "Please, ma'am, gi'me a piece of bread?" They will also wear cast-off clothing, regardless of fit or combination.

Once having seen the houses of some, — mere nutshells, full to the brim, and running over into the streets, with the family and household possessions, — you cannot wonder that the children are not models of propriety, and that one of the boys in my Mission class, when asked if he had rubbers, cheerfully replied, "Yes m'm, I stole a pair."

The newsboys should not be forgotten. Riding home in a horse car in the latter part of the afternoon, "Evening Star" sounds on the platform, and a black face looks in,—a broad smile surrounded by a torn hat, — its owner barefooted or with mere shadows of shoes, and his jacket and pants a perfect marvel of tatters and patches. In the winter when the pavements are icy, these poor fellows, who have to share their skates with a large family, can be seen enjoying themselves on one skate, the foot without the skate, with amiable generosity furthering the more fortunate one; happy in spite of everything, they cannot but provoke a smile from a passer-by.

I hope this may give you some idea of an interesting class not generally included among the "sights" of Washington. '

M. P. K. '84.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

A FEW days since the editorial staff of the *Courant*, elected, as was supposed, for the year, suddenly resigned, and we were most unexpectedly invited to the mysterious precincts of the editor's sanctum, and, more than all, to be really installed in the "easy chair."

We hastened off to our new apartment, with an air of importance which was soon doffed for one of disappointment; for this is what met our view: In the centre of a small, dark room stood a plain pine table, and beside it a rickety, straight-backed chair, whose hospitality we dared not accept, for it looked as if it had been tasked to the utmost. So we mournfully drew it up in the corner, and, under the instinct of self-preservation, sentiment yielded to comfort.

We had expected to find the sanctum inhabited by Minerva and the nine Muses, and to invoke their aid; but we are utterly unable to discover their whereabouts. So, kind reader, be charitable.

Although our days are mostly spent in practising the art of logic, inquiring into the causes of nature, reading the great works of bygone days, and studying the pictures of the old masters, we still find time to think and talk about what is going on in the outside world.

It already begins to seem lonely without Longfellow, Emerson, Darwin, and Rosetti. Who can take their places? Will their thought be carried forward to advance truth? or, as is so often the case, by misdirection, will it end in exaggeration and failure?

In a recent paper it was stated, by one who ought to know, that a very large percentage of college students were pessimists. It is not surprising that this tendency should be developed among intelligent readers of the daily papers; their columns are filled with troubles between capital and labor, land-owners and tenants, which result in dangerous combinations, and often in too successful attempts upon life. It does sometimes seem as if the world was as bad as it could be. In this state of mind it is encouraging to turn to Bishop Butler, and hear him quaintly saying, "Whoever will consider the thing may clearly see that the present world is peculiarly fit to be a state of discipline to such as will set themselves to mend and improve. And the viciousness of the world is, in different ways, the great temptation which renders it a state of virtuous discipline to good men." Centuries before Bishop Butler the poet philosopher of the Hebrews wisely counselled: "Fret not thyself because of the man who

bringeth wicked devices to pass. For evil-doers shall be cut off; but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth. The Lord reigneth. Let the earth rejoice."

Little sunny-haired, blue-eyed Fanny suddenly broke off from play one morning, and ran to her oracle with a small torrent of questions: "Mamma, what are we born for?" "What do we live for?" and "What are we here for, any way?" Her little fingers had picked up a thread of the old tangle at which Job pulled so desperately in his day, and left to test the wit and wisdom of future generations.

A large audience gathered in Academy Hall, on the evening of March 14, to enjoy the French and German plays, "Le Testament de Mme. Patural," and "Das Neue Dienstmädchen." Which of the two was the better we cannot say; both reflect great credit upon their respective teachers. The rôles were all well rendered, particularly that taken by Miss Chadbourne in the German play, and that by Miss Nellie Greeley in the French. At the close of the German play a young man, with a complacent smile, was heard to say: "That was very fine Parisian accent. It is really remarkable." It was especially amusing, as the young gentleman himself was known to be studying French.

The programme was varied by a German song by Miss McCutchins and a piano duet played by Misses Carleton and Holmes, which were warmly applauded.

A player, performing the ghost in Hamlet very badly, was hissed. After hearing it a good while, he put the audience in good humor by stepping forward, and saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavors to please are unsuccessful; but if you are not satisfied, I must give up the *ghost*."

Reynolds, the dramatist, observing to Morton the thinness of the house at one of his plays, added, he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied Morton, "I should judge it was owing to the piece."

Life in Andover has not been wildly exciting this past half year. In fact, to unsophisticated minds, not yet trained to a lofty indifference to lecture courses and evening entertainments, it may at times have seemed even somewhat uneventful. For a greater part of the winter the interior of the Town Hall — "Though lost to sight, to memory dear" — was as "a dry and barren land, which yielded no supplies"; and even the mild excitement of levees seemed, alas, to have become but a tradition of the past.

In this state of affairs it was with much delight that we hailed an invitation from the Porter Rhetorical Society to attend a lecture upon "Charities," by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, in Bartlett Chapel. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, we attended almost *en masse*; for what snowstorm could ever destroy the magic power of Dr. Hale? The

lecture was not only very interesting, but it was also highly instructive; for the long acquaintance of the speaker with the practical working of charitable institutions, and his keen sympathy with suffering humanity, especially fit him for directing benevolent enterprises.

Jan. 26, the Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges, was one which we shall long remember. In the morning Rev. Dr. Duryea of Boston spoke to us words full of practical interest and deepest importance. In the afternoon we attended service at the Chapel, where Professor Tucker and Professor Park spoke with earnestness and power.

The State Fast occurred a few days after the opening of the spring term. We attended a union service at the Old South Church, where we listened to a very interesting and instructive sermon from the Rev. Mr. Makepeace of the Free Church.

A few weeks since Dr. Merrill kindly invited the Senior and Senior Middle Classes to go with him to the Museum at the Theological Library, and examine curiosities which he collected in Palestine, and which have fortunately come into the possession of the Seminary. We enjoyed it all very much, but were particularly fascinated with the iridescent colors of the rare Tyrian glass; and his theory in regard to its composition seemed to us very conclusive.

The course of lectures by the Rev. Dr. Vose of Providence, upon the "Early History of English Literature," was brought to a close in March by a pleasant hour with Spencer, from whom Dr. Vose also read us a few selections, among which we especially enjoyed the quotations from "The Shepherd's Calendar."

Just as the Senior Middle Class had reached that part of "The Logic of Christian Evidences" which treats of the sciences in their relation to the Christian religion, they had a peculiar piece of good fortune. It was the opportunity to hear Professor Wright, the author, in his series of lectures at the Theological Seminary upon kindred subjects.

The Industrial Home, with Mrs. Caswell as its patron saint, is always attractive to us. It was pleasant work to gather and send off the evergreens, for which she kindly asked us, to assist in decorations for the May sale, and we were afterwards richly rewarded by a delightful visit from her, and an account of her work among the lowly. We shall long remember the Saturday evening meeting, and its impressive lesson that work done for the least of those whom He is pleased to call his brethren is done for Him.

At prayers and our Saturday evening meetings we have had the pleasure of listening to interesting addresses from Rev. Dr. Hale of Boston, Rev. Mr. Leavitt from Japan, Rev. Dr. Holmes of Albany, Rev. Dr. Blodgett from China, and Rev. Mr. Davis of Manchester.

Vickery, of Haverhill, has been taking the photographs for the school this year. A few of the young ladies have preferred McCormick of Boston.

The term closes three weeks earlier this year than usual, and we are all willing to work a little harder for the sake of getting through before the heat of the summer.

A small boy, who persists in calling this institution "Adams Academy," on hearing some one say that it was the oldest chartered school for girls in this country, said: "Oh, yes; I suppose it was founded either by Adam or before him." Thank you, little boy; we are glad to have our history traced as far back as possible.

Our thanks are due to Prof. Downs for his kind efforts in providing for us, each year, a musical treat, usually consisting of three recitals by well-known performers. This year we have been doubly blessed, and are having a second series of three recitals this term; the first of which was given in the Town Hall, April 15th, by Madam Madeline Schiller. That the audience was a large and enthusiastic one, is not surprising. Notwithstanding her far-famed reputation, her playing went beyond our expectations; her selections were excellent, her touch well-nigh perfect her technique wonderful, and her manner charming. We enjoyed it all the more because the artist was a woman. It gave us a thrill of pleasure to be presented to Madam Schiller, and to hear her say, "The enthusiasm of the young ladies was a real inspiration."

May 4th our Hall was full to overflowing with lovers of music, to hear Mr. Ernst Perabo of Boston, who is always welcome here. Mr. Perabo has made Beethoven a life-long study, and interprets his music wonderfully, and his programme was entirely from this great composer.

Last and best we had a second concert from Prof. Baermann of Munich, acknowledged to be one of the world's great pianists.

During the winter term the Seniors were pleasantly surprised by an invitation to a sleigh-ride from Mr. Carter, proprietor of the Mansion House. The day was fine, and we started on our ride with plenty of buffalo robes and high hopes. While passing through North Andover, Mr. Carter called our attention to a quaint little stone church, with a steep, sloping roof, which, though new, took us back to mediaeval times. We were glad of an opportunity to see some of the better residences of Lawrence, for shopping visits have of necessity been confined to Essex Street. In the open country we entertained ourselves by singing old familiar songs. We all agree that it was one of the pleasantest rides we have had during our sojourn at Abbot.

John Jacob Astor was once complimented on the enormous wealth he had accumulated. "Would you be willing," said he to the person who made the remark, "to take care of all this property just for a maintenance?"

"No," said the other, "I should think myself entitled to a better commission than that." "Well," said Mr. Astor, "that's all that I get out of it."

"What are you about, my dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy who was sliding along the room, and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying to steal papa's hat out of the room," said he, pointing to the gentleman, "for papa wants him to think that he is not at home!"

The Draper Prize Speaking took place at Phillips Academy near the close of last term, and we think it one of the best they have ever had, and heartily endorse the decision of the Judges.

The 17th of March found the large Hall of Phillips Academy well packed with an expectant audience, for a grave trial was about to be held. The judge and the other officers soon appeared, and took their places with great dignity, and the court was called to order. The trial was conducted with ingenuity — a mingling of farce and fact, travesty and truth, vastly entertaining to the lookers-on, though we do not think it equal to the Mock Trial of two years ago.

By the courtesy of the Athletic Association of Phillips Academy we were invited to attend their Exhibition at the Gymnasium, which was unusually good.

We were much interested in the various sports, and appreciated the boxing and wrestling, although at the time our fear got the better of our admiration. The exhibition upon the rings and horizontal bars was excellent. The moment for the award of prizes was almost as exciting to those in the gallery as to the crowd of eager aspirants below.

We have since learned that every body, ourselves excepted, even to the members of Phillips Academy, were admitted by the purchase of tickets. We wish, therefore, to extend special thanks to the committee who thus gratuitously opened their doors to the members of Abbot Academy, who entered ignorant of the full measure of their obligations.

Rowland Hill said once to some people who had come into his chapel to avoid the rain, "Many people are to be blamed for making religion a cloak; but I don't think those much better who make it an umbrella."

The Phillips cheer is familiar to all residents of Andover, and we supposed it was always enunciated clearly enough to be thoroughly understood. Judge of our surprise to hear a comparatively "new" scholar inquire, "Why do the boys say 'flunk, flunk, flunk,' every time after they spell Phillips?"

Laura J. Williams of '63, now Mrs. S. F. Barstow of San Rafael, Cal., notwithstanding the number of years since she left Abbot Academy, and the many claims upon her benevolence from the other side of the continent, still keeps up her pleasant custom of sending every year a missionary contribution, to be added to our Sabbath-evening offerings.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind?" Evidently not by the classes of '80 and '81. Their recent gifts to the school testify that love for their Alma Mater still burns within their hearts. From the class of '80 comes a valuable addition to the school library, comprising Ten Great Religions of the World, by James Freeman Clark, several volumes of Robert Browning's works, and Jewett's Translation of The Dialogues of Plato, in an edition of four volumes.

The class of 81 in a truly housewifely spirit, mindful of the temporal welfare of their younger sisters, enlarged the resources of the "hospital department" by various useful appliances, including several dainty little Japanese tête-a-têtes, well calculated to satisfy the caprice of a flagging appetite.

The Senior class have placed in "Number One" a beautiful lamp, a "duplex burner," of Majolica ware, and have furnished the little library adjoining with a very handsome hanging lamp. We rejoice at this new era of illumination, and are pleased to see our departing graduates so practically exemplifying the spirit of the school seal, "*Facem praetendit ardentem.*"

The Minnie E. Lewis scholarship, begun in '78, has recently been completed through the liberality of Minnie's brothers, her uncle Rev. George E. Street, and other very near relatives.

By this permanent and fitting memorial, a beautiful life once lived in Abbot Academy is continued here; it comes back not only as a precious memory and a glorified vision, but as a ministering spirit to those who falter under earthly discipline. To be greeted by a long procession of grateful school-girls helped, by her instrumentality, to a firmer foothold and a broader horizon, must add somewhat even to the joy of a redeemed soul.

Miss Annie M. Means (class '61) has generously contributed one hundred dollars towards endowing the Chair of Literature in memory of Miss Phebe F. McKeen.

It was pleasant to receive a check for one hundred dollars from the Rev. Mr. Merwin, of Wilton, Conn., toward the endowment of the Chair of Literature in Abbot Academy. This foundation is designed to be a memorial of Miss Phebe F. McKeen, and a carrying forward of her great work in the school. Will not others wish to join in this tribute?

Miss Ellen O. Proctor (class '67), with great liberality, has pledged one hundred and twenty dollars toward the support of a pupil at Abbot Academy next year. She is literally heeding the charge given by Paul to "do good — to be rich in good works — ready to distribute — willing to communicate." We are glad to record such votive offerings from the daughters of Abbot Academy. They tread an open, but alas! an unfrequented, path to useful eminence.

EXCHANGES.

The table in our Sanctum is strewn with so many magazines and papers that we have not time to notice them separately. Conspicuous in its green covers is the wide-awake Dartmouth; near by, the entertaining Crimson and spicy Brunonian, as well as the practical Oberlin Review and enterprising Tech. Beside these we acknowledge with thanks the Beacon, University Mirror, Reveille, Res Academiæ, Punchard Ensign, Sunbeam, and Phillippian.

PERSONALS.

The old scholars and the many friends of Abbot will rejoice with us at Miss McKeen's renewed health. Though she was absent for rest a short time during the winter, she has been here constantly this term, and the Graduating Class receive her instruction both in Butler and Art. What this privilege is, many can testify; and it is our earnest hope and expectation that for many years to come Miss McKeen may be strong enough to endure the duties and responsibilities of her position as the loved and honored Principal of Abbot Academy.

At various times for several years the Academy has been fortunate in having the instruction of Mrs. Annie S. Downs. Her broad reading and wonderful memory, together with her enthusiasm in whatever subject she presents, give her teaching great interest and value. During Miss McKeen's regretted absence a portion of last term, Mrs. Downs kindly took charge of her classes in Art and Church history. Our thanks are also due to her for a most vivid and interesting description of the funeral of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which she attended as a personal friend and warm admirer.

Upon our return to school at the beginning of the summer term, we learned, much to our surprise, that Miss Fanny Kimball and Miss M. Merrill were to sail for Liverpool, on the thirtieth of March, to spend several months in Great Britain and upon the continent. We are glad to report their arrival after a somewhat tempestuous voyage. During their absence their school work has been very acceptably done by Miss Hurd, a graduate of Knox College, Illinois, who has Miss Merrill's French; and Miss Elizabeth M. Chadbourne (Class of '78), who takes Miss Kimball's place.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Draper have been spending some months in Florida. We hope they may soon return, much refreshed by this well-earned rest and change.

'64. Addie B. Taylor (Mrs. Dr. Selah B. Merrill) recently left Andover, *en route* for her future home in Jerusalem, where her husband is under appointment as American consul.

'81. Elizabeth Swift spent the winter with friends in Washington.

Emma C. Phillips and Sara A. Pew have been obliged to leave school,

during the present term, on account of ill-health; but we are assured of their convalescence.

'71. Susan H. Chase (Mrs. Prof. Charles T. Bradley) and her husband are taking a rest and recreation in England.

'81. Louise F. Johnson will return to America in July, after a year spent abroad.

'81. Sarah Ford sailed from New York on the 31st of May for Syria. She goes out under the direction of the Presbyterian Board as a missionary, to join her mother and brother, who are stationed at Sidon, the field where her father wrought and died. She will first spend a few weeks in travelling in Great Britain and on the continent, with her friends Mrs. Sarah Wood and children.

'80. Miss Clara Shipman is teaching in a boys' boarding-school in Hilo, Hawaii, S. I.

'78. Miss Mary E. Wilder is teaching elocution in Worcester and in the vicinity of Boston.

'78. Miss Mary Elizabeth Langley is studying art in Boston.

MARRIAGES.

'72. December 1881, Louisa Crook to Edward B. Patch, 109 West 48th Street, New York.

'73. At San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 28th, 1881, Katherine D. Smith to Samuel B. Wiggin, 1307 Taylor Street, San Francisco, Cal.

'75. At Derry, N. H., Feb. 1st, 1882, Nellie Frances Hood to Marcell Nelson Smith, 345 Columbus Ave., Boston.

'81. March 8th, 1882, Mary Warner Lund to J. F. Hutchinson, Lexington.

'79. May 4th, 1882, Emma Frances Nason to Harry Vane Moore, Esq., Berwick, Me.

'79. At Brookfield, Mass., June 7th, 1882, Clara S. Johnson, to Loami C. Thompson.

DEATHS.

'41. At Orange, N. J., Nov. 10th, 1881, Mrs. Lowell Mason (Maria L. Whitney).

'58. At Dover, N. H., Jan. 15th, 1882, Rebecca H. Christie.

'68. At Springfield, Mass., Feb. 8th, 1882, Mrs. Henry M. Smith (Harriet B. Wilcox).

'74. At Maynard, Mass., Jan. 13, 1882, Mrs. Rev. Charles E. Milliken (Mary F. Redington).

'64. At Toronto, Can., April 12th, 1882, Mrs. Rev. Henry M. Parsons (Sarah Johnson Adams).

'66. At Chester, N. H., April 1st, 1882, Emily P. Hidden.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'82.

CLASS COLOR, PALE BLUE.

<i>President,</i>	ANNIE F. FRYE.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	FANNIE B. PETTEE.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	LILLIE A. WILCOX.

'83.

<i>President,</i>	ANNIE TORREY.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	NELLIE W. PACKARD.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	NELLIE L. HADLEY.

'84.

<i>President,</i>	FANNIE A. JOHNSON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	MARTHA M. NEVIN.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	SARAH McC. HOLMES.

'85.

<i>President,</i>	ANNIE ROCKWELL.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	EMILY KNEVALS.
<i>Secretary,</i>	ANNA DURYEA.

SOCIETY.

THE SPHINX.

<i>President,</i>	EFFIE J. DRESSER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ALICE STEBBINS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	EDITH COBURN.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

ALICE STEBBINS,	ETTA CHADBOURNE,
EMMA PHILLIPS.	

Abbot Courant Advertiser.

J. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods & Groceries,

BASEMENT OF BAPTIST CHURCH,

ANDOVER, MASS.

Unmounted Photographs

OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WORKS OF ART, embracing reproductions of Famous Original Paintings, Sculpture, Architecture, etc. Price, Cabinet Size, \$1.50 per doz. Send 6-cent stamp for Catalogue and Supplement of 3,700 subjects.

SOULE PHOTOGRAPH CO.

(Successors to John P. Soule), Publishers, 338 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Mention this paper.

DOW & NEAL'S Millinery and Fancy Goods Store, SWIFT'S BUILDING,

MAIN STREET, - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

The latest styles of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Neckties, etc. etc.

Stamping and Pinking to order. Assortment of Worsted and

Materials for Fancy Work constantly on hand. Agents

for "Domestic Monthly," and "Domestic Paper

Fashions." Kid Gloves cleaned and died.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

THE SCHOOL YEAR WILL COMMENCE ON
THURSDAY, SEPT. 7, 1882.

For information and admission, apply to MISS PHILENA
McKEEN, Andover, Mass.



CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS.

SMITH & MANNING,



DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

ESSEX STREET,

ANDOVER, MASS.

**LITCHFIELD,
PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER,
352 WASHINGTON ST.,
BOSTON.**

 USE THE ELEVATOR. 

JOHN H. CHANDLER,

Directly opp. Post-office, Andover, Mass.

DEALER IN

**PERIODICALS, STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
FRUIT, AND CONFECTIONERY.**

Agency for Mme. Demorest's Reliable Patterns.



**L. S.
AT ERM AN,
FLORIST,**

HIGH STREET, ANDOVER,

AND

Post Office Building, LAWRENCE,

Has the LARGEST GREEN-HOUSES in
Essex County, and is prepared to fill large
orders at short notice.

JOHN PRAY,

Livery and Boarding Stable,

Horses, Carriages, Buggies, and Beach Wagons to Let at
Reasonable Rates.

HACKS FURNISHED FOR WEDDINGS, CALLS, ETC.

ANDOVER, MASS.

J. E. WHITING,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.

[Established, 1867.]

DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE.
LAMPS, AND FANCY GOODS.

All kinds of WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELRY repaired.
Particular attention paid to repairing FINE WATCHES,
and FRENCH and ENGLISH TIMEPIECES.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

THOMAS HOWELL,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,
Feathers, Mattresses, Bedding, &c.

FURNITURE TO LET IN ANY QUANTITY.

PARK STREET, ANDOVER.



Opposite the Post-Office.

MANSION HOUSE,

ANDOVER, MASS.

"On the Hill."

Terms, \$2.50 per day.

 Coach at Depot on arrival of Trains. 

CHARLES L. CARTER, - - - - Proprietor.

BENJ. BROWN,

DEALER IN

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S

BOOTS, SHOES, and RUBBERS.

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER.

Swift's Building, Main Street, - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

McLAWLIN & BAKER,

(Successors to Charles L. Carter),

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Cutlery, and Cordage.

ALSO,

Farming Tools, Window Glass, Paint-Brushes, &c.

ANDOVER, MASS.

HENRY McLAWLIN,

FRANK E. BAKER.

JOHN J. BROWN,

A P O T H E C A R Y,

[Established 1838.]

MAIN STREET - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

Brushes, Combs, Perfumery, Soap, Cologne, Guitar-Strings,
Confectionery, Fancy Goods, Sponges, etc.

VALPEY BROTHERS,
 DEALERS IN
MEATS, VEGETABLES,
POULTRY, ETC.
 CORNER MAIN STREET AND ELM SQUARE.
 ANDOVER, MASS.

G. H. VALPEY,

E. H. VALPEY.

E. PIKE,
 DEALER IN
OIL-STOVES, COOK AND PARLOR STOVES, RANGES
AND FURNACES.

Tin, Glass, Earthen, and Wooden Ware ; Silver-Plated Ware ;
 Iron, Copper, and Wooden Pumps ; Iron Pipe, Lead
 Pipe, Sheet Lead ; Zink Sinks of all sizes.

Repairing of Stoves, Furnaces, Pumps, and Clothes-Ringers.

PARK STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

GEORGE H. PARKER,
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
FANCY, AND TOILET ARTICLES.
SPONGES, ETC.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

DRAPER'S BLOCK, ANDOVER, MASS.

WARREN F. DRAPER,
PUBLISHER and BOOKSELLER,
 ANDOVER, MASS.,

Offers the HISTORY OF ABBOT ACADEMY, by the
 Misses McKeen, by mail, post-paid, plain, \$2.20 ;
 with illustrations, \$3.25.

Miss Bailey's HISTORY OF ANDOVER, \$3.75.

All Text-Books used in the Schools, Academies, and Sem-
 inaries ; also Stationery, at low prices.

We wish to duplicate our file of COURANTS, and would consider it a great favor to receive any numbers published before 1877.



[illegible]

WELLS BINDERY
WALTHAM, MASS.
OCT. 1938

Abbot Courant

v. 1

WILSON
ABBOT
ACADEMY
MASS

